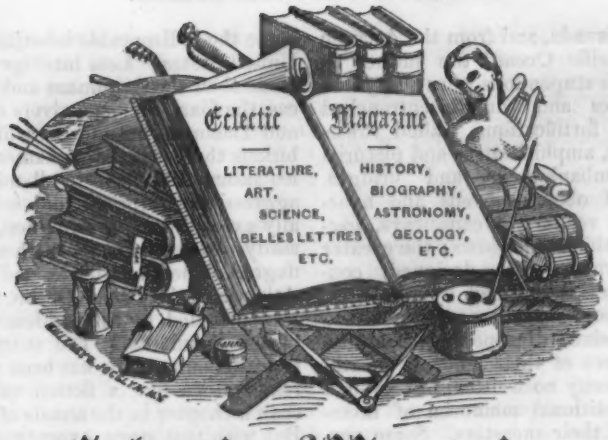


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ARCHÆOLOGY OF NORTH AMERICA.*

THE northern continent of America affords, though it might seem otherwise, an extensive field for archæological research and an excellent test of the true value of the theories which have been propounded as to the origin of civilization and of art in the eastern hemisphere. Historically as well as geographically, the area is almost unbounded, and has been occupied, in all probability, from the remotest antiquity, by different nations, if not by different races of mankind, in various stages of social, political, and intellectual development. The ancient remains, many of which are in a singularly perfect condition, considering the lapse of so many centuries, are calculated to impress the most stolid beholder with admiration and awe. Unlike the relics of antiquity in the Old World, they have suffered less from the vandalism of man than from the ravages of time. The advancing emigrant and the retreating Indian—each in his turn—have contributed to their preservation; the one from economical, the other from superstitious motives. Their number is so vast, their distribution so unequal, and their character so diverse as to render any attempt at a classification—in this place at least—a profitless task. From Guatemala

* 1. *Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States.* Collected and prepared under the direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, by HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT (COLCRAFT). Illustrated by S. EASTMAN, Capt. U. S. Navy. 6 vols. 4to. Philadelphia: 1851–1860.

2. *Antiquities of the State of New York: with a Supplement on the Antiquities of the West (reprinted from the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge.)* BY EPHRAIM GEORGE SQUIER. 8vo. Buffalo: 1851.

3. *Views of Ancient Monuments in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan, with an Introduction.* By FREDERICK CATHERWOOD. Fol. London: 1844.

4. *Seven Years' Residence in the Great Deserts of North America. Illustrated.* By the Abbé EMANUEL DOMENECH. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1860.

5. *Anahuac; or Mexico and the Mexicans, Ancient and Modern.* With a Map and Illustrations. By EDWARD B. TAYLOR. 8vo. London: 1861.

to Upper Canada, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, the surface is strewn with stupendous ruins of pyramidal temples and tumuli, entrenched camps and fortifications, walled towns and villages, amphitheatres and pictorial grottos, embankments and bridges, towers and obelisks, wells and aqueducts, high roads and causeways, gardens and artificial meadows; the greater part of which were designed, constructed, and maintained by numerous, intelligent, and skilful races of men who have long since disappeared from the several scenes of their labor, bequeathing to posterity no written, nor even a solitary traditional memorial of themselves or of their ancestors. Some portion of their history, nevertheless, may be dimly discerned by the light of analogy. But before speculating on their probable origin, or determining to what particular branch of the human family they belonged, or from whom they derived elementary instruction in the arts and conveniences of life, let us take a glance at their country, as it presented itself to the astonished gaze of the Spaniards at the commencement of the sixteenth century.

In that age, the continent of North America, so far as relates to its territorial divisions, its political circumstances, and the dispersion of its multitudinous families, differed less than might be supposed from its present condition. Then, as now, fixed communities and nomadic tribes divided the soil between them. In their respective modes of existence, the best of the inhabitants exhibited but an imperfect civilization, and the worst of them but a qualified barbarism; the first were emerging from, and the second were sinking into, a state of social decrepitude and moral ruin. Nor is this the only instance of the verification in the New World of the maxim in the Old, that history reproduces itself. As in the nineteenth so in the sixteenth century, one great national confederation eclipsed all the surrounding principalities or kingdoms. The ancient Mexican League, including the several sovereignties of Anahuac, Tezcuco, and Tlacopan, occupied that preëminent position, and exercised that paramount influence, north of the Tropic of Cancer, which has since become the indisputable inheritance of the United States. Less intelligent and humane than the Acolhuans and Nahuatlacas, the founders respectively of Tezcuco and Tlacopan, but more warlike and ambitious than either, the Aztecas of Mexico assumed the lead in all military and aggressive enterprises, and were gradually extending their dominion, which already reached from the 14th to the 21st degree of north latitude, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, when they were startled by the sudden apparition of the Spaniards. The story of their tragical conquest, as has been remarked, reads more like a fiction of romance than a chapter in the annals of mankind. But with that story, excepting so far as concerns the progress which the unfortunate Aztecas had made in civilization and the arts, we have little to do in this place. Their conquerors in penetrating Central America, and reaching the elevated regions of Anahuac were not less astonished by the multitude of stately and populous cities than by the wealth and magnificence of the tropical landscape. Both were a surprise and surpassingly beautiful to the hardy invaders. "When I beheld the delicious scenery around me," exclaims that honest old soldier, Bernal Diaz, "I thought we had been transported by magic to the terrestrial paradise . . . Some of our men, who had visited both Rome and Constantinople, declared that they had not seen anything comparable in those cities for convenient and regular distribution, or for numbers of people." Works of public utility, some built of brick and some of stone, were visible in every direction, many of which in magnitude as well as in grandeur rivalled the most celebrated structures of antiquity in the Old World. The terraced-pyramid of Cholula, in the sacred province of Puebla, which was crowned with an elaborately decorated *teocalli*, or "house of God," and which was built, it has been supposed, upon the model of the Temple of Belus, described by Herodotus, covered an area double that of the largest of Egyptian pyramids; but its altitude was greatly disproportioned to the vast extent of its base, being no more than 177 feet, or a third only of that of Cheops. The interior walls of the teocalli were adorned with curiously wrought plates of silver

and gold, profusely studded with gems. A much greater expenditure of wealth and ingenuity was bestowed upon the shrine of the tutelary god, whose statue, larger than life, was graved in the most durable stone, and painted in the most gorgeous colors. There was not a city or populous village within the confines of the Anahuacan territory, or in the provinces to the south of it, which could not boast of a temple more or less conspicuous for its magnitude and sumptuous embellishments. In fact, storied palaces of princes and nobles, each elevated on a series of artificial platforms, with magnificent flights of steps reaching to the summit; long ranges of scarcely inferior terraced buildings, with pillared façades fantastically carved, which were exclusively set apart for the Mexican priesthood; and gigantic lithic monuments, bearing the mystical emblems of Sabean, Phallic, and Ophite worship, met the gaze of the Spanish soldier whithersoever he turned himself.

But architecture was not the only art practised by the ancient Mexican. He was equally skilled in metallurgy. Gold, silver, copper, lead, and tin were the five metals that his country produced, or that were known to him; and in manipulating these he was confessedly not inferior to the expertest craftsman in Europe. His tools for hewing the toughest timber, as well as for dressing the hardest rock, were made of copper alloyed with a small proportion of tin. He found in that composite metal an efficient substitute for iron and steel. His sculptured images, cut out of solid blocks of basalt, are marvellous specimens of manual skill. Swords, knives, and other implements, requiring the keenest edge, were made of obsidian, a most difficult and intractable material of volcanic origin, which he split into the desired form with amazing dexterity. Long after the subjugation of his country by the Spaniards, he set little store by that metal the possession of which so many of our modern archæologists persist in making the sole criterion of a civilized condition. His skill and industry as a mechanic may be judged from a remarkable passage in Mr. Taylor's "Anahuac":—

"In the ploughed fields, in the neighborhood [of Tezcuco], we made (says that gentleman) repeated trials whether it was possible to stand still in any spot where there was no relic of Old Mexico within our reach; but this we could not do. Everywhere the ground was full of unglazed pottery and obsidian, and we even found arrows and clay figures that were good enough for a museum." (P. 147.)

The Aztecas were likewise indefatigable tillers of the ground; and the East —and through the East the whole world —is indebted to them for the successful cultivation of the maize and cotton plants. Their famous floating *parterres*, on the great lake of Tezcuco, bore witness to their singular taste and ingenuity as floriculturists and gardeners. Like the Egyptians, they had contrived a pictorial method of recording events, and so of perpetuating amongst themselves, if not for the advantage of alien posterities, the chief particulars of their history. It cannot be said with certainty, but the fact is far from improbable, that they had invented a phonographical as well as a hieroglyphical character. They had even made some advancement in the physical sciences, especially in astronomy; and had a solar year with intercalations more accurately calculated than that of the Greeks and Romans. But neither the greatest progress in the mechanical arts and physical sciences, nor the possession of the most ingenious and equitable code of laws, and its due administration, will compensate for the absence of a humanizing, if not spiritualizing, system of religion. The bloody ritual of the Aztecan priesthood constitutes by far the foulest page in the humiliating register of superstition and fanaticism. The rites of Moloch and Astaroth appear merciful when contrasted with those of Mexitli and Teoyaomiqui, whose abominable altars, from sunrise to sunset, reeked with the fumes of human gore. The victims were usually captives taken on the battle-field. The effects of national depravity, unhappily, are not to be restricted to the limits of the country within which it originates; on the contrary, like circles made by the falling of a stone on a pool of water, they continue to expand with irresistible momentum until the area—be it small or be it large, an island or a continent—is completely overspread. Thus, to this day, the baneful effects of the former cruelty in Mexico are still widely

felt on the northern continent of America. The untutored descendants of those people whom the Aztecas so relentlessly pursued—we allude to the unsettled and degenerate Indians wandering over the vast deserts to the west of the Mississippi—still retaliate upon their neighbors the shocking barbarities which their ancestors endured; and were any additional evidence required in support of the true origin of the lingering practice, it is conveyed in the fact that they likewise excuse themselves with the plea of a duty no less sacred than urgent. The Old World adage, "we live more by example than by reason," expresses in brief the moral status of every savage community.

The national records of the Aztecas, confirmed in a great measure by the observations of their conquerors, establish several most interesting and most important facts in the natural history of civilization. When first confronted by the Spaniards they had been seated in Mexico rather less than one hundred and fifty years. Toward the close of the twelfth century of our era, they had migrated from a spot traditionally known as Atzlan, or "the country of water"; most likely the territory inclosed within the angle formed by the junction of the Rio Colorado and the Rio Gila, at the head of the Gulf of California. They did not reach the table-land of Anahuac, however, until the year 1324. No date in their history has been better established than this. We have an indubitable instance, therefore, of a nomadic horde suddenly suppressing the instincts of their nature, relinquishing the habits of savage life, becoming a permanently settled people, developing a capacity for political organization, raising stupendous piles of brick and stone, constructing and embellishing innumerable cities, cultivating the arts and sciences, and making such advancement in astronomy more particularly, as not only to rival but to surpass that which was made by the most enlightened nations of antiquity in Asia and Europe. And all these astonishing results are crowded within the comparatively limited space of a century and a half! We are left in no doubt, moreover, whence this extraordinary people, and the tribes associated with them, derived much of their civilization, and a knowledge at least of architecture—facts which are quite as remarkable as those just mentioned. The Mexican empire was built upon the ruins of that of the Toltecas, who, in the eleventh century, had been overwhelmed by the successive calamities of war, famine, and pestilence. Like the Aztecas, the Toltecas had travelled originally from the north-western parts of the continent; and, according to the local historians contemporary with the first Spanish adventurers, had occupied the vale of Anahuac from the seventh century of our era. They are said to have been established in New Mexico from 300 B.C., which we may observe, by the way, is the earliest assumed date in the annals of the aboriginal Americans. The origin of the Toltecas is shrouded in mythological fable. It was traditionally held that their ancestors had migrated from "the distant east, beyond immense seas and lands." They had wrested the territory of Anahuac from a powerful nation called the Ulmecas, or Olmecas, who, in their turn, had displaced the Quinámes, a fabulous race of giants. The light of documentary history just reflects the declining years of the Toltecan dominion, and discloses to our view the prëeminent position which they held in the eyes of their contemporaries, and the favorable influence that they exercised over them. Of all the ancient American nations of whom tradition or history has preserved any notice, these people were by far the most civilized and ingenious. Humboldt has designated them the Pelasgi of the western hemisphere, and Prescott states that their tribal appellation is synonymous with architect. The survivors of their race, when driven from their old habitations, retreated toward the Isthmus of Panama, and scattered themselves about Yucatan, Guatemala, and Nicaragua, where their presence may be traced to this day in the language of the people and in the numberless ruins of once beautiful structures.

Spanish intolerance in the New World, at the period of the conquest, which involved the loss of so many precious memorials of a primitive people, and Spanish jealousy in subsequent times, which denied the foreigner access to, and almost a glimpse of, the vanquished

territories, will abundantly account for the ignorance of Europeans in general, and of such authors as Robertson in particular, as to the real condition of America in the pre-Columbian ages. For his well-known history, that admirable writer was exclusively dependent upon Spanish authorities; whose national, to say nothing of their ecclesiastical prejudices (nine-tenths of them were churchmen), would necessarily make them reluctant if not treacherous guides. Hence he was led to believe that, excepting within the limits of the two great monarchies of Mexico and Peru, the whole continent of America had been, from the earliest epoch, the abode of uncivilized men. "There is not" (says he*) "in all the extent of the vast empire a single monument, or vestige of any building, more ancient than the conquest;" and again: "The inhabitants of the New World were in a state of society so extremely rude as to be unacquainted with those arts which are the first essays of human ingenuity in its advancement toward improvement." When the historian thus expressed himself he was totally ignorant not only of the existence of those remarkable edifices in Central America which have been recently exhumed from the depths of tropical vegetation—all incontestably proving that the builders of them, instead of being, as he too hastily concluded, a savage and uncultivated people, had made, on the contrary, very considerable progress in civilization and in the higher branches of art—but also of those much more ancient monuments, which, according to local report, "may be counted by thousands and by tens of thousands," and which are to be found, for the most part, on the alluvions of the Mississippi and Missouri, and, to a lesser extent, in the States of the Union bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. In those States, more especially, he who runs may read one of the earliest chapters in the history of his species after the Dispersion; or find, if he will, the very counterpart of—

"The fal en towers
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of strange
Sculptur'd on alabaster obelisk,
Or Jaspar tomb, or mutilated sphinx,
Dark Ethiopia on her desert hills
Conceals."

For the western hemisphere can boast of an Egypt as well as the eastern.

The aboriginal monuments of North America, including those of Mexico and of the provinces to the south of it, are clearly referable to three distinct and, possibly, very widely separated epochs in the pre-Columbian history of the continent. For conveniency's sake we shall designate these epochs respectively the Earliest, the Intermediate, and the Recent; and agreeably with what has gone before, we shall invert the order of this sequence. By this arrangement we shall hope to establish the general fact of mankind in the New World—whatever may have been their destiny in the Old—never having extinguished that spark of divinity which was originally kindled within them; or, in other words, wholly lost that civilization which they had inherited from their progenitors, the first wanderers from the northern regions of India, that "real primordial land" (as Schlegel emphatically calls it), where everything combines to point out a common origin of our faith, our knowledge, and our history. By "civilization" we simply mean in this place, the converse of barbarism. There have been throughout all time divers phases of civilization, as well as divers populations in the world—an agrestic as well as an urban civilization; and the progress achieved, in either case, has depended as much upon local resources as upon the idiosyncrasy of the people. To what degree of civilization the North American nations in prehistorical times had attained, can only be judged analogically, or by comparing their structural monuments and relics of art with those of the most cultivated people of antiquity in the Old World. In the new edition of Mr. Fergusson's History of Architecture, which is a monument of erudition, taste, and ingenious reasoning, the author has devoted a chapter to the architectural remains of the early American peoples, and has shown that whatever can now be known of those extinct and unrecorded races must be derived from a searching comparison of the structures they left behind them. There, and there alone, are still to be found the vestiges of their passage on the earth; and it is from these mute

* Hist. of Amer., b. iv.

witnesses that we have chiefly extracted the evidence that we are about to lay before our readers.

At the period of the conquest by Cortes, the valley of Anahuac, although recognized as the chief seat of political authority on the northern continent of America, was not the centre of civilization. The people of the southern provinces, from Yucatan and Panama, were much more refined and ingenious than their unscrupulous suzerains, the Aztecas, with whom the keen-sighted Spanish conqueror, when he was ennobled by his sovereign, and permitted to select a territory for himself, cast in his lot. Their magnificent architectural remains have been made known to Europe by the able pens of Messrs. Stephens and Norman and the pencils of Messrs de Waldeck and Catherwood. The first and last-named gentlemen, in their irregular wanderings together about Central America, discovered no less than fifty-four ancient cities, and incidentally heard of many others, situated in deserts and forests, which they were unable to explore. The most interesting monument of this extinct civilization were found at Uxmal or Itzlan, Palenqué, Ocosingo, Oajaca, Santa Cruz del Quiché, and Copan. The wildest opinions have been expressed as to the supposed antiquity of these remains, the principal of which consist of temples, palaces, and other imposing structures, usually elevated upon pyramidal mounds, or upon vast terraces of stone or of sun-dried brick, now all in various stages of decay. M. de Waldeck supposes the ruins of Palenqué, in Chiapas, to be not less than 3,000 years old; and some antiquaries have even relegated them to an antediluvian epoch! Other travellers who have also visited them, lend no countenance whatever to such extravagant conclusions as these. As Mr. Fergusson long ago observed, in a climate so fatal as that of Central America to the durability of any class of buildings, it is obvious that those still in existence cannot belong to a very remote era. The presence of timber in most of them is conclusive on this point.*

The period within which we are disposed to limit the building of the Central American edifices ranges from the first to the 7th century of our era. The interior arrangement and decorations of some of the temples appear to indicate an Asiatic source, and afford, therefore, a clue to an approximate date of their erection. In the order of time, the ruins of Copan, in the province of Honduras, abounding with monolithic statues of Indian deities, are probably amongst the oldest of the series; those of Santa Cruz del Quiché, in Guatemala, which are in the most dilapidated condition of any, rank next to them; then follow those of Uxmal, in Yucatan, where neither an idol nor carved tablet is to be seen; whilst those of Mitlan in Oajaca, and of Palenqué in Chiapas, the former conspicuous for their Cyclopean masonry, and the latter for their elaborate ornamentation, are amongst the most modern of the series. Want of space precludes our entering upon any particular description of these and similar interesting vestiges of antiquity which are so lavishly scattered over the entire surfaces of Yucatan and Central America. We can do little more in this place than refer our readers to the admirable delineations of the most perfect of them by Mr. Catherwood, which that gentleman published in this country a few years ago; and to the sumptuous work of M. de Waldeck, which is still in progress. The several structures differ, of course, in various minor details, but the striking affinities observable in all of them betoken a common origin. "It is curious," says Mr. Fergusson, although he is no implicit believer in the transmission of races, "that as we advance eastward from the Valley of the Euphrates, at every step we meet with forms of art more and more like those of Central America."* Von Humboldt was the first, we believe, to mark the curious points of resemblance between many of the architectural remains in the New World and the most ancient of those in the Old; but he was much too cautious a *savant* to commit himself to any positive theory in the matter in the absence of better illustrations than Mexico alone afforded him. Had he been permitted, however, to penetrate the interior of Central America, and to gaze upon

* *Vide* Stephens and Catherwood's Incidents of Travel, p. 523: edit. 1854.

* Hist. of Architecture, vol. ii., p. 761.

"—— the ruined temples there;
Stupendous columns, and wild images
Of more than man: where marble demons watch
The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men
Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,"

his shrewd suspicions regarding their true origin would have been abundantly verified—in a word, the conclusion would have been forced upon him that many of the teocallis, or sacred edifices, with all their fantastical appendages, were identical with the B'hudist temples in the southern parts of India, and in the islands of the Indian Archipelago. And this fact, as before intimated, gives us a clue to the age in which one at least of the most modern of them was built. The great temple of Palenqué so closely corresponds, in its principal details, with that of Bóro-Bódo in the province of Kedú, in the island of Java, as to place beyond all reasonable debate the common purpose and origin of both. Both are elevated on a series of graduated platforms or terraces, and are reached by successive flights of steps facing the cardinal points; the chambers in both are disproportionately small, with no apertures, excepting the doorways, for the admission of air and light; their curved ceilings, formed of stones overlapping each other triangularwise, and constituting what is known as the Cyclopean arch, are precisely alike; the walls of both are adorned with mytho-hieroglyphical tablets, in which the head of the Asiatic elephant is conspicuous,* the meaning of which has yet to be deciphered; and lastly, in the sanctuaries of both B'huda is represented in colossal dignity, seated cross-legged upon a couch or throne sustained by crouching leopards, and benignly receiving an offering of fruit and flowers from a priestess who is kneeling before him. Mr. Squier, one of the most distinguished archæologists in the States, whilst admitting that coincidences of this kind, "extending to the ornaments of the Indian and Central American temples, monstrous heads, and symbolical figures, might be greatly multiplied," yet doubts whether the religion to which they belonged can be properly regarded as derivative. In our judgment, the several features above described are much too close and exact to be accidental; they denote the successful establishment of B'hudistic worship in both countries, and probably about the same time. A comparison of certain dates and concurrent events will considerably strengthen this supposition, if not confirm it. It is well known that the milder religion of B'huda was introduced into Java at a comparatively recent period, namely, about A.D. 450; and, according to the local tradition, the famous temple of Bóro-Bódo was built in the sixth century of the Javan era, which is seventy-five years in arrear of our own. Now the last mentioned date synchronizes with two most important events in the histories respectively of the eastern and western continents. It was then that the first of the long series of religious wars between the Brahmins and B'hudists occurred, and which ultimately resulted in the defeat of the latter, and their expulsion from the soil of Hindustan; and it was then likewise that various tribes, bigoted followers of Teoyaomiqui, of whom the implacable and sanguinary Kali of the Hindus was the prototype, were successfully impelled forward from the north-western deserts of North America, and eventually established themselves and their merciless creed in the valley of Anahuac. If, as the Abbé Clavigero calculates, the Toltecas did not abandon the last-mentioned territory and pass into the provinces to the south of it, later than A.D. 1051, the age of the great temple of Palenqué, at the period of the Spanish conquest, would barely exceed 500 years; and the actual state of the ruins at this time will warrant no higher antiquity.

The Aztecas were an industrious but not an inventive people. As before remarked, they derived their knowledge of the mechanical arts from the former occupants of Mexico, whose models they commonly adopted. In the matter of architecture they seem never to have departed from the primitive types set before them; a circumstance which enables the archæologist to define, at least with presumable exactitude, their geographical limits. The route which they followed, from the west to the east,

* *Vide* M. de Waldeck's "Monuments anciens du Mexique et du Yucatan," plate 38. The symbol of the elephant's head likewise occurs as an ornament upon the helmet or cap of a warrior or priest in plate 13.

has been satisfactorily determined, as well as the several spots where they temporarily encamped. It is at the confluence of the Rio Colorado and the Rio Gila that they appear for the first time in American history. Not until they had reached the table-lands of Mexico did they finally abandon their nomadic habits, and become a civilized nation. This sudden and almost instantaneous revolution in their character and pursuits was owing, in all likelihood, to the attractive scenes of organized labour and domestic content that everywhere greeted them when passing, by invitation or otherwise, into the territory since known as New Mexico. That province was not then, as now, nearly depopulated and a sandy waste. At the period of the Spanish conquest, and for many centuries before it, the country was densely peopled, and studded with fortified cities, stone-built villages, and isolated dwellings, surrounded by fruitful orchards and cultivated meadows, and the whole connected by a network of highways. Successive droughts, the result of subterranean combustion, have converted very much of what was once a blooming garden into an arid wilderness. Since its glory has departed but few travellers have ventured into the province in question, and fewer still, so far as we are aware, have interested themselves in the singular remains of antiquity that are scattered along its now almost deserted valleys—remains that mournfully attest the former existence of a numerous and agricultural people but little inferior, probably, to any civilized race of which American history or tradition has preserved a record. Those remains, which have been referred, but without the smallest show of reason, to the skill of the Aztecas, belong to our Intermediate epoch. They exhibit no evidence of the mechanical ability which is so manifest in the construction of the temples and palaces and other works of Mexico. The "pueblos," or cities of the Indians, constitute a distinct type of architecture in the New World. The most celebrated of them are the *Casas Grandes*, the use and age of which so much perplexed Von Humboldt. It has since been suggested that they may have served as public granaries in pre-Columbian times. "Their origin," says Mr. Bartlett, "is shrouded in mystery."

"They were found (he adds) much as they now appear by the earliest explorers of the country, who were told by the Indians that they had been built 500 years before. One thing is evident, that at some former period the valley of the Gila, from this ruin [*i. e.*, the third of the Casas Grandes] to the western extremity of the rich bottom-lands now occupied by the Pimas and Coco-Maricopas, as well as the broad valley of the Salinas, for upward of forty miles, was densely populated. The ruined buildings, the irrigating canals, and the vast quantities of pottery of a superior quality, show that, while they were an agricultural people, they were much in advance of the present semi-civilized tribes of the Gila. But this civilization extended far beyond the district named. From information given me by Leroux, it appears that ruins of the same sort exist on the San Francisco or Verde River; and Capt. Johnstone and Major Emory both saw similar evidences of wide-spread population far above the district in question."*

Pueblos, in fact, are dispersed throughout the country which extends from the banks of the Rio Grande, in New Mexico, to the Gila, the Colorado, and the Vermilion Sea which divides California from New Spain. Some are so ancient that no Indian tradition of the present races makes any mention of them. Each served at once for a city and fortress. Sometimes they are discovered standing singly or in groups on the plains, and sometimes crowning the summits of perpendicular rocks. In the former case they are generally built of *adoubes*, or sun-dried clay; in the latter, of stone. The most remarkable are the pueblos Pintado and Wejegi, in the narrow pass of Chaco, situated between 35° 56′ 27″ north latitude, and 107° 46′ west longitude, for a description of which we must refer our readers to the pages of the Abbé Domenech (vol. i. p. 379).

As a general rule, the pueblo takes the form of an irregular pyramid, rising by gradations until it reaches an elevation of three or four stories. Old Spanish writers, contemporaries of Cortes, mention some pueblos that rose to the extraordinary height of ten stories. That of

* Exploration in Texas, New Mexico, etc., vol. ii., p. 277.

Pintado, both in altitude and extent, is comparatively small, much smaller indeed than that of the neighboring ruins of Wejegi. It boasts but of three stories. Each story, ten feet in height, forms a terrace and a step to the story above, which is attained by means of wooden ladders resting against the wall. The total length of the structure is 130 yards. There are 53 apartments on the ground floor, all opening the one into the other. The miniature doorways constitute a problem in the archæology of architecture which has yet to be solved.

"The floors are formed of very rough beams 7¼ inches in diameter, over which are transversely laid cross-beams of less size; above these is a layer of bark and brushwood, covered over with mortar. These beams show no mark of having been wrought by axe or saw; they rather appear to have been cut or broken off with some rude instrument more blunt than sharp."

From the fact of the mortar used throughout this building never having been tempered, we conclude it to be one of the most ancient monuments of the kind in that part of the continent. Elsewhere, as in the district washed by the Salt River and Gila, the interior walls of the ruined houses are usually stuccoed, or faced "with a kind of concrete, composed of pebbles and white earth, polished and whitened over," which would seem to be absolutely indestructible; whilst the beams of cedar, often a yard in diameter, bear marks of having been dressed with appropriate tools. Owing to the extreme rarefaction of the atmosphere in these latitudes all descriptions of timber are preserved for an indefinite term; cedar, more especially, hardens with age, till at length it becomes almost as solid as stone. When, therefore, house-beams of that wood are discovered exhibiting signs of decay, as in the ponderous ruins of the Casas Grandes, and in those near the mountains of San Pedro, a high antiquity of the buildings may be confidently inferred.

But old as the erections we have just instanced may be, there are others in these remote regions very much older. They are built of stone, and are doubtless the most primitive specimens of architecture in that material as yet discovered in the New World. Both in their external forms and internal arrangements, they closely resemble the most ancient edifices in Palestine, and such as are attributed to the Kelts in this country. Each structure is circular, being wholly built, too, of rounded stones laid in alternate belts or courses of large and small, and the interstices filled in with kneaded clay. Each, moreover, is encompassed by a solid rampart, sometimes constructed of stone, but more frequently of earth. In these primitive habitations, the apartments of which are numerous, spacious, and oftentimes circular, timber appears to have been entirely dispensed with. Lastly, there are invariably four entrances to each, answering to the four cardinal points. These curious ruins chiefly abound on the banks of the Blue, the Black, and the Salt Rivers. On the last mentioned they are more considerable than elsewhere. Tumuli, truncated pyramids, and wells now choked with débris and enclosed by walls, are also to be met within the same localities. "Excavations among these majestic ruins," observes the Abbé Domenech, "have yielded abundant fragments of beautiful pottery, red, yellow, or black, striped, scolloped, and ornamented with brilliantly colored paintings."

There is another class of primitive structures in the same regions, which deserves something more than a passing notice, namely, the *Estufas*. Whether these are the adjuncts of the more modern pueblos, or of the more ancient circular "towns," seems questionable. They are found in close proximity to both, and were once used, it is supposed, as places of meeting for political or religious assemblies. They partake very much of the character of the ancient *cryptæ* of Greece, Sicily, and Sardinia; and in some respects even surpass those of Mycenæ and Minyas.

"Properly speaking (says the Abbé Domenech) these *estufas* are round or square storerooms, usually situated beneath the soil, like cellars; they are sometimes of large dimensions. The ceiling is supported by enormous pillars of masonry, or made of stout pine-trees. . . . These edifices are generally devoid of door or window, and the only ingress to them is from an aperture at the top. The estufas of the Jemez were rectangular and one story only, being about eight yards and twelve inches wide, by thirty feet high. The

interior walls of these edifices are always covered with hieroglyphical painting and various ornaments. There are pueblos which possess no less than four, and even six, estufas of different sizes. Among the ruins of Hungo-Pavi, near the beautiful plateau of the Mesafachada, one of these edifices is found which had at least four stories, buttresses in the interior, and walls a yard, thick by thirty feet in height. But, to judge from the rubbish around them, they must once have been much higher. The estufas in the Pueblo-Bonito are sixty yards in circumference, and their walls are regularly formed of layers of small stones alternating with layers of large ones. Between the Great and Little Colorado there is a chain of arenaceous hills, upon the summit of which are immense ruins of pueblos and estufas every way similar to those we have described." (Vol. i. p. 385.)

Even from our necessarily imperfect account of these interesting monuments in the distant West, which we have relegated to the Intermediate epoch, the reader cannot have failed to perceive that, if not strictly homogeneal in character, they have certain broad features in common. No similar structures are to be found elsewhere on the continent. Nevertheless, according to the traditions of the local Indians, the whole, without exception, resulted from the paternal solicitude, and, in some instances, from the talismanic powers, of Montezuma, the last and greatest of the Mexican incas; whose memory they cherish with a childlike devotion, looking forward to the time of his reappearance in their midst with as much pride and confidence as did the Britons of old for that of King Arthur, when he will reassume both his legal and pontifical authority, expel the intruders from his scattered dominions, and restore everything in them to its pristine condition. But after disintegrating the mythic element from the legends of the Indians, the residuum is generally of little worth. All the structures in question are manifestly much older than the Aztec dynasty. Between the simple round houses in the west and the stately edifices in Mexico there is no analogy whatever. The former, as we have already suggested, are the most primitive hitherto discovered in North America, and their prototype most probably was the ordinary tent of the Tartar. To this day that wanderer from the Asiatic heights not only arranges his camp in the form of a circle, but also surrounds it with a mound of earth, to preserve his family and his cattle from the depredations of neighboring tribes and the nocturnal attacks of wild beasts. The common dwelling of the Chinaman is constructed on a similar principle, and was derived, no doubt, from a similar source.

Those remains which we propose to refer to the earliest epoch (an arrangement, however, which is not strictly legitimate, much less scientific, but only adopted here for convenience's sake) are much more diversified in their character, as well as more widely diffused, than the objects already pointed out. They comprise various descriptions of earthworks, stone, and other defences, circuses, temples, obelisks, wells, embankments, artificial meadows, and highroads; besides multifarious works of art, such as sculptures, masks, and statuettes in obsidian and clay, terra-cotta vases, ornaments for the person, implements of war, domestic utensils, tools, etc. Not the whole of these things exclusively appertained to the aboriginal colonists of North America; some belong to their immediate or near descendants, and others again to later descendants, who have not unfrequently added to, or otherwise modified, the labors of their predecessors—the earthworks more especially—to suit their own particular requirements, or in accordance with the prevailing customs, religious and political, of their day. Obviously it is impossible in this place to describe at any length these manifold vestiges of long extinct populations, or even to complete the enumeration of them. We shall select, therefore, such only as will best serve, in our judgment, to illustrate the natural history of civilization in the New World anterior to its conquest by the Old.

Of the earthworks, the first both in order of time and of interest, are the mounds, usually raised on the alluvion of a lake, river, or stream, and sometimes covering from two to eight acres of ground, and exceeding one hundred feet or more in height. Their well-defined order of succession probably indicates the main routes taken by the primitive occupants of the country. It has been said that they may be counted "by

thousands and by tens of thousands."* They vary so much in their external features and construction as almost to defy classification. Some are conical, some pyramidal, some dome-shaped, and others again in the form of animals, birds, and reptiles; a few resemble the figure of a man. They are scattered from Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico, increasing in number, size, and grandeur as they descend farther south. But they are nowhere so systematically arranged as in the great valleys of the Mississippi and Ohio. In the extreme western and north-eastern States of the Union they are comparatively rare, whilst Canada is totally destitute of them. Contrary to the general rule in the Old World, the American mounds are not simply tumuli erected in honor of the dead; they were destined to various and very opposite uses; *e.g.*, they served for "high places," for temple foundations, for sacrificial altars, for observatories, as well as for sepulchres. Both anterior and subsequent to the Spanish conquest, many of them, more particularly in the Gulf States, were crowned with the palaces of caciques and other illustrious personages, which afterwards served for their tombs or cenotaphs; and which accounts in some measure for their superior construction, as well as for their better state of preservation. In the provinces farther south, every known variety of the pyramidal mound has been discovered, from the more simple dagôba or tôpe,† common in Ceylon and Hindustan, to the loftier structure which in its primitive grandeur must have rivalled the most famous in Egypt. In the north, bordering on the great lakes, two very opposite types occur—namely, the dome-shaped and the emblematical, both constructed of earth. The first resembles in every respect the well-known Keltic barrows of this country, but are sometimes on a scale equal to those of the Scandinavian nations; the second are quite unique, and have been described not inaptly as "immense bassi-relievi carved on the soil by the hands of giants." Their origin is unknown, but the relics found within them betoken a very high antiquity. Locally each is called a *totem*, a corruption of *dodaim*, an Algonquin term signifying "town-mark." In the valley of the Ohio the mounds are in shape both conical and pyramidal, of larger dimensions and more symmetrical than elsewhere, excepting, of course, those in Mexico and other centres of more advanced civilization. Nevertheless, between the last-mentioned and the countless earth-mounds of Ohio there are such close analogies as to make it highly probable that both originated with the same people, although probably both were not erected in the same era.

For the purposes of historical deduction the sacred and sacrificial mounds are far more important than any others of the series. The former abound in Alabama, Georgia, and Florida, and in the great valley of the Mississippi, whilst the latter are restricted to no particular locality, being met with almost as frequently in the north as in the south. "In some instances," observes Mr. Squier, "they are terraced, or have successive stages; but whatever their form, whether round, oval, octangular, square, or oblong, they have invariably flat or level tops of greater or less area." They are usually approached by imposing graded avenues, and encompassed by ramparts of earth or walls of Cyclopean masonry. Some of these temple-mounds are upon a truly gigantic scale. That for instance at Cahokia, in Illinois, is reported to be 700 feet long, 500 feet wide at the base, and 90 feet in height; its solid contents have been roughly estimated at 20,000,000 cubic feet. An immense tetragonal terrace has been reared by the side of it, which is reached

* It is proper to mention that, in the judgment of the most eminent geologists, the *stratified* mounds in the western States are not the works of man, but the results of diluvial and fluviatile action.

† "The ancient edifices of Chichen, in Central America (remarks Mr. Hardy, the missionary), bear a very striking resemblance to the tôpes of India. The shape of one of the domes, its apparent size, the small tower on the summit, the trees growing on the sides, the appearance of masonry here and there, the shape of the ornaments, and the small doorway at the base, are so exactly similar to what I have seen at Anarajapoora [the ancient capital of Ceylon], that when my eyes fell on the engravings of these remarkable ruins I supposed that they were presented in illustration of the dagôbas of Ceylon." (*Eastern Monachism*, p. 222.) The date of the oldest of the Singalese dagôbas is 300 B.C.

by means of a talus. This mound is constructed with as much regularity as any of the *teocallis* in the south, and was originally cased with stone (some American archæologists maintain with brick), and surmounted with one or more buildings.* The sacrificial mounds, which are peculiar to the New World, are much less imposing structures than the temple-mounds. Each is crowned with a symmetrical altar of burnt clay or stone, on which are deposited numerous relics, in all instances exhibiting traces of their having been exposed to the action of fire. They are still occasionally used in the religious ceremonies of the Indians encamped near their sites.

The art of castrametation appears to have been more extensively as well as more successfully practised in ancient times by the nations of North America than by their more advanced contemporaries in the Old World. In no quarter of the latter, at all events, are there so many of such complicated military monuments to be found. From the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains a perpetual succession of vast entrenched camps and colossal fortifications, in earth and stone, follow the entire route. Every eminence is defended, as well as every delta formed by the junction of two streams. Redoubts and breastworks, ramparts and circumvallations, mounds of observation, and—anachronistic as it seems—*casemates* (as in the ruins of Marietta, near the mouth of the Muskingum) attest equally to the number, the skill, and the industry of the population which constructed them. The most perfect and characteristic, as well as the most eminent of these stupendous defences, are to be met with in the State of Ohio. A brief description of those in the county of Licking must here suffice:—

"Between the delta formed by the Newark and the Racoon there is a perpendicular table-land about forty-five feet high, upon which regular fortifications of great extent are built. On the west side of the platform is an octangular fort, enclosing a space of about forty acres, with walls about nine feet in height, and of equal breadth. This fort was entered by eight gates about five yards in width, each protected by a tumulus placed in the interior in front of the entrances. Two parallel walls lead to another circular fort placed south-west of the first, covering a space of twenty-two acres. Proceeding toward the south, you see an observatory that commands almost all the extent upon which these divers constructions are erected. Beneath the observatory a secret passage leads to the bank of the Racoon. Farther to the right is a third fort, also circular, of about twenty-six acres, with an interior moat, out of which the earth was taken to form the walls of the fort, which are about twenty-five or thirty feet high. Two other parallel walls, very distant from each other at this place, run to the north, gradually diminishing their distance, and terminate at another fort, of quadrangular shape, twenty acres in extent. These four different forts are connected by rather low walls, and in the centre is a shallow pond covering a superficies of 150 or 200 acres, which probably afford water to the flocks collected within the wide enclosure. Towers of observation are placed from distance to distance on the rising points of the plateau." *

As already intimated, the objects of primitive art and utility which have been discovered in the ruins of buildings, or exhumed from the tumuli, are extremely miscellaneous in their character; differing, according to the resources of the particular locality and the genius of the various natives. In the southern and north-western provinces greater mechanical skill and superior taste are, as a rule, perceptible in every description of handiwork. But two classes of objects are equally distributed over the whole continent; namely, ornaments for the person in copper, and various utensils in pottery. Copper, in its virgin state, obtained from the vicinity of the Great Lakes, and hammered into the forms of bracelets, anklets, axes, mauls, etc., appears to have been in very general use from an early period. Silver, lead, and iron were also worked, but on a limited scale; whilst brass and bronze, the former in the north, and the latter in the south, were more extensively employed. A few years ago, the corpse of a warrior was discovered in one of the sepulchral mounds in the streets of Marietta, Ohio, with the remains of a baldrick or buckler, composed of copper, overlaid with a thick plate of "silver," lying across his breast. By his side were

* *Vide* Archæ. Amer. i., 243.

* Deserts of North America, vol. i., p., 373.

several broken pieces of copper tubing, "filled with iron rust,"—all, in fact, that remained of his scabbard and sword. A piece of iron ore, "which had the appearance of having been vitrified," was likewise found with them. In reference to this discovery, Mr. Squier remarks: "These articles have been critically examined, and it is beyond doubt that the bosses are absolutely *plated*, not simply overlaid, *with silver*" (p. 188). But we can hardly accept this conclusion. The effect described was produced more likely by chemical action; in other words, the metals had become partially amalgamated by the lapse of time. The presence, however, of oxidized steel or iron, as well as a specimen of "vitrified iron ore," in the same monument, is a much more interesting and important fact than the other; it betokens an advanced knowledge of metallurgy in very primitive times—a knowledge which must have been lost to succeeding generations, and long anterior to the age of the conquest. Iron was then absolutely unknown in the New World, excepting to one solitary tribe, established at the mouth of the La Plata, whose arrows and spears were tipped with it. But of all the aboriginal arts, that of pottery had attained to the highest degree of perfection. The terra-cotta vases have been compared in form with the choicest antique specimens in Europe. Those found in the pueblos and wells of Mexico, "still retain" (says the Abbé Domenech) "a very perfect varnish; they are ornamented with brilliant paintings, lines, scollops, frogs, butterflies, tortoises, and monkeys' heads." In the States to the east of the Mississippi they are almost equally excellent. Yet it has been questioned whether the inhabitants were acquainted with the potter's wheel. Besides a large assortment of cinerary urns, many of Old World types, arrow-heads of rock-crystal, agate, and silex, copper and stone axes, hatchets, gouges, and chisels, knives in obsidian, perforated shells—some from the Gulf shores, and others from the southern coasts of India—the most ancient of the mounds have also yielded bracelets of brass, smooth and polished, rings and tubes of the same material, various ornaments for the person in silver, pipes of terra-cotta, slate, and steatite, rude sculptures in wood, and finer sculptures in more durable materials, representing tropical quadrupeds, birds, fishes, etc.

"The arts of taste and luxury may decline and perish through the violence, the revolutions, and disasters to which nations are exposed; but the arts necessary to life cannot be lost by a people who has once known them." But this maxim of Principal Robertson has again been abundantly contradicted in the social history of the New World. All Spanish writers at the time of the conquest concur in describing the Indians generally as an intelligent and industrious, an inoffensive and religious people, as well in the interior as on the seaboard of the continent. Since the occupation of the north-eastern provinces by the Anglo-Saxon race, the aborigines have degenerated so greatly from their primitive condition, and diminished so rapidly in number, as to make their total extinction within a very limited period a matter of absolute certainty. Two centuries ago, the population north of the confines of ancient Mexico amounted to 17,000,000 souls; it is now less than 2,000,000. Alcoholic liquors, epidemical diseases, and forced emigrations, have aggravated this frightful mortality. Yet notwithstanding their deportation, and the various calamities incidental to it, many of the surviving families of the Redskins have preserved in their new settlements some knowledge of the several arts that were practised by their more fortunate ancestors. From the remotest times, agriculture appears to have been systematically prosecuted in the western hemisphere on the largest scale. The former vast populations on the upper valleys of the Mississippi and Ohio, were probably dependent, in part, if not wholly, on the northern aborigines for their necessary supplies of corn. The configuration and extent of their "garden-beds," or farms, more especially in the States of Indiana, Wisconsin, and Michigan, are clearly discernible to this day, and are reported to be "laid out with all the neatness and symmetry of modern husbandry." Some of these "garden beds" cover an area of several hundred acres. Similar skill and industry are observable in the arrangement and cultivation of the lands belong

ing to the Delawares and other expatriated tribes on the banks of the Canadian rivers, and on the prairies of Kansas. So likewise with the primitive arts of pottery and glass-making, spinning and weaving, each of which is still extensively practised by the Pimas and other tribes. Even to the present day, according to the report of the latest traveller amongst them, the Navajos, Zunis, and the Jemez manufacture woollen and cotton tissues which are highly prized by their white neighbors. There is no authenticated instance, we believe, of any Indian tribe or family having lapsed into "a state of nature." All have been more or less contaminated—and some, like the powerful and highly civilized Natchez, hopelessly ruined and degraded—by contact with the *Parthis mendaciores* infesting their country; but none, as yet, have sunk into absolute barbarism. Numbers excepted, they are now in many respects what they were in the sixteenth century. The conquest of the New World by the Spaniards, and its gradual occupation by successive races of white men, have checked the development, but not destroyed the primitive institutions of the Indians. For aught, indeed, that can be urged to the contrary, they have been stationary for a much longer period; and having been excluded from intercourse with the outer world, have become at length, what we find them, a fossilized people, like that of China.

That the tribes of New Mexico inherited a civilization, more or less perfect, from extinct races which occupied that country before them, is an indisputable fact. No barbarous nation or nations could have executed the structural monuments that have been partially described, or have fabricated the multifarious works of art that are daily brought to light. Both the one and the other establish the early existence of a settled, industrious, and, to some extent, cultivated people. Whence, then, did the people derive their practical knowledge of the useful arts, and all the concomitants of ancient civilized life? Or, were these things really, as not a few imagine, of cis-Atlantic origin? That inquiry depends upon another and much more pertinent one—namely, were the primitive occupants of the northern continent of America immigrants or autochthones? Ethnographers, naturalists, archæologists have attempted in vain to solve these problems; scarcely two of them are of the same opinion. As yet, no satisfactory hypothesis has been framed for general acceptance. Scandinavia, Gaul, Mauritania, Carthage, Egypt, Palestine, Hindustan, China, Mongolia, Siberia, and even Wales and Ireland, are supposed by some to have furnished their respective quotas toward the peopling of the New World; whilst others, including the late Dr. Morton, of New York, have maintained that the ancient population was a distinct type of humanity, indigenous to the soil. That celebrated craniologist, indeed, went far ahead of his contemporaries, and divided the aboriginal American races into two families—the Toltecan natives and the barbarous tribes—which differed, he contended, as essentially in their physical as in their moral characteristics. But since the publication of his well-known "Crania Americana," several important ethnological discoveries have been made elsewhere on the continent, in the south more especially, which completely sweep away his favorite, or rather sole, criterion of intellectual capacity—the development of the facial angle. The traditions of the Indians are much too vague and conflicting to resolve a doubt, much less to establish a theory, in the matter of their ancestry. True, some of them—as, for example, the Algonquins, the Athapascans, the Ioways, and the Pimas, all widely separated from each other—uniformly point to the rising sun as the direction whence their forefathers came; but this motion may only indicate that they migrated from the eastern extremity of the continent, and not from the eastern hemisphere. In some instances, it undoubtedly means no more than that they are the boasted prosperity or the adopted children of a divine personage, who is supposed to have emanated from the great luminary. The Quichés alone have preserved anything like a definite account of their origin; and what makes this fact the more remarkable is, that they have been established in Central America from immemorial time. According to their earliest traditions their progenitors travelled from the east,

making a perilous journey through ice-fields and in protracted darkness; from which circumstance it has been inferred by the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, and others, that they must necessarily have passed into the American continent either by some Arctic route, or by the Aleutian Isles in the depth of winter. To ourselves this tradition appears more curious than important. Visitors' tales of frost-bound seas and of days without a sunrise would naturally make a very deep impression upon the minds of a people confined within the tropics; who, in the course of time, would not unlikely associate such extraordinary phenomena with the personal history of their remote ancestors, and thus cast a thicker veil of mystery over it or add a fresh marvel to it. Of the innumerable tribes or families of Indians still in existence, not one has any conception, much less any traditional knowledge, of a single country in the Old World. The geographical notions of the most intelligent amongst them are bounded by their own horizon. So far as is now known, the ancient Mexicans were the solitary exceptions to this rule. That they crossed over from Asia by the Aleutian Isles, about the eleventh century of our era, is a fact established as well by the declaration of the last of their Incas to his Spanish conquerors, as by a curious geographical chart of their migration preserved by Boturini.*

"Dim as these traditions are (observes Mr. Schoolcraft), they shed some light on the thick historical darkness which shrouds the period. They point decidedly to a foreign, to an oriental if not Shemitic, origin. Such an origin had been inferred from the first. At whatever point the investigation has been made, the eastern hemisphere has been found to contain the physical and mental prototypes of the race. Language, mythology, religious dogmas, the very style of architecture, and their calendar, as far as it is developed, point to that fruitful and central source of human dispersion and nationality."†

Whilst allowing there has been, for ages, a continuous emigration from the east of Asia—a fact, indeed, which is abundantly evidenced, as well by the physical characteristics of the Indian tribes occupying the mighty deserts in the north and north-west as by their manners, customs, and traditions, which so closely resemble those of the Mongols on the neighboring continent—it is, we think, equally demonstrable that other colonists, more civilized than wandering hordes of Tartars, found their way thither directly across the Pacific. In possession of the magnet, the most ancient of the eastern nations boldly navigated the wide ocean in vessels of great burden; whilst as yet the nations in the west were timidly following the sinuosities of their coasts in shallow canoes or on ruder rafts. Some of the natives of India, like the "godlike" Phæacians whom Homer extols, were enterprising merchants and hardy mariners from the remotest antiquity. And so, no doubt, were the maritime populations of the Eastern Archipelago. If the oldest Japanese maps are to be depended on, their voyages formerly extended to Java, and on the north to Behring's Straits and to the coast of America, which they called Foosang—a name by which it was also known to the Chinese long prior to the Christian era.

The oldest traditions of the Peruvians, the Brazilians, and the Araucanians (the aborigines of Valdivia), refer to the arrival in their countries respectively of illustrious strangers who came from afar, across the ocean. Only on the supposition that more frequent intercourse, by water, was maintained between the several nations of antiquity than is usually conceded by modern ethnographers and others, is it possible to account for the intermixture of races and the similarity of customs and institutions observable in different quarters of the globe. For example, families that physically approximate in type to the Redskins of North America have been discovered on the eastern coast of Africa, on the Island of Madagascar, on the South Australian continent, as well as scattered throughout Polynesia. And so, too, a very close conformity existed between the religious creeds and practices of the Etrurians and the Aztecas. In Italy and America human sacrifices were customary at the graves of illustrious chieftains. In the former country they were superseded by

* Mr. Fergusson holds that the Toltecs represent *the Esquimaux*, and that the Aztecs were Red Indians; but we cannot discover any ground for this theory.

† Indian Tribes of the United States, vol. i., p. 26.

gladiatorial exhibitions—which were also introduced into Mexico—but, as in Etruria, were only used upon certain religious occasions. With both, too, the olive-branch was the symbol of peace. These analogies might be almost indefinitely extended. The calendars of the two people were nearly alike; the one calculated the length of the year at 365 days, 5 hours and 50 minutes, the other at ten minutes less. Like other nations of antiquity, they both believed that at the end of certain astronomical cycles periodical changes in nature would occur, and these were watched, therefore, with intense anxiety and alarm. The passage of the Pleiades across the meridian was announced to trembling multitudes in Mexico by the simultaneous lighting of innumerable beacon-fires on the observatories and hill-tops; and the reappearing of the great luminary in the morning, which confirmed their lease of life, was the signal for mutual congratulations and rejoicings. That momentous holiday corresponded with the festival of Isis, which, according to Herodotus, originated under precisely similar circumstances.*

These parallelisms link the primeval history of America with that of the Old World, and the farther we prosecute them the evidence of the fact becomes proportionately stronger, till at length it is impossible to resist it. It was a maxim of the traveller Clarke, that, by proper attention to the vestiges of ancient superstition, we are enabled to refer a whole people to their original ancestors, with more certainty than by observations made upon their language; because the superstition is engrafted upon the stock, but the language is liable to change. As, therefore, with the Hindus, Egyptians, Assyrians, Scythians, and their offshoots in Europe, so with all the tribes of the northern continent, from Nicaragua to the borders of Lake Superior, as well as throughout New England, the adoration of the sun, as the symbol of divine intelligence, has prevailed from the earliest epoch to this day.

"It may be traced in America (says Mr. Squier) from its simplest or least clearly-defined form, among the roving hunters and squalid Esquimaux of the North, through every intermediate stage of development, to the imposing systems of Mexico and Peru, where it took a form nearly corresponding with that which it at one time sustained on the banks of the Ganges and on the plains of Assyria." *

Associated with Sabæan worship in former times was that of the lingham or phallus. This well-attested fact leaves little room for doubting that the aboriginal Americans derived their religious system in part from the East. The worship of the lingham was flourishing in the cities of Pomeco and Tlascalla, in Mexico, at the period of the conquest; and Mr. Stephens observed at Uxmal, in Yucatan, certain ornaments upon the external cornice of several large buildings, the meaning of which was too plainly sculptured to be misunderstood. (*Travels*, vol. i., p. 181.) Nor was this revolting worship restricted to the territories just indicated; it appears to have been equally prevalent in the Gulf States, and as far north as Tennessee, where innumerable characteristic images have been ploughed up; some formed of clay, and others carved out of a kind of amphibolic rock, the toughest of all stony substances.

Bearing in mind that the Oriental nations acknowledged originally but one object of devotion, the sun, with which they presently associated the doctrines of the reciprocal principles of nature—doctrines which passed from India into Ethiopia and Egypt, thence into Asia Minor, and so into Greece and Rome—it is impossible to withhold from the inhabitants of the western hemisphere the coveted distinction of the highest antiquity, when we find their remote ancestors possessing the same system of theology, and adopting the same objects of worship, as the most ancient and cultivated people of the Old World. With almost all the aborigines, there is a proof of the existence of a belief in a Supreme Being; of an extensive polytheism, based in its origin upon the principle of divine emanations; of a belief in the immortality of the soul and its future state; and in the transmigration of spirits. The agreement between their ritualistic observances is equally remarkable. They, too, had sacred ablutions and fasts, sac-

* Euter. 122–4.

* Amer. Archæ. Res., p. 18.

rifices and expiatory self-punishments. Notwithstanding what has oftentimes been urged to the contrary, this congruity of religious ideas and practices in both hemispheres is of so decisive a character as to demonstrate a single primitive source. "We cannot," remarks Sir William Jones, "justly conclude by arguments preceding the proof of facts, that one idolatrous people must have borrowed their deities, rites, and tenets from another, since gods of all shapes and dimensions may be framed by the boundless powers of imagination, or by the frauds and follies of men, in countries never connected; but when features of resemblance, too strong to have been accidental, are observable in different systems of polytheism, without fancy or prejudice to color them and improve their likeness, we can scarcely help believing that some connection has in immemorial time subsisted between the several nations which have adopted them." (*Works*, vol. i. p. 229.) There are now no means of determining at what particular epoch in the world's history the worship of the Lingham in India, of Peor-Apis in Egypt, of the Phallus in Greece, or Priapus in Rome, originated. But, according to the received chronology of the Bible, the worship of Baal-Peor prevailed among the Moabites 1450 B.C. (Numb. xxv. 3) or long before it was received into Europe. From the remains which are still in existence, it may have passed into America at a time coeval with its introduction into Egypt. And this fact brings us to a still higher point in the primitive history of the continent.

Pyramidal piles of earth and stone are the peculiar marks by which we may discover the sites of the earliest settlements of mankind. The idea of such piles first appeared in the valley of the Euphrates, and culminated in the valley of the Nile. Whatever their forms, or wherever situated, in Asia or in Africa, one condition is common to them all: intended primarily for astronomical observatories, the sides of each accurately correspond with the cardinal points. This is also the case with the pyramids of America. In determining the epoch of the aboriginal migration to that continent, this remarkable coextension or analogy again carries us back to that period when mankind, after being dissipated in the plains of Shinar, had reëstablished themselves in the different quarters of the globe. We have already referred to the magnificent pyramidal structures of Mexico; which, excepting the shrines, were undoubtedly the work of the Toltecans, if not of an earlier people; but be that as it may, there are pyramidal ruins in Yucatan and Central America of a much more ancient date than any to be found elsewhere in the New World—so ancient, indeed, as to compare with similar monuments in Egypt, which are generally ascribed to the Memphite period. If, as we believe, the New World borrowed its designs for such structures, the aborigines must have travelled to the valley of the Nile for that purpose, rather than brought them from the shores of the Euxine and Caspian Seas—a circumstance which, we may remark by the way, shows them to have been not only a less cultivated but a later settled nation than the Egyptians. Their conventional ideas of pictography and sculpture point to the same origin. According to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, no signs of progress from infancy to the more advanced stages of art are perceptible on the earliest monuments of Egypt: it was in after-times the Egyptian sculptors bound themselves so rigidly to conventional forms in the human figure. And so in America, the most ancient remains exhibit similar characteristics. The same unalterable forms satisfied the devotion or the taste of successive generations; and consequently no improvement was made upon them. In the types of primitive art, the New World merely reflected the light of the Old. Hence, there was no warmth or creative power in it. Generation after generation servilely copied each other, but with gradually diminishing skill, or in almost the exact ratio of the distance which separated them from Central America and Yucatan, the earliest seats of civilization on the continent. That Africa, not the East, was the original source of their inspiration—perhaps about the age of the fourth Egyptian dynasty—may be inferred, partly from the peculiar situations, internal economy, and identical embellishment of the structures in question, and partly from the most primitive mode of

sepulture observable in the immediate vicinity of them. The pile is invariably erected, for the purpose of sacred ablutions, in close proximity to water; either on the bank of a stream, or on the shore of a lake, or, in the absence of these, an artificial pond of proportionate dimensions has been excavated at its base; central apartments, for the preservation of the sacred elements, reached by descending galleries at a particular angle of declination, are found in all of them, as well as a secret communication with the river, lake, or pond, usually by means of a subterranean passage: and lastly, the neighboring valley or plain, as the case may be, is filled with innumerable catacombs, in many localities hewed out of the solid rock. The great pyramid on the plateau of Caernavaca, and known as Xochicalco, "the house of flowers," is reported to be scarcely distinguishable from the ordinary type of those in Lower Egypt. Its position and configuration show it to be one of the group of adjacent hills. It is truncated and divided into four terraces.

"The intermediate slopes (says Mr. Norman) are covered with platforms, bastions, pyramidal and rectangular elevations and stages, one above another, all faced with large porphyry stones admirably cut, but joined together without cement; the perpendicular height is estimated to be from 300 to 380 feet. The construction of the stories is irregularly like the Egyptian style of architecture; the lower parts inclining inward at an angle of 15° for a short distance, and then being surmounted with perpendicular courses projecting over the inferior portion. Upon the stories of this pyramid are many figures sculptured in relief, some representing hieroglyphic signs, and others human figures seated cross-legged in Asiatic manner, and crocodiles spouting water."

Want of space precludes our pursuing these architectural analogies any farther; suffice it to say, therefore, that the distinction between the earlier and later pyramidal temples of the New World is quite as remarkable as that between the ancient Egyptian structure and those erected by the Greek colonists under the Ptolemies. No doubt, very many of the earliest piles have been modified in subsequent ages, to suit the particular necessities or tastes of the people; yet, in every such instance, the archaic type has been but slightly departed from, whilst the primitive example in the decorations without, always emblematical of the worship conducted within, has been scrupulously followed to the last. This is very apparent in the magnificent ruins of Yucatan; where, according to the unanimous reports of Mr. Stephens and later travellers in that wonderful country, the serpent entwined about the stem of the lotus is frequently repeated on the friezes of the temples; and at Palenqué, also, "a rectangular square is surrounded by cloisters . . . and lighted by windows bearing the exact form of the Egyptian face."

It is proverbial among Transatlantic travellers, that he who has seen one tribe has seen all; so closely do individuals of every family resemble each other, notwithstanding their immense geographical dissemination, and those differences of climate which embrace the extremes of heat and cold.* And after devoting a lifetime to the investigation of their linguistic affinities, the late venerable Albert Gallatin arrived at the same conclusion. "However differing in their vocabularies," he remarks, "there is an evident similarity in the structure of all the American languages."† From whatever land the aboriginal population of North America proceeded—from Eastern Siberia, by the passage of Behring's Straits, or by the Aleutian Islands; or, which we conceive to be much more probable, from the Bactrian heights or Hindustan, by the Indian and Pacific Oceans,—the influence of their genius, mythology, and civilization has not wholly declined to this day. Hence many have likewise been led to believe in the unity of the American races. Without impeaching the justice of this opinion, so far as it affects the existing tribes of native Red Indians, we cannot but think that the aboriginal occupants of the soil disappeared long before the advent of the Spaniards. So far as is now known, the highest civilized races, at the era of the conquest, were restricted to the territory falling within the 10th and 25th degrees of North latitude, and to that smaller region which is watered by the Rio Colorado

* *Vide* Mr. J. S. Phillips's Essay on the Physical Type of the American Indians, Schoolcraft, vol. ii., p. 316.

† Trans. Amer. Ethnol. Soc., vol. ii., p. 367.

and the Rio Gila, and their tributaries. Every other portion of the continent, with one notable exception, was occupied by indigent and semi-barbarous tribes, widely scattered, and subsisting for the most part on the produce of the chase. The exception was Kentucky, bearing the ominous appellation of "the dark and bloody ground," which had long been shunned by every Indian with superstitious dread. According to the traditions of the locality, the now attractive banks of the Ohio had been the scene of a frightful carnage many centuries before the arrival of the Europeans. An entire nation, both physically and morally distinguished from the Redskins—"white men"—and who had been settled in the country from time immemorial, were unexpectedly assailed and overwhelmed by their enemies. The manifest incompletion of several of the monuments in the valley betokens a sudden cessation of labor on the part of their constructors, and thus far confirms the terrible reality of the Indian legends. If those ill-fated people were not the true aborigines of the soil, they were undoubtedly connected with them, as may be inferred from the peculiarity of many of their structures; the relics exhumed from their tumuli; and, above all, from their primeval mode of sepulture.

In the absence of documentary proofs and positive evidence it is extremely difficult, and often impossible to determine the aboriginal migrations of a people. The primary immigrants of North America are no exception to this general rule. They arrived in the New World, we believe, by various routes and at various epochs. That comparatively narrow territory which stretches from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, and which is so especially rich in stupendous and highly-decorated monuments, many of them bearing indisputable marks of the hoariest antiquity, was the first abode of the civilized nations. Those nations, as Mr. Taylor argues on *à priori* grounds,* brought their civilization with them; it was not of indigenous growth; and the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, who has labored long as a missionary in that part of the continent, as well as in the interests of ethnographical science, inclines to the opinion that the Mayas of Yucatan are their degenerate descendants. Thence population was diffused and radiated through the immense regions of the North. Almost the same combination of mounds, terraces, and pyramids is found throughout the valley of the Mississippi as at Copan, Palenqué and Uxmal; a fact which goes far to prove that the inhabitants of the interior derived their civil as well as their religious institutions, and such knowledge of the arts as they possessed, from Central America. The one, no doubt, was a modification of the other. By one of those refluxes which were so common in the early history of mankind, the tide of population returned to its original source, but by a circuitous or northwesterly channel; commingling in its passage with several streams of later immigrants to the continent, by Behring's Straits or the Aleutian Isles. Hence the cause of those national changes and revolutions which may be faintly traced on the face of the most primitive monuments, and which are most distinctly portrayed on the more modern ones. The mild religious services of the first ages were superseded by the sanguinary ritual in vogue at the time of the conquest; political domination had completely succumbed to sacerdotal rule; the Inca added to his other functions those of supreme pontiff. Such, in brief, we take to have been the main courses of population in North America. No doubt there were many intermigrations, of more or less importance, the order of which, however, it is impossible to indicate. In connection with these we may remark, by the way, that no existing tribe of Indians, located east of the Mississippi, lay claim to the monuments surrounding them. According to their several traditions, they found them much in the same condition as they now appear, when their forefathers, centuries ago, "arrived from the west" and possessed themselves of the country. Old societies had utterly perished ages before, leaving posterity ignorant not only of the extent of their dominions, but also of their very titles. The Atlantic seaboard, from New England to South Carolina, would seem to have been but sparsely peopled till within a compara-

* Anahuac, pp. 191, etc.

tively recent epoch. The remains in that long slip of territory are much less numerous than elsewhere on the continent; and, for historical deduction, almost valueless. Nearly the whole of them are the supposed works of the Iroquois and their affiliated tribes, and do not possess, it is reported, "an antiquity very far back of the Discovery."

Thus have we travelled over nearly the entire area of North America, and pointed out, in our necessarily hasty passage, the sites of the most important and interesting structural monuments pertaining, as we believe, to at least three distinct and widely separated epochs in the pre-Columbian history of the continent. These edifices show, partly from their architectural and other peculiarities, and partly from the relics of art discovered within and about them, whence sprang their authors, the aboriginal occupants of the soil. Their immediate origin is, and probably ever will be, an open question. It reaches back to the remotest period of human history, and is involved in a haze of fable. Nevertheless, their creeds, usages, and legends, whether delineated on the monuments or reflected by succeeding generations, uniformly point to an Oriental source; and this is all that can be averred with absolute certainty concerning them.

Chambers's Journal.

OLD PARIS.

As with men, so with cities; whenever one of the latter becomes famous, and the eyes of the world are fixed upon it, we desire to know more of it than what is presented on the surface. A thousand little details, trifling, perhaps, in themselves, share in the interest attaching to the whole to which they belong. And as the most interesting biographies of great men are those which not merely make us acquainted with the prominent features of their lives—with the great exploits which they achieved—but also follow them into their solitude or home-life, so the most attractive chronicles of states and cities are those which enter into the seemingly unimportant minutiæ, neglected by the general historian and the compiler of the guide-book.

Lutetia (*civitas*) *Parisiorum* is first mentioned in Cæsar's *Commentaries*. Lutetia has had various derivations assigned to it, but most probably it is the Latinized form of *Loutouhezi*, the Celtic for *a city in the midst of waters*, it having been built on an island in the Seine. In the fourth century, it received the name of the people whose chief city it was. During the middle ages, it was supposed that Francus, a son of Hector, founded Paris, and also Troyes in Champagne, giving to the former the name of his uncle. In all likelihood, it comes from the Celtic *par* or *bar*, a frontier.

Christianity, according to Gregory of Tours, was first preached to the Parisians by St. Dionysius or Denis, in the year 250; and the first synod held in Paris took place in 360, which seems to prove that the Christian missionaries had already made numerous converts there. Paganism, however, was not wholly uprooted until the episcopate of St. Marcellus, who died in 436, and who, according to a legend, is said to have hurled into the Seine a frightful dragon which desolated the city, and which, perhaps, was the emblem of heathenism.

The Emperor Julian, commonly called the Apostate, had a great liking for Paris, and spent five winters there. He praises its inhabitants for their intelligence and good conduct, and the surrounding vineyards for their excellent produce. An edifice, improperly called the *Thermes de Julien*, still exists in the Rue de la Harpe, which perpetuates his memory, and possibly served as his residence. In his time, the Montagne Ste. Geneviève was a sort of Campus Martius; the gardens of the Luxembourg were occupied by a Roman camp; and Roman villas lined both sides of the Seine.

The Merovingians made Paris their capital, and Clovis constantly resided there. His sons, while dividing his states, judged the possession of Paris of so great importance, that they shared it among themselves, and agreed that none of them should enter it without the consent of the others. Under this dynasty, several of the Parisian churches were founded. Childebert built the church of St. Vincent, afterward St. Ger-

main des Prés, the vaulting of each window in which was supported by costly pillars of marble. Paintings, decorated with gold, covered the ceiling and the walls. The roof, composed of plates of gilded bronze, when struck by the rays of the sun, dazzled the eyes of beholders with its brilliancy.

Under Louis VI. and Louis VII. Paris became celebrated for its schools. The best known were the Cathedral School, the school of St. Germain des Prés, and that of Ste. Geneviève. At the first mentioned, Guillaume de Champeaux taught theology, and counted among his pupils the well-known Abélard, at the end of the eleventh and beginning of the twelfth century. In 1118, Abélard opened on the Montagne Ste. Geneviève his famous school, which soon eclipsed all the others, and at which no less than ten thousand scholars attended.

Philip Augustus, judging that Paris was not sufficiently protected by its walls, caused a tower to be built outside them, on the site of a *Louveterie*, or wolf-hunting establishment, from which it received the name of the Louvre. It served at once for a royal residence, a fortress, and a state-prison; and was completed, according to the original plan, in 1204. It was under this monarch that the streets of Paris were first paved. One day, while standing at a window of his palace in the city, the mud or filth in the street, shaken by some vehicles which were passing, exhaled an unbearable stench, which invaded the royal nostrils. It was then that Philip conceived the project of paving the streets. The work was done at the expense of the town, the pavement consisting of rough flagstones, about three feet and a half square, and six inches in thickness.

It was in this reign, in 1182, that the legate of the Holy See consecrated the cathedral of Notre-Dame, begun in 1163 by Maurice de Sully, Bishop of Paris. This immense edifice, however, was not finished till the reign of Charles VII., in the fifteenth century. The original flooring of Philip Augustus was lately found at eight or nine feet below the surface; and the thirteen steps which in his time it is said led to the entrance, have disappeared. It was under Philip that the municipality of Paris received its first developments, and assumed a regular form. Besides the provost, who, as officer of the king, presided over the courts of justice, there was the syndic, nominated by the community of merchants, whose duty it was to protect the commercial interests of the town. He was afterwards called the provost of the merchants, and was assisted by *echevins*, who formed his council. Under Philip, this officer acquired many new rights. The police, the streets, the care of public edifices, the administration of the lands belonging to the town, passed from the provost of Paris to this functionary.

Philip was also the patron of learning. He instituted schools in the Rue du Fouarre. *Fouarre*, or *foare*, from which is derived the existing *fourrage* (forage), is an old French word signifying straw. The scholars in those simple ages sat upon bundles of straw during the lectures, and as this custom naturally resulted in the frequent appearance of that material in the neighborhood of the schools, the street received its title from it. During the middle ages, no traffic was permitted in this street, in order to obviate any disturbance to the students.

Philip the Fair founded the parliament of Paris. It held its sessions in the King's Palace (Palais de Justice), which, in the middle of the fifteenth century, was entirely abandoned to it. In this palace was the vast hall which served for receiving the homage of vassals, giving audience to ambassadors, public festivities, and other occasions of national interest, at one of the extremities of which was an enormous marble table, round which sovereigns alone were permitted to sit; and *upon* which, at certain times of the year, the society of *clercs de la basoche* (lawyers' clerks) gave dramatic entertainments of a farcical character.

In the fourteenth century, as now, Paris was celebrated as the seat of fashion in dress, though those dazzling *magasins de nouveautés* which we now admire there did not then exist. Wearing-apparel, as well as other merchandise, was generally sold by criers in the streets. "They do not cease to bray from morning till night," writes Guillaume de Villeneuve. Vendors of all classes swelled the discordant concert.

To cry goods for sale was the daily special occupation; among others, of the three hundred blind men supported by the king, St. Louis. These unfortunates, it seems, were in the habit of performing their duties without guidance, and the consequence was, that they frequently came in collision, and gave each other severe contusions.

The first stone of the famous Bastile was laid by the provost of Paris, in the reign of Charles V., 1369. That formidable edifice was built for the purpose of protecting the king, who had seen his authority braved by the Parisians while residing in his palace in the city, which on that account he quitted. He frequently dwelt in the Louvre, of which the Bastile was a pendant, and of which M. Vitet gives the following picturesque description as it was in the fourteenth century: "The king caused to be raised outside the moats a number of buildings, useful and ornamental, of a middling height, forming what were then called *basses-cours*, and united to the château by gardens of considerable extent. One cannot imagine all the various objects that were heaped together in these dependencies and gardens. Besides lodgings for the officers of the crown, there were a menagerie of lions and panthers, bird-rooms, aviaries for the king's parrots, fish-ponds, basins, labyrinths, tunnels, trellises, leafy pavilions—the favorite decoration of gardens in the middle ages. These parterres, cut in symmetrical compartments, and thrown in the midst of buildings varying in form and elevation; that chaos of towers and turrets—the former rising heavily from the moats, the latter as if suspended from the walls; that pell-mell of pointed roofs, here covered with lead, there with varnished tiles, some crested with heavy vanes, some with tufts of various colors—all this has no resemblance to a modern palace; but that disorder, these contrasts, which seem to us only barbarously picturesque, appealed quite differently to the imagination in those days, and were not without their grandeur and majesty. These were the bright days of the feudal Louvre, when it was living, peopled, and well cared for."

The space of ground which, until lately, formed the Marché des Innocents, was, in the middle ages, the principal cemetery of Paris. It was surrounded by a sort of vaulted gallery, which was reserved for the corpses of distinguished persons and for dressmakers' shops. Here, in the year 1424, the English, who were then masters of Paris, gave a grand fête of rejoicing for the battle of Verneuil, and indulged in a frightful "dance of the dead" over the level tombstones. In the middle of the cemetery rose an obelisk, surmounted by a lamp, which alone feebly illumined at night the field of the dead, and animated its solitude. But at sunrise all was changed—daylight brought back with it noise, luxury, and pleasure.

Victor Hugo, in the chapter of his romance, *Notre Dame de Paris*, entitled *Paris à vol d'oiseau* (book iii. chapter ii.), gives a vivid description of the town as it was in the fifteenth century. Paris, according to him, was at that time divided into three distinct parts—the City, the University, and the Town. The City, occupying the island, was the oldest and smallest, and was the mother of the other two. "It stood between these," he says, "like a little old woman between two tall handsome daughters." The University was on the left bank of the Seine, stretching between points which at present correspond with the Halles aux Vins and La Monnaie. The Town, the largest of the three divisions, was on the right side of the river. Each of the divisions formed a town, depending for its completeness upon the others. The City had churches; the Town, palaces; the University, colleges.

In 1539, Francis I. having given permission to the Emperor Charles V. to traverse France, entertained the idea of receiving him at the Louvre, which underwent, on that account, a general restoration, according to the style of the Renaissance; but as soon as the emperor departed, Francis, perceiving that the new works were merely of a temporary character, resolved to build a new palace on the same site as the former one, and confided its erection to Pierre Lescot. The building, begun in 1541, was continued till the death of Henry II. It is the finest portion of the Louvre; the south-west angle. When Catherine de Médicis came into power, she dismissed Lescot, engaged an Italian archi-

tect, and caused that wing to be built which advances toward the river.

In 1564, tired of the Louvre, Catherine bought a piece of ground called the *Salbonière*, covered with pottery-works, the *Tuileries Saint-Honoré*, and commenced the palace which received its name from the fabrics which had occupied its site. For six years, the new edifice steadily progressed; but Catherine, having learned from her astrologer, Ruggieri, that it was her fate to die under the ruins of a house near St. Germain, suddenly gave up the works of the Tuileries, because it was in the parish of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and built the Hôtel de Soissons, on the site of the present corn-market.

The famous Point-Neuf was begun in 1578, Henry III. laying the first stone.

The Place-Royale was completed in 1612. Here Cardinal Richelieu soon afterwards built a palace, which he called the Palais Cardinal, but which, in a spirit of regal munificence, he presented to his king, Louis XIII. Thenceforth, it became the Palais-Royal. Numerous hotels of the *noblesse* sprang up in the same quarter, and with them first appeared there the warehouses for *bijouterie* and other fancy goods, for which the Palais-Royal is at present so celebrated. A writer of that time severely blames the merchants of these shops for permitting their wives to flirt with customers—"all to induce them to buy a fashionable collar, a child's purse, a drachm or two of perfume for the perruque, or a boy's wooden sword." Speaking of perruques, we must not omit to mention that they reached their full development at the time of Louis Quatorze. Their most celebrated maker was a M. Binet, from whom they sometimes were called *binettes*. They weighed several pounds, sometimes cost a thousand crowns, and rose five or six inches above the brow. The word *binette* still exists in the language of the Paris *gamin*, designating a person with a droll countenance.

The last insurrection at Paris before the Revolution was that called the *Fronde* (sling). This revolt received its name in a singular manner. In the moat of the town, near Saint-Roch, the little boys of the quarter used to fight with slings. When the constable appeared, they all took to their heels. In the disputes of the parliament, a young counsellor, Bauchaumont, observed the modesty and docility of the members in the presence of the king, and their turbulence in his absence. "They are quiet just now," said he, "but when he is gone, they will sling (*on frondera*) with a will." The word remained. The Fronde soon gained the whole town, which eagerly took the side of the insurgents, as the first cause of the troubles was a new tax on houses built outside the walls. Afterwards, when the rebellion was quelled, the Parisians paid dearly for their share in it. Their privileges were abolished, a royal garrison took the place of their civic guards, and magistrates dependent on the crown, that of the municipal authorities.

Deprived of its independence, it became the sole glory of Paris to be the stage on which the splendors of the court of Louis XIV. were revealed. In 1662, that king gave an idea of what his reign would cost by the famous *fête du carrousel*, which has left its name to the vast *place* between the Louvre and the Tuileries. It cost 1,200,000 francs. Gold and silver were employed in so great profusion on the trappings of the horses, that the material of which they were made could not be distinguished from the embroidery with which it was covered. The king and the princes shone with the prodigious quantity of diamonds with which their arms and the harness of their horses were covered. About the same time, the Tuileries and the Louvre were completed, and a garden was designed for the former by Le Nôtre. The former garden of the Tuileries, like other ancient French gardens, comprised a strange medley; among other objects, it contained a pretty little abode, beside the quay, and mysteriously concealed by a thick grove, which Louis XIII. had given to his *valet-de-chambre*, Renard, who had furnished it with rare and costly articles, and had made it a secret rendezvous for young seigneurs, and the scene of luxurious *petits soupers*.

It was in 1669 that Soliman Aga, the Turkish ambassador at the French court, introduced the use of coffee into Paris. The first *café* was opened at the *foire* St. Germain, which was then one of the most frequented and fashionable places of resort in the town, and the suppres-

sion of which, toward the end of the eighteenth century, went far to destroy the industry and commerce of the left bank of the river, to the profit of the right. An Armenian named Pascal afterward established a *café*, which was much in vogue, called the Manouri, upon the Quai de l'Ecole; and in 1689, a Sicilian, Procopio, opened the Café Procope in the present Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, which was for long the favorite place of reunion for the *savans* and *beaux-esprits* of the period.

Opposite this establishment, was the *Théâtre de la Comédie Française*, which was inaugurated in 1689 by Racine's well-known tragedy of *Phèdre*. Until 1770, "the actors of the king" performed on its boards, at which epoch they removed to the theatre within the Tuileries. At this time, the opera became a fashionable amusement, and assumed its present form. Voltaire has described it in the following lines:

Il faut se rendre à ce palais magique,
Où les beaux vers la danse et la musique,
L'art de charmer les yeux par les couleurs,
L'art plus heureux, de séduire les cœurs,
De cent plaisirs fait un plaisir unique.

But the café and the opera remind us that we are leaving Paris in old times for the Paris of the present, and that we are close upon that blood-written page, the Revolution, which divides the chronicles of the former from those of the latter. These notes must not be brought to a conclusion without the acknowledgment that from M. Malte-Brun's laborious compilation, *La France Illustrée*, they derive whatever archæological interest they possess.

The Saturday Review.

SENTIMENT AND PHILANTHROPY.

THE real zest with which men and women follow every tale of human vicissitude that is presented to them does not ever seem to flag as the world gets older. Gossip itself, except that sort of gossip which is only malice in disguise, is but a form which our interest in all human history assumes. Descend as it may to minute or frivolous details, at the bottom we may recognize in it the same nervous, restless, inveterate desire to watch the tragedy or comedy of life, wherever we get a chance of seeing it played out. Human action and passion fascinate us as often as we come across them. We are never weary of the most ordinary narrative of fortune and misfortune, and can sit by and follow it out into all its minute and commonplace details. The dullest dog among us perhaps does not lead so stupid an existence that it cannot be put in what would seem to his next-door neighbor a picturesque light, and converted into a drama for the lookers-on. The genius of great sentimentalists consists in their extreme susceptibility to this kind of human sympathy, which is, however, common to us all. They go through the world overwhelmed by the scenic effect of the various stories of life that meet them at every turn, and seem forever saying to themselves that this is what life comes to with its many little pleasures and pains. But the feeling which sentimental genius possesses in this exaggerated and morbid form exists more or less in all of us. The British public itself is full of sentimental capacity. That it indulges its honest emotion by fits and starts, that it is capable of all sorts of absurdities, that it will shed tears with Sterne over an injured donkey to-day, and be blind to the sufferings of a starving province to-morrow, that it is by turns maudlin and heartless, chivalrous and insensible, heroic and calculating, is true. But, whatever its faults and inconsistencies, the British public is sentimental. Every now and then it smacks of bread and butter, like one of Lord Byron's school-girls, and is as ludicrously romantic. And, at all events, it always appears to pay a profound attention to every story of life. Whenever it is impassive, we may be quite sure that the reason is that the facts of the case have not yet been presented to it in the digestible shape of an anecdote or a picture. It will read with comparative equanimity the intelligence that fifteen or twenty thousand soldiers have been left dead upon a field of battle. But take the case of a single widow of a single soldier of the fifteen thousand, dress up for the columns of the *Times* the narrative of her bereavement and her poverty, and add that she has been turned away from some workhouse door in the metropolis by a beadle or a por-

ter, and before a day is over all England is in a quiver with emotion. The truth is that, though the imagination of the majority of mankind is torpid and slow to be awakened, the age itself in which we live is, as we have said, keenly alive to the interest of all human incident.

The tendency to sympathize with the fortunes of any individual member of our species is natural enough. *Homo sum*, says the old adage, *nihil humani a me alienum puto*. This disposition fluctuates, however, in intensity from one time to another; and is dependent in every age on the state of the imagination of the age itself. If we look at the literature of the present day we shall not be surprised to find that it is characterized by a remarkable increase of the susceptibility of which we have spoken. The literature and the imagination of any particular generation are usually affected by the same sort of influences. The literature of a country indeed represents the condition of the popular imagination far more than it represents the condition of national manners. The one distinguishing feature of the literature of the nineteenth century has been the wonderful growth of the novel. The novel may be almost said to constitute the staple literary food of three-quarters of our contemporaries. We are so dependent on the institution that it seems difficult to understand how people got on before it was invented. The ancient world of Greece and Rome had its drama; Rome, in addition to the drama, had its public shows; but plays and gladiators could not be to a nation what the stream of endless romance, that is forever issuing from a modern publisher, is to ourselves. It would be idle to ignore the fact that the three-volume novel must produce a great effect on the sentimental tendencies and the human sympathies of those who are accustomed to devote so many idle hours by the score to the perusal. The history of the drama here affords us a capital illustration. The rise of tragedy and comedy, as every student of history knows, synchronized with great changes in the popular imagination of the countries which gave birth to them. Great and sudden international earthquakes, great reforms in internal politics, great questions of insoluble difficulty in philosophy and religion, all came together at the same time. The object of the drama was to present the problem and the puzzle of human life and human actors from a many-sided point of view; and as the drama took root, those other things which connoted the same mental progress and mental ferment as the drama, took root with it. What happened to the drama long ago is happening in our days to the novel. Human sympathy may be said to be the centre round which all novels revolve. They appeal unceasingly to this part of our nature, and in the vast majority of cases to no other part at all. And their tendency is to foment and exaggerate the sensitiveness to which they appeal. By dint of descending into trivial details, and harping on little things, they end by making a thousand incidents of the most ordinary and puny kind appear picturesque. Under their influence readers become positively maudlin. They are never tired of hearing about trivialities, and peruse the description of a breakfast-table, a drawing-room, or a ball with as much avidity as if it were the history of a nation, or the narrative of a battle-field. It is scarcely to be supposed that persons who are so curious about the minutiæ of human life in a romance are totally indifferent to it when they have laid down their book and taken up their newspaper. The growth of novels, like the growth of the drama, implies a corresponding alteration in our imagination. We are more and more inclined to sentimentalize, to be interested in the little movements of our species; and to think everything artistic, effective, and picturesque which happens in the lives of other people.

The exact value of the minute sympathies which we are so often calling into play may possibly be doubted. There is something a little sickly and mawkish about them at the best. Genuine sentiment ought, in theory, to be in keeping with the circumstances of the case, and the same may be said of a genuine interest in human life. To squander it lavishly on occasions when a small outlay would be amply sufficient is a proof rather of instability and weakness than of kindly and wholesome sensibility. Our human sympathies ought not indeed to be expended on this or that exceptional case, but on mankind. If we trusted only to our imagination, we

should be perpetually exhausting them to very little purpose. For in matters of sympathy, still more in matters of charity, the imagination is a very unreliable guide. It is under the control neither of our common-sense nor of our moral instincts. It fastens as often as not on unworthy objects; it idealizes what should not be idealized, and draws pictures that have no counterpart in reality. People who are at the mercy of an oracle so fallible and so unsound are forever going wrong. And most of those whom the world calls sentimental are prone to fall into the error of allowing their imagination to supply them with subjects for sympathy and interest. If it selects worthy as often as it selects unworthy materials, it is as much as can be said for it. Nothing is more common than to find that the exact reverse has been the case. Suddenly some morning the whole country gets up to breakfast, and finds on its breakfast-table the narrative of an accident which thrills it through and through with pity and sympathy and indignation. The exhibition of pity is of course a kindly one, and so far praiseworthy, but it is undeniable that the pity and sympathy and indignation are not unfrequently out of all proportion to the facts. We shall usually find, if we take the trouble to watch, that events of a far more pitiable kind are passing at the very same time unnoticed before our eyes. Perhaps there was scarcely anybody in England that did not experience a sensation of pain at hearing that the late Emperor of Mexico had been put to death. Yet, in themselves, weekly returns of cholera at Rome, of yellow fever at the Mauritius, or of famine in India, are far more melancholy stories. After all, the Emperor Maximilian lived the life of a gallant soldier. If he has died at last in the shade, he had some thirty or forty years of sunshine such as fall to the lot of few of us. He had tasted of the sweets of fortune, even though at last he learnt that there might be a bitter at the bottom of her cup. A great majority of sensible human beings would gladly take his death to have had his life. Sad as the history is of his wife's health, and of his own decease at a distance from his friends, it is not half so sad as a hundred thousand histories of want and pain and hunger that go untold and unwritten every day around us. The reason is, that our imagination, which is easily stirred, has seized on the details of princely vicissitude, of which Maximilian's later life has been full, and cannot be persuaded to let them go. Chance, and chance alone, has willed that on millions of incidents as touching our imagination should be inert. That it is accident, and not reason, which makes the difference is plain when we consider that there is not a single column of the *Times* newspaper which might not lawfully furnish us with as much food for sad reflection as the column which recorded the last hours and last wishes of the Emperor. A single obituary taken out of the daily list of funerals and deaths might, if we knew but all, be the key to a far more distressing tale. Every day men die; and every day widows and orphans are plunged into poverty and into despair. Hearts are broken every hour by wholesale, and hopes blighted; every hour scores of men enter on a course of crime, and scores of women abandon themselves to irreparable ruin. These are the things that constitute the real misery of life, but these are not the things which strike us most. Somehow or other we find ourselves forgetting the universal chorus of suffering in the world, and fixing our eyes and bestowing all our interest on some mere item in the account to which our own fancy has given undue prominence. In sentimentality such as this—and, after all, the sort we have been describing is the common form—there is little that is not exaggerated and bad. As a fact, the most useful philanthropists, the most charitable men and women, with all their warmth of heart, are not usually imaginative. It is fortunate for the world that they are not. If their philanthropy were the result of an imaginative temperament, it would be, as a rule, both fitfully and uselessly employed. It is not easy in these times of universal circulating libraries and omnivorous literary tastes to guess what people do or do not read. If we might venture to conjecture, we should be inclined to think that philanthropists of the best and most valuable kind are not novel-readers. The respective tones of mind are almost incompatible. The philan-

thropic temperament is broad and genial, giving its sympathies to the world at large. The temperament of the novel-reader is narrower, more egotistical, and intense, disposed to lavish unnatural and disproportionate sympathy on the first object that takes hold of it.

The public at large not unfrequently confuse between the two dispositions, and mistake sentiment for philanthropy. No doubt it is possible to make a purely sentimental person take an interest in something wide and great. All that is required is to present it to his mind in a startling or affecting or picturesque way. Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild, is occasionally moved by the idea of the poor of Spitalfields almost as much as by the heart-rending account of the execution of the brother of an Emperor. But this is only when some rude assault has been made upon her imagination in the pulpit or in her daily newspaper. Every now and then a pestilence or a fire or a famine touches the heart of some young gentleman or lady almost as nearly as the last novel of Mr. Trollope, or some fine and delicate piece of writing in Mr. Thackeray. If in such moments they bestow some of their superabundant goods to feed the poor or to clothe the naked, the world calls them philanthropical. In reality they are nothing of the sort. They are at most sentimentalists. The passion is not the less hysterical and passing, not the less dependent on the caprices of their imagination, because the object chances for the nonce to be a worthy one. The sooner in life a man learns that it is possible to be sentimental without charity, and charitable without sentiment, the better it will be both for himself and for his species.

The British Quarterly.

HISTORY OF AGRICULTURE AND PRICES IN ENGLAND.*

In this age of self-assertion, it is not common to find any one claiming for himself less than he is entitled to. But we really have an instance of this unusual virtue in the work now before us. Professor Rogers has been too modest in the title to his book. He calls it merely "A History of Agriculture and Prices in England;" and we opened its pages with no expectation of finding anything more in them than tables of the value of farming stock, and columns of statistics. But the volumes embrace a far wider range. They contain many chapters of far more general interest. Not only are the details of domestic life given with a minuteness which reminds one of the painstaking elaboration of the pages of a mediæval missal, but the broader features of general history are also touched on with spirit and power. The bearings of the social questions of the day on the policy of the period are traced out with intelligence and fidelity, and we feel that we are put in possession of fresh resources for unravelling some of the most knotty questions in the History of England.

"It is my purpose," says Professor Rogers, "in the work before me, to attempt a History of Agriculture in England, and to supply a record of prices, especially of corn and labor, from the time at which the earliest consecutive annals begin, down to the close of the eighteenth century." We trust that this admirable plan may be fully carried out, and that so desirable a work may meet with the full success which it deserves. The date at which the inquiry commences is accidental, being due to the circumstance that Professor Rogers has found continuous information only from the year 1259 onwards. "In all cases," the author continues, "the record quoted is contemporaneous with the transactions which it narrates, and with but one or two exceptions, the facts are hitherto unpublished." This is the more remarkable, considering the vast amount of republications of early literature by the Societies specially devoted to such objects, and how busy antiquarian research has been for many years: considering also the continued resolute endeavors made to reconstruct, sometimes on paper, sometimes even in solid masonry, the castles, the manor-houses, and the monasteries of the "olden time." Professor Rogers most truly observes how greatly a knowledge of the economical history of mediæval England would assist the student of general history. Yet this information has hitherto been but

* *A History of Agriculture and Prices in England.* By James E. Thorold Rogers, M.A., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford. Vols. I. and II. Oxford: 1866.

scantily given; the fact that this deficiency has remained so long unsupplied, is one instance the more of the manner in which, in our study of the past, the picturesque has been preferred to the practical. The spell of the wizard of Abbotsford still exerts its influence over us. We refuse to believe that the ages that are gone by had a common work-a-day side as well as what we consider a romantic one. In our inmost hearts we really almost believe that in the days of chivalry the gay knights, ever gallant, ever young, were perpetually roaming over the land in quest of adventure, and for the succor of lovely damsels in distress. We may indeed bear with a few variations of the melody; we may listen to the lay for a few moments, when, instead of feats of knightly prowess and gallant deeds, the sweetness and the sufferings of the "ladye faire" supply the theme; but who has the faintest feeling for the peasant and the churl? The scantiness of the notices of these subjects scattered among the volumes of Hume, and even of the more painstaking Henry, are the sufficient answer. Like the gods as described by Tennyson, our writers have but a deaf ear for

> "A doleful song
> Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
> Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong;
> Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
> Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
> Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine, and oil;
> Till they perish and they suffer."

The historian, whose words grow warm, and whose brilliant page burns as with light when he recounts the brave deeds of the baron, and the meek piety of the saint, turns away his face, and passes on the other side at the mere suggestion of the life of the "villain." Our histories are filled with the record of the battle and the Parliamentary contest, and we would be the last to underrate their importance in our annals. But we wish space could also be found for the instruction involved in the records of the domestic life of the people. From them may be extracted a knowledge of the causes which impart vigor to the national existence. Dazzled by the lighting flash of the conqueror, bowed before the splendor of the throne, we forget to search the foundations of the strength which rendered victory easy to the armies of the general, of the prosperity which imparted the brilliancy to the reign of the monarch. We forget, in our rough summary of events, that each unit in the national existence has his own wants, his own sufferings; we forget that on the care, or the *want* of it, with which these necessities are supplied or not, the sufferings assuaged or neglected, depends the momentous fact that these units are either compacted into a firm mass of a united nation, or divided from each other with the incoherency of a heap of sand. Yet in these points, in happiness or the absence of it among the mass of the people, lie the elements of our strength or our weakness. And we, who *may* have before us a store of trials and difficulties, as hard to be surmounted as any our nation has ever known, who *have* before us the ever-present task of endeavoring to reconcile the continually-widening differances between the various classes in our Commonwealth, may well reflect on the sober warnings of the past, and see how these questions were arranged among our own race in times not so very remote from our own.

The introductory chapter of Professor Rogers's work, commences with a short summary of domestic history in the reign of Henry III. The writer remarks:—

"That, during this long reign, the mass of the English people passed from the condition of serfs, perhaps even slaves, into that of freemen, subject in some cases to a small money-rent for their holdings, and in others to labour-rents, servile indeed in character, but fixed and invariable, will be plain to those who compare the court rolls of the last half of the thirteenth century with the evidence which Madox has collected as to the state of the poorer classes in the days of John. The change however, is insensible, and the progress so gradual as not to be traceable, except by comparing states of society at different epochs.

"Whatever were the faults of the administration in the reign of Henry III., his reign, fifty-six years in duration, was far more pacific than that of any monarch from the Conquest to the close of the fifteenth century. He had no Scotch war; the chronic hostility of the Welsh appears to have mani-

fested itself in little more than plundering incursions; and the campaigns in France were few and indecisive. The domestic administration appears also to have been vigorous, if we judge from results. The robber baron disappears with Fawkes de Breaute; the great justiciary Hubert de Burgh seems to have induced habits of order; and Henry, when he emerged from nonage, succeeded to an authority which had been exercised prudently by his guardian. . . . .

"In Henry's reign the baron is no longer the enemy, but the leader of the people. In earlier days, the feudal lord is *excoriator rusticorum*, as were Robert de Belesme, and most of the old Norman baronage. The English of Henry's reign, who looked on Simon de Montfort as a champion in life, treated him as a saint after death. But Simon's administration in Guienne was not that of a demagogue, nor was his leadership of the feudal opposition—with its customary policy, insurrection—the act of a man who had made terms with his inferiors, by abandoning and oppressing his own order. We should search in vain for a baron like Simon in any reign before that of Henry III. They are found in plenty after his time, though none perhaps were so capable or so disinterested as this Cromwell of the thirteenth century."*

The reign of Edward I. appears to have been disturbed by no markedly important social change at the time, although curiously enough it was the time of the introduction of a legal arrangement, the effects of which greatly influence English society at the present day. The system of entails marks at point in the commencement of the legal history of England which has had a lasting effect. The reign of Edward II. was no period of social, any more than of political prosperity; never, perhaps, were the sufferings of the peasantry greater—unproductive harvests, and a disorganized government, brought their attendant train of misery. With Edward III. a brighter prospect commences. A cycle of more abundant harvests, improved commercial intercourse with the great cities of Flanders, the introduction of the woollen manufacture into the eastern counties, all greatly assisted the prosperity of the time. The war with France, indeed, was a source of great outflow both of life and of treasure, but even the effect of this drain on the resources of the country, was far exceeded by the influence of that awful scourge, the Black Death. Half the population, according to some estimates, were swept away. The economic problem of supply and demand was curiously illustrated by the insurrection of the peasantry in the beginning of the reign of Richard II. The people diminished in number, and, so rendered individually more important, felt their strength and resolved to use it. The story of Wat Tyler, and the vengeance taken by him on the tax-gatherer for the insult offered to his daughter, are familiar to all. The sympathy expressed for his act shows the dangerously inflammable condition of the people, while the simultaneousness of the outbreak in Norfolk and in Kent gives evidence of a carefully planned rising.

"Walsingham has preserved a singular rhyming letter, copies of which were, it appears, circulated among the Essex laborers: —'John Schep, sometime St. Mary, priest of York, and now of Colchester, greeteth well John Nameless, and John the Miller, and John Carter, and biddeth them that they beware of guile in borough, and stand together in God's name, and biddeth Piers Plowman go to his work, and chastise well Hob the robber, and take with you John Trueman and his fellows, and no more. John the Miller hath ground small, small, small. The King's Son of heaven shall pay for all. Beware or be woe, know your friend from your foe, have enough and say hoe. And so well and better, and flee sin, and seek peace and hold you therein, and so biddeth John Trueman and his fellows.'

"The insurrection was crushed by the unsparing execution of all who had taken a leading part in fomenting and guiding it. But the disaffection remained, and might hereafter produce effects far more serious than those which society had, as by miracle, escaped.

"Although a single week saw the beginning and end of this servile war, it could not be forgotten that the rioters were nearly successful; that the combination, of which the outbreak was but the expression, was thoroughly organized, and that there could be no possibility of preventing the spread of secret intelligence among those who were so profoundly discontented at their social condition. The harshness with which the rioters were punished did not, I conceive, at that time, as it never has at any other time, break the spirit of the people, or render them tamely submissive to authority, still less acquiescent in that which they believed to be a wrong."*

The rebellion was quelled, but the demands of the "villains" were quietly

* Vol. i., pp. 3, 4.

* Vol. i., p. 90.

conceded. The result was, that the condition of the great mass of the population was suddenly and permanently elevated. The rise in the wages of labor was not all clear gain to the laborer; part of it was required to compensate him for the rise in the price of provisions, occasioned by the years of dearth and famine which accompanied the pestilence. Nevertheless, the fact remained evident, that the scarcity of labor was greater in proportion than the scarcity of provisions. Before the Plague, when the laborer's provisions were found him, the wages given were one-half the ordinary rate of pay without food; after it, the wages given were two-thirds. Thus it is obvious that the ordinary gains of a laborer left him, when he had provided for his food, a larger balance to spend on other things after the Plague than before. Wages were not entirely uniform over the kingdom. London and its neighborhood were dear places to live in during the period under notice, exactly as in the present time. Curiously enough, another point in the social economy of the time has been exactly reproduced in modern days. The influence which manufacturers exercised over the rate of wages, was marked in the middle ages exactly as at the present time. The scale on which these manufactures were carried on was extremely minute as compared with our modern ideas. Those were not the days of Arkwright or of Watt, of the spinning-jenny or the steam-loom. The manufacturing districts of the time of the Third Edward, were as unlike the Lancashire or the West Riding of Yorkshire during the reign of Victoria, as is possible. Nevertheless the carrying on of such occupations, even with the scanty means at their disposal, sufficed to produce an effect on prices in their vicinity. Quiet rural villages in East Anglia, were then the sites of the advanced intelligence of the country. The shuttle is now almost unheard; the loom is now almost unknown among them. The remembrance of the past lingers only among dim traditions and scanty remnants of departed splendors: yet some mouldering evidences exist. The liberality of the manufacturer of that date is still attested by many a decaying ecclesiastical edifice, the result of devotion to the priest, the record of anxious piety. Traces of the industry and of its principal site, have even left their mark on the English language; for the antiquarian traces without difficulty the designation of our worsted manufacturers, to the name of a village otherwise scarcely known. The wealth of the district was comparatively large. The State as well as religion claimed its share of the profits. Professor Rogers gives a very curious table illustrative of the incidence of taxation in the time of Edward III., grounded on the proportion paid by every county of England towards a tax of 30,000 sacks of wool. This subsidy was granted in 1340, by the Commons to the King. The tax was levied to defray expenses incurred in the war with France. The calculation of the proportion of the burden to be borne by each county contributing seems to have been very minute, and gives a good idea of the comparative position of the different portions of the country at the time as regards wealth. From the absence of sufficient data, it is impossible to estimate what ratio the tax bore to the population; but comparing by acreage, the proportion borne by Norfolk was nearly eight times that borne by Lancashire. So completely in later days has the course followed by manufacturers and wealth changed, that at the present day this proportion, calculating according to the same standard, is nearly reversed. The Income tax paid by Lancashire is now about five times that paid by Norfolk.

As we continually survey the remains of ancient structures and mediæval industry scattered over the face of the country, the questions sometimes occur to us, How were these great undertakings performed? How was the labor organized? How was it paid in proportion to our own times? Without some explanations on these points, many chapters of past history are almost inexplicable. We find men possessed certainly of less wealth, and with the assistance of infinitely fewer material resources than are at our command at the present day, ignorant—even among their more cultivated classes—of points in applied mechanics and chemistry, which are familiar to almost every skilled artisan among us; yet carrying out undertakings

which would tax heavily even our existing means. Professor Rogers devotes a very important chapter to these questions, including the kindred subjects of the relative efficiency, as well as the relative cost of labor in the middle ages and at the present time. And here we may remark a curious instance of the light which these volumes throw on the social history of the time. Our natural idea is that in those days of thorough ritualism and deep subservience to the papacy, a vast number of Church holidays were compulsory on the mass of the people. On the contrary, to our surprise, an entirely different state of things appears to have prevailed. We find on the authority of Walter de Henley, whom, for want of a better comparison, we may call the *Times'* Correspondent of those days, that 308 working days were reckoned in the year. This computation gives only five holidays besides Sundays, in the twelvemonth. The practice of the time appears to have come fully up to this high standard of industry. The accounts quoted mention a mason and a boy employed for a year, and who were paid for 312 days. There are not many workmen equally industrious in any modern country, and as neglectful of the observance of the feast day of that most odious saint in the calendar, "Saint Monday." Such continuous labor implies efficient labor. A very careful supervision of the work done appears also to have been maintained. It is extremely difficult to make an exact comparison, but Professor Rogers gives very good reasons in support of his belief, that labor was far more effective in the 13th and 14th centuries than now. Though the fact appears undoubted, all the causes are not equally clear. The main reason assigned seems, however, a very probable one. "Men worked for employers, not for contractors." There was all that difference between the energy of their work which is implied by the old adage, "If you want to have a thing done, *go*; if you want it not done, *send*." The employer went himself, and looked after things himself. Also most of the larger works of the age were for some religious purpose. The members of the ecclesiastical body formed a well-organized corporation, compacted together by a common self-interest, bound by a common tie of discipline. The "employer" in many cases doubtless, was not one, but many; the "master's" eyes were in a hundred places at once; the "master's" hands were equally ready to encourage or to restrain. The comparatively greater simplicity of the habits of the time conduced to this. Labor was not then subdivided as it is now. A man was not trained, as he is now, to be a mere wheel in a machine. He might be compelled to undertake many employments, calling into play difierent faculties of the mind, various branches of knowledge. There were also fewer intermediaries between labor and its produce,—there were no trade restrictions,—there were none of those miserable regulations for studiously making work slow, inefficient, or negligent, which have been imposed by suicidal prejudices in more modern days. There was not that mournful struggle which now exists between capital and labor. May we be allowed to suggest another possible cause,—that relatively to the work expected of him, the laborer appears to have been better educated? Add to this, as we have said before, that owing to the requirements of a less systematic age, every one was almost compelled to know a little of most of the ordinary industries of the time. Hence, almost all employers were competent to undertake the business of superintendence. An extract from the volumes before us will explain this point more clearly:

"A question of great interest arises in connection with the remuneration of day-work in the time before us,—What was the comparative effectiveness of labor in the middle ages as compared with the cost of production; and what the contrast with labor in our own time? The only materials that could supply an inference on this subject, would be the analysis of the charges incurred in building some structure at that time, and which is still existing; and comparing its cost with a modern estimate for the same, or a similar amount of work. I have no bill of charges for the period comprised in these volumes which fulfils these conditions; but I can, by anticipating certain information which is in my possession as to the cost of building at a somewhat later date, arrive perhaps at a conclusion on this subject.

"In the spring of the year 1448, Merton College resolved to build or rebuild the bell-tower of their chapel, and appointed Thomas

Edwards, probably one of the fellows, as superintendent of the work. The necessary funds were supplied, partly from the resources of the college, partly from donations made for the purpose, partly from specific legacies bequeathed to the Society, and amounting to about fifty pounds.

"The work lasts for nearly two years; beginning on the 20th of May, 1448, and ending on the 9th of the same month, 1450. . . . The total charge of the whole structure is £141 19s. 4½d.

"The laborers are well paid. The chief mason, besides an annual pension of twenty shillings, receives, whenever he is at work, 8d. a day. It appears that he resided in Oxford, for the college purchases hay and straw of his wife. The other masons get a fraction under 7d. a day for the greater part of the year, and from 5½d. to nearly 6d. in the three winter months. The carpenters, who are merely engaged in rough work, are paid 4d. a day, as are also the laborers who seem to wait on the masons. The quarrymen are paid from 4½d. 4½d. These wages may, if we estimate them in modern money, be still reckoned by the multiple of 12, and fully bear out that which has often been stated, that the condition of laborers relatively to the price of the necessaries of life, was high, not only in the period before us, but, as in this case, fifty years afterward; for the price of wheat during the first half of the fifteenth century was actually below the general average of the fourteenth.

"It cannot, I think, be doubted that labor was for certain reasons more effective in the fifteenth century—and by implication, in the thirteenth and fourteenth, when it was not so highly paid—than it is now. Multiplied again by 12, the bell-tower cost, in modern money, £1,703 12s. 6d.; and it must be remembered that not a few of the items in the bill represent tools and machinery, which, after the work was over, would be sold for whatever they might fetch. Thus, for instance, two cranes (antemnæ) are purchased in order to raise the stone on the scaffold of the building, each of which weighs 268 lbs., the former being brought (according to the custom of the time) at 2d., the latter at 2½d. the lb. But no person, I should think, would imagine that such a structure could be built at present under from three to four thousand pounds. Although iron-work is incomparably cheaper, carriage could hardly be so high, and labor is, relatively speaking, not paid better, if indeed it be paid so well." *

Professor Rogers, among the stores of information contained in his volumes, gives incidentally many particulars of the extent to which commercial enterprise at the time had extended, as well as of the limitations to which it was subject. Among these, we select a curiously illustrative account of the purchase of the stones required for the mill at Cuxham. Mills, besides being as economically important in the middle ages as they are now, were then especially valuable as property. On most manors, the sole right of grinding corn rested with the lord of the manor; and the gains from the monopoly formed a very important part of his yearly income. Mills were turned both by water and by wind, the latter being the more common of the two, especially in Norfolk, where the flatness of the country afforded few streams running with sufficient velocity to give a motive force. The machinery of the mill itself was generally of a very simple and rough description. The most expensive portion was the millstone. Four different kinds of stones were in use,—the best were imported from abroad—some from the neighborhood of Paris, some from the lava-quarries near Andernach, on the Rhine—quarries which have been worked from very early times, and which are believed to have supplied the Roman legionary. Others were made of native materials, and procured from Buckinghamshire, Derbyshire, and from Monmouthshire. These last were the cheapest. But Robert Oldman, the bailiff of Cuxham—a manor in the possession of Merton College—a careful and intelligent bailiff, as the completeness and accuracy of his accounts testifies to this day, was not the man to be satisfied with any sort of stone but the best. He knew that the best article answered the best in the long run, and went to London for the best foreign millstones. We will let Professor Rogers narrate the history in his own words:

"Robert Oldman, the Cuxham bailiff, was, like his father, who had held the office for many years, a serf of the manor. He must have journeyed on that road to London which passes through Worth, Wycombe, and Uxbridge. The lower route, through Dorchester, Nettlebed, and Henley, had not been made, or, if made, was not frequented, if we may argue from a map of England now preserved in the Bodleian Library, and certainly drawn at about the middle of the fourteenth century, which gives roads and distances. This upper route, lying for a considerable

* Vol. i., pp. 257–260.

portion of its course on high land, the north slope of which is the Vale of Aylesbury, is one of the most picturesque highways in the southern part of England. At dawn, in the midsummer of 1331 (for the charges incurred are written at the foot of the roll), bailiff, servant, and horse start on their expedition, and achieve the distance, more than forty miles, in the course of the day, through the beech-woods of Buckinghamshire and the rich pastures of Middlesex. Arrived in London, they take up their lodging at one of the numerous hostels in the city, and according to the fashion of the time, cater for the needs of themselves and their horse. Early next day, Oldman sets about the serious business on which he had come, and finds the merchant at the wharf which lay below the southern city wall. Having chosen the stones which suit the two mills, his own, and that at Oxford, he adjourns to his inn, or to some tavern near, in order to discuss the terms of his bargain. We may be certain that the chaffering was long and anxious, and that, in Oldman's opinion, at least, the time and money were not idly spent, when he aids his bargaining by the liberal order of five gallons of Gascony. It is not every day the merchant finds a customer whose demands are so large, or who has set his heart on the best articles which can be found in his selda, or warehouse. These deep potations are at last ended by the merchant abating something of his morning price, the bargain is struck, the lucky penny is delivered, and there are witnesses to the transaction. After so unaccustomed a debauch, the bailiff returns next morning by the same route to his farm and his duties. But he must journey again to London, in order to negotiate the terms at which his goods shall be carried, and to pay for the millstones. On this occasion more time is consumed; possibly in waiting for such a vessel as would be able to carry these heavy articles, possibly in another keen bargaining about the amount to be paid for the service. No doubt other potations were deemed necessary for the completion of these arrangements; but in dealing with sailors and wharfingers, less costly beverages sufficed, and no special note was made of the consumption. This contract, however, is settled at last, and the stones are laid on board, payment being made for wharfage. Now comes the toll for the city wall, and, free at last, the vessel works its way with the tide up the great river, whose waters were as yet undefiled, through the rich salmon-fisheries of Westshene, between the winding banks of the Royal Forest, and beneath the hill not yet crowned with the great palace which the young king would hereafter delight to build. Then on to Maidenhead, where a further murage, due probably, as the former was, to the city of London, whose jurisdiction over the Thames extended at least thus far. And then they traversed the fairest part of the river scenery, the horseshoe, namely, which lies between the wooded hills of Maidenhead, Wycombe, and Marlow, till the boat rested at Henley, then the highest point to which the navigation of the Thames was ordinarily possible. The bailiff is present to receive his goods, and soon gets ready the service which he finds it will be more convenient to employ on the spot, by purchasing iron and steel, by hiring a smith to fashion his steel into picks or awls, and by engaging the services of three men for three days in the labor of boring the stones—a labor of no trifling character, as the smith is perpetually occupied in sharpening the tools."*

For the benefit of all who may be interested we subjoin the details:

"Five stones of foreign origin, '*e partibus transmarinis*,' are bought in London, at £3 3s. 4d. each. *Argentum Dei*, *i.e.* the luck or bargain penny, 1d.; five gallons of wine bought for the same, *pro beveria*, 2s. 1d.; loading in a ship at London, 5s.; wharfage, 7½d.; murage, 10d.; carriage, London to Henley, 11s. 2d.; murage at Maydenchurch, 10d.; journey of bailiff, servant, and horse, to and from London, 3s. 0½d., the journey taking three days. Expenses on another occasion, for four days, in seeing to the carriage of the stones, 4s. Expenses of three men for three days at Henley, boring the stones, and the expenses of two carters carrying two stones to Cuxham, 3s. 9d. Iron bought, 2½d.; steel bought for 'biles' to bore the stones, 9d.; smith, for making the biles and sharpening them again and again, 2s. Two hoops bought for carrying two stones to Oxford, 6d."†

This little narrative, besides the interest of its own, curiously throws light on the facilities for travelling in those days. Man and horse were both, probably, weary enough when they reached London; but their rate of travelling would, even so short a time as sixty years since, have been considered anything but despicable. Even more recently than that time, the journey from Oxford to London would have left very little margin out of the day. Nor can the roads have been intolerably bad, as, after the interval of one day only, both the horse and his rider were able to return home. We are apt to assume that the period was one of little inter-communication. But the habit of travel-

* Vol. i., pp. 506–508.
† Vol. i., p. 505.

ling, and the facilities for it, were, for many reasons, far more frequent in the fourteenth century than in later centuries. The vast power possessed by the Papacy, the numerous causes referred, of necessity, to the Papal courts, compelled frequent visits to Avignon, at that time the residence of the recognized Pope. The fact that, as Professor Rogers has shown, estates belonging to the same lord, were widely scattered; and that, consequently, frequent visits of the owners and managers were requisite,—all tended to maintain a habit of travelling. The monasteries and religious bodies were doubly interested in providing facilities for this, both as owners of property in different districts of the country, and as proprietors of relics—the occasions for pilgrimage—the access to which they desired to make easy to all.

"The bye-roads were no doubt bad, and could not be used except in the summer. But the old highways, many of which had remained from the day of Roman engineering, were, I make no question, kept in repair, as indeed the common law required that they should be kept.

"Again, it was the interest of the monastic bodies that free communication should be kept up between their establishments and the general public. As these corporations consisted ordinarily of a considerable number of persons living under one roof, it was important that they should have abundant supply; and as they possessed, in the same way that other persons did, estates in widely distant places, it was an object to them that they should have easy and convenient means of visitation. Every motive, in short, was present which should suggest the wisdom and utility of good and well-mended roads.

"I am persuaded that these means of communication were kept in far better repair before than they were after the Reformation. I will not anticipate the reasons which have weighed with me, in arriving at such a conviction, but the reader will be able to infer that so vast a social and economical a revolution as that which confiscated most of the lands, and annihilated the political influence of third estate in the kingdom, must have subverted many relations which had previously existed."*

Professor Rogers has given abundant evidence in support of his opinion. The statistics are, however, too voluminous to allow of our quoting them here. For them and for much else of interest we must refer our readers to the 1,400 pages of this very valuble work. Besides the traffic by land, a considerable coasting trade appears also to have existed. The southern and eastern counties sent, as now, grain to the north, which in return exported, as at present, coal to the more southern counties. The *carbones marini* seem to have been employed for burning in houses as well as for smiths' work; and Professor Rogers remarks that the sea-coal fire of Shakespeare is not the anachronism which some critics have supposed, sea-borne coal having been carried long before the time of Henry IV. Glass, as well as coal, connects itself in our minds with the Tyne and its kindred rivers in the present day. Glass was comparatively dear, but its dearness appears to have been exaggerated by modern imagination. The use of glazed windows lay within the means of persons of comparatively moderate incomes, as in the year 1399, a square foot of it could have been purchased for less than the price of a bushel of wheat. Its non-employment is to be referred rather to the rougher manners of the age than the cost of the material. The houses of all classes, noble or simple, during the period under our notice were, undoubtedly, far colder and more drafty than those of the present day. A protection against the inclemency of the season was, therefore, greatly needed. This was hardly to be found in the woven materials. The cloth of the period was coarse, and its texture consequently loose and open. Fur was, therefore, much in demand as a defence against the cold, and there are many entries in the accounts of the price and the extremely high cost of "lined garments." It is very curious how many of the habits and ways of life of the time, besides many points in the history, are illustrated by Professor Rogers's researches. From the power of the Popes down to the price of pomegranates, there is scarcely a subject untouched. It is difficult to avoid digression into many of these; but we shall best do justice to the extreme interest of the volumes, by quoting from the very able chapter on the Purchasing Power of Wages. This is a question which, if we substitute the word "in-

* Vol. i., p. 654.

come" for wages, has a side which touches almost every one. It is the purchasing power which determines the real value of money, as well as the real value of wages—the mere nominal sum is perfectly immaterial.

When we hear, as we constantly do, though fortunately less often now than formerly, of families going to live abroad for economy; this, put in more precise language, only means that the purchasing power of money is greater on the Continent than in England. Most difficult it is to establish a real standard of value in this respect between one age and another. These points, and most curious they are, lie, as far as they relate to such differences, more particularly within the province of the economist and the statistical inquirer. The student of general history will especially value the evidences which show the gradual rise and development of different classes of society. We see the panorama of life gradually unfold. We see the slow and scarcely perceptible growth of grade after grade. We see shape after shape, like the forms in the magic mirror of the wizard Cornelius, slowly arrange themselves into order, and define the England of the future. Thus, in some instances we can trace the origin of a class of manufacturers. For example, the artisans mentioned in the earlier portions of the volumes were usually mere workmen. Like those mentioned above who were employed at Henley-on-Thames in piercing the millstones brought by Robert Oldman from London, they were generally only persons hired by the day, or the job, to work on materials provided for them by their employers. Again, for instance, horseshoes, though sometimes purchased from a comparatively considerable maker by the hundred, at the market town or the fair, were also frequently manufactured out of the store of iron laid in by the bailiff for the use of the farm. As time goes on, however, this state of things undergoes a change. The skilled laborer accumulated a little capital, and gradually procured a stock of materials for himself. This of course was a great advantage to him, and a source of future profit. There was the profit between the wholesale and the retail price of his material, and the advantage from being his own master and able to work at his own time. The intervals, probably frequently considerable, between executing the bailiff's orders might be advantageously employed by working on his own account. Some slight savings were made. The temptations to spend being few, these nest eggs were laid up in what may, by anticipation, be called the stocking ends of the time. The opportunities for investment being fewer still, in any direction except that of land, the artisan gradually developed into the yeoman. While the artisan class was slowly working its way upward, the farmers were not behind. As we have mentioned before, in this domestic revolution a domestic calamity bore a great share. The awful pestilence which commenced its ravages in 1348, desolated the land, but the survivors found their condition greatly improved. Not only were all the dependant classes benefited by the reduction of their numbers and the consequently enhanced demand for their services, but those whose relations had been possessed of any holding of any beneficial nature, likewise found their positions improved by succession, to the interests of their deceased relatives. Professor Rogers has been enabled by an exhaustive research among the archives of Merton College, to trace out the history of this domestic revolution, as we may really term it, with great precision. The warden and fellows of Merton College attended to their duties in a most systematic and business-like way. In the 13th and 14th centuries they appear to have been very shrewd and active men. Prevented by their statutes from becoming or being members of any of the monastic bodies, they sympathized very early with the great enemy of those orders. The name of Wicklif will forever be associated with the Reformation and religious freedom in England. And at a time when the adherents of Wicklif were very unpopular in high quarters, the fellows of Merton claimed him as having been one of their body. They carried the same spirit of independence and of foresight as to the tendency of the times into the management of their estates, and after the great plague were among the earliest to adapt their policy to the altered circumstances of the age. Even

before that event, they had, though it was unusual, let some of their lands on lease, but after it, they leased almost all. The reason for this is as follows:—After the pestilence the wages of labor were so high that it became impossible profitably to hold the estates in their own hands, and to cultivate by bailiff. This of itself implies, that a similar rise in the position of the laborer had taken place, as had simultaneously occurred in that of the artisan. We mentioned the case of the artisans above. Perhaps the laborer was even a greater gainer than the artisan. The expenses of cultivation had increased, and in consequence of the numbers of the consumers having been diminished to a greater extent than even the quantity of the produce, the enhancement in the price of corn, though considerable, was not so great as to be nearly equal to this. To put it in a few words, the produce of the land bore a larger proportion to the number of consumers than it had done before. But though the landlord could no longer cultivate his own estate at a profit, the tenants themselves were well able to do so. They could afford to pay a rent, and besides, could contrive to accumulate for themselves. The husbandman who united in his own person the position of a small farmer and a laborer, found his account in the circumstances of the time. He and his wife and children were able to form a united band of laborers, possessed of a common interest and linked together by a strong bond of union. England was then in much the same sort of position as many of her colonies are now, and witnessed the formation of that yeoman class whose gradual extinction has been so much regretted by many deep thinkers; by few in more forcible words than by our author.

"But no Englishman who has the courage to forecast the destinies of his country can doubt that its greatest danger lies in the present alienation of its people from the soil, and in the future exodus of a disinherited peasantry."

Professor Rogers's description of what we may call the upward movement is so remarkable, that we must quote his own words for this also:

"How rapid that development was, is to be seen in the disappearance of the stock and land lease within fifty years. Bailiff farming, with a capital of nearly a pound of silver by the acre, was universal before the plague; cases of large farming by tenants being very rare and quite exceptional. After this great economical epoch, the wisest landowners adopted the system to which I have so often alluded. By the close of the fourteenth century, the tenants had accumulated capital to such an extent that they were able in most cases to supply stock from their own resources, in many others to purchase land, according to the custom of the time, under fee farm rents. Now, it is clear that arable land was not worth more than fifteen years' purchase, and that its rent was worth little more than 6d. an acre. The two carucates possessed by Merton College, in the manor of Cuxham, are at a maximum rent of £8, that is, the arable land and the right of pasture. We cannot set the latter at a less annual value than £2, and it is certain that the two Cuxham carucates contained considerably more than 200 acres.

"Good arable land, then, could be purchased at about 7s. 6d. an acre, and was cultivated at about £1 an acre. In fifty years, then, the tenant farmers were able to accumulate, in order to supersede the land and stock lease, not much less than treble the value of the land which they occupied, and this even in despite of somewhat unfavorable times, for agricultural produce was low in the last ten or twenty years of the fourteenth century. Is it wonderful, therefore, in the face of these facts, that men who, in the early part of that century, have no place in the political history of the time, assert their rights with so much vigor in the later part, embrace Lollardism, delight in 'Piers Plowman,' adopt his style, inveigh bitterly against the friars and great ecclesiastics, and crowd 'tumultuously' to county elections?*

"It would hardly be possible to interpret exactly the present value of money, as denoted by its power of purchase, with a view to comparing the condition of an agricultural laborer in our own day with the same personage in the middle ages, or even in the time of Young. But it will be easy to give an outline of the modern laborer's case. Wheat, thanks to the labors of the economical reformers of our age, is not dear, being on an average not much in excess of the rate at which it could be procured in the days of Young. But everything else, agricultural labor excepted, is much dearer. Butter is, instead of 6½d., at least 1s. 2d. Cheese is from 7d. to 8d. Meat is so dear that it is quite out of the reach of the laborer, being worth as much as cheese. Rents have certainly doubled; for it is very rarely the case that an agricultural laborer can rent a cottage, even though it has not a scrap of garden ground, at less than 1s. 3d. a week, and very often he has to pay 2s.

* Vol. i., p. 688.

But it is quite certain that the average wages of agricultural laborers are not in excess of 12s. a week. Among the secondary necessaries of life the price of meat has nearly trebled, while the wages of labor have sustained a far less increase. Of course, when the condition of the modern laborer is contrasted with that of his ancestor, five hundred years ago, the deterioration is still more striking.

"Some of the causes which have led to these results are to be found in the working of the Poor Law, especially that law which existed before the changes of 1836. Whatever may be said of the beneficence of those provisions which give all men a legal right to relief from destitution, there cannot, I think, be a doubt that the certainty of this provision has diminished prudential motives among the agricultural peasantry, and checked all spirit of enterprise. But still more serious is the fact, that alone among industrial avocations the occupation of an agricultural laborer holds out no hope. An artisan may rise to be a master, a mechanic to be an engineer, a factory operative to be a capitalist; but no English agricultural laborer, in his most sanguine dreams, has the vista of occupying, still less of possessing, land. He cannot rise in his calling; he cannot cherish any ambition; and he is, in consequence, dull and brutish, reckless and supine." *

In reading this passage, the well-known lines of one of the most highly-gifted poets of the last century rise spontaneously to the mind:

"Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same."

We cannot close this short and necessarily imperfect notice of these volumes without expressing our earnest hope that Professor Rogers may be able to complete the task which he has assigned to himself, and to continue his history to the latest date proposed. Valuable as the two volumes before us are, they will become more valuable when the series is complete. The later volumes will also possess the greater interest of dealing with times more closely akin to our own; but we greatly prize what we have already. Besides the extent and variety of the information contained, the work is composed in a broad and manly spirit; that real spirit of reverence which, while searching in the past for the record of what is best, desires to apply what is fittest to the wants of the present time.

* Vol i., p. 692.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE MODERN SPIRIT.

In a series of delicate essays, which are none the less charming because they read so strangely like bits of Sainte-Beuve or Rénan done into the simple English of a scholar, Mr. Matthew Arnold has made much use of a phrase that often meets the eye in the current literature of France,—the Modern Spirit. And when we ask what is meant by the modern spirit, this Geist-smitten Apostle to the Gentiles bids us listen to the words of his master, a German Jew, who died in Paris in 1856, after stirring all Europe with light song and daring wit, and paying for a life that had been anything but saintly in long years of agony on a "mattress-grave." To most of us, it is true, Heine may seem a queer evangelist, much less fit to preach the gospel of the coming time than to exemplify the ruin that awaits the most brilliant genius, when it happens to have no kinship with a moral sense. "Still," say his admirers, "Heine represents his time in this far, that his life was a battle with dogma. He was indeed what he called himself, 'a brave soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity.' The born enemy of courts and creeds, he did his best to free it from traditional authority: and hence he embodied the spirit of the age, which is fighting against dogmatic teaching wherever culture has taken root. That is what we see in the society, politics, and religion of every nation with any pretensions to enlightenment. Germany is rationalistic; so is France; so Italy is rapidly becoming; and as for England, she may be the most conservative of countries, but still she is losing her horror of bold speculation, and is going with the Continent. At least that is what the clergy tell us; and when we hear an English bishop asserting that Moses did not know the rule of three, when we find learned English divines going to Tübingen for their theology, and when we see the most influential English teachers setting up churches in which a Herr

von Göthe or a M. Comte might fitly read prayers and preach, we think that the clergy do right to lament over the decay of dogmatic religion."

I do not undertake to say how much truth there is in this flippant speech; but we can none of us be blind to the rapidity with which nation after nation, and class after class, are breaking away from the ties that once bound them to traditional systems and beliefs. In England, educated men of the world have long ago ceased to cite dogma as an authority; the leading teachers hardly deem it worthy of notice; and even the theologians do not appeal to it when they can appeal to anything else. More and more men are setting up a personal standard of belief, and asking, not what does the Church or tradition think, but what do you yourself think? Of course, in a certain sense, enlightened men have in every age put themselves above dogma, and asserted their right to judge it. That is done even by divines like Dr. Newman, whose war is avowedly with Liberalism, or the method which sets out by assuming that dogma has no claim to teach. Newman would admit that, before taking dogma as a guide, he had tested his authority by means of a personal standard, either intellectual, moral, or both. So far, therefore, he is a Liberal in spite of himself. But between the momentary Liberalism of a Newman and the persistent Liberalism of a Heine, there is an abyss that nothing can bridge. The one says at starting, "I must have some religion, some burning faith: what shall it be? which church shall I enter?" The other says at starting, "I will follow my intellect whithersoever it may lead; and if it lead me outside the pale of all the churches, so much the better." The instinct of the one tells him, that some established religion is true; the instinct of the other, that all established religions are false. Hence the impulse of the dogmatist is to take whatever creed has time upon its side, and the impulse of the Liberal is to reject all creeds whatever, and begin the work of system-building for himself. But in our day the dogmatic impulse has lost its old strength. The past is seen to have gone wrong in the case of a thousand things which it strove to settle dogmatically for the benefit of the future; and hence there is now an almost overmastering tendency toward Liberalism, or the creed which holds that men should start free. Only two things can keep that tendency in check; the superstition which is born of ignorance, or the religious fervor which has such native heat as to be unchilled by knowledge. The first is common; and therefore the multitude are, for the most part, still dogmatists, just as they have been in every period of history, save at the few moments of religious or political awakening. Ignorance fears to enter the mysterious future, as childhood fears to enter the dark; so it must have some guide, and it will take the first that offers, or the one that speaks the loudest, or the one that promises most. On the other hand, the spiritual fervor that, though linked with high culture, cannot do without a heavenly guide, is far more rare: perhaps few of us suspect how rare it is in a critical age like ours. That is what makes Newman so intensely interesting a study to men who have scarcely two opinions in common with him. He is a dogmatist, born out of due time; a mediæval mystic, with all the culture of modern Oxford. In England he stands alone among men of his own stature, and around him beat the waves of Liberalism, while beneath lie submerged creeds that will never arise into life again. It is the tide of the Reformation that is still flowing, with unspent, new-found strength; and the revelation that each man is a law unto himself is now carried to lengths which Luther and Melanchthon did not dream of, and which they would have shuddered to behold. The spirit which dictated that gospel is taking possession of art, literature, politics, and religion; everywhere that spirit is appealing to individual reason and impulses; and that is what we mean by the Modern Spirit.

I do not presume to discuss the question whether the change is good or bad: that is a point for the theologians and the critics to settle between them; my purpose is to set down in the fashion of an onlooker, and not of a polemic, what we all see, and to trace the general causes which are at work. If we want to know whither and how fast an age is drifting, it is often the best plan to go higher up the stream than the field in

which senates, newspapers, and pulpits exert their power, or than the place on which men like Heine take their stand; for, in the one case, we have agencies which always follow, never lead; and, in the other case, we have the poet, who puts into living form only the thoughts that have floated to him, and who may or may not give those thoughts in their completeness. It is in the chief metaphysical systems that we find the keys of the future. We are all tired to death of hearing that Fletcher of Saltoun said, he cared not who made a people's laws if he were allowed to make their songs: why does not some one say, he cares not who makes either a people's songs or laws, if he is allowed to build up their metaphysics? The one aphorism would be at least as reasonable as the other. If the solitaries of speculative thought have little influence over the multitude in their lifetime, they have all the future as a heritage, since they alter the principles on which human beliefs are based; and round him who has never read a page of Hobbes or Kant creeps, generations after the thinkers are dead, the subtle atmosphere diffused by the *Leviathan* or the *Critique of Pure Reason;* so that the practical man who despises metaphysical moonshine, comes in time to think as Hobbes thought or as Kant thought. It is curious to mark how some speculative note, struck in a buried age by a forgotten student, swells and swells as one after another echoes the sound, until what had seemed the pastime of the cloister acts powerfully on every-day life, creating new thoughts and impulses which, in their turn, give us new religions, new codes of ethics, and new laws.

For the starting-point of recent speculation we must, as every reading man knows, go back to Hume. Before Hume's time, the Schools of Locke and Berkeley seemed to be going toward opposite points; but they were so far doing the same work as to be clearing the ground for the freest play of scepticism; and, gathering together the threads of speculation that ran from the hostile systems, the Scottish thinker drew a conclusion which other men had dimly seen, but which none had stated with such startling clearness, and which all save the most intrepid minds would have shrunk from drawing, when they reflected how likely it was that some subtle error lurked in a doctrine that seemed to involve religion and philosophy in a common ruin. Hume had no such scruples. With a bland smile on his good-humored face, he coolly snapped the link that philosophers as well as peasants had hitherto believed to connect cause and effect. They had assumed that between cause and effect there was a necessary connection in the element of force; that by the agency of force the heavenly bodies were made to revolve in certain orbits; that we exerted force each time we stretched out our arms, or, at least, that God exerted it for us; and that, since the force thus made manifest was the expression of our wills, or at least always accompanied the impulse of those wills, so the forces of nature were but the expression of an omnipotent Will, which set in motion all created things. "Quite a mistake I assure you, gentlemen," was the reply of the great sceptic. "What you mean by cause and effect is simply, so far as we can judge, a series of things that come after each other in an invariable order. You cannot prove, and you have no right to assume, that when one thing seems to be the effect of the other, there is any tie between them save that of place. To speak of a necessary connection is to use words without meaning; since, however you may search for what you call efficient causes, you can never get beyond phenomena, never reach what you call force."

That was Hume's doctrine, and the effect of it was prodigious. Theology, as well as metaphysics, was thrown into a ferment; and philosophy received one of those fresh starts which it gets, perhaps, once in two or three centuries; such a start as it got from Descartes and Malebranche, Hobbes and Locke, when for the first time in modern history, France and England became the great centres of speculative thought. The Beatties and the Reids held that if the sceptic's teaching was true, there must be an end of all attempts to put the belief in the existence of a Deity on a rational basis; and hence they were driven to ask, whether the logic which seemed so well knit, yet which was so destructive, had not erred at starting. Their answer was that it had. They said that

Hume's labors had been vitiated by the mistakes of those who had gone before him; that for generations philosophy had been drifting farther and farther from truth, until at last it had lost its way in a mist of subtlety; that it could put itself right only by going back to the very point whence it set out; and that the sole basis on which it could rear a lasting fabric, was the despised common-sense with which the meanest of men were endowed. Whatever judgment may be finally pronounced on the Scottish school, it had one signal effect, on which critics have put too little stress; it sowed broadcast the seeds of distrust in the power of the speculative faculty either to set up or pull down definite religious systems. If it weakened the impression made by Hume's arguments, it did so at the expense of throwing discredit on philosophy itself; if it taught the theologians that they had little to fear from philosophy, it also taught them that they had as little to hope.

And, in vastly greater measure, a similar result sprang from the efforts of German thought. Among the men that Hume's keen inference had struck with the force of an electric shock was Kant; rousing him from what he called a dogmatic slumber, and opening to his view a boundless region which no thinker had ever tracked. He speedily saw that the puzzle which Hume had thrown into the arena was but one of a series; that in other cases besides the instance of cause and effect, logic gave the lie to conviction; and that when reason went outside a certain boundary she found herself assenting to contradictory propositions. Hence he taught that logic never could prove the existence of God, or the freedom of the will, or the immortality of the soul. But, on the other hand, he taught that logic never would disprove the reality of those great truths; because they belonged to a region on which it had no standing ground. None the less, however, were we forced to believe them; for they were so interwoven with our moral nature, that we could as readily get rid of it as of them. Kant lent all his strength to place the moral law and the leading truths of religion on a basis that should forever withstand assaults like those of Hume; and hence he put our moral nature on a height such as it had never occupied in the system of any other great thinker. Whether he succeeded or not, is a question which I do not need, and am not able, to discuss; but this much is clear, that he gave an immense shock to the traditional habits of thought, by offering, as the final message of philosophy, the revelation of a hopeless breach between reason on the one hand, and faith and practice on the other. In some ways, the effects of his speculation were precisely the reverse of those that he had in view. Kant must rank with the greatest logicians of any time: I mean, he has few rivals in his command over premises, as well as in the power of knitting one inference to another, so that each link shall bear the requisite test, and that the line shall stretch out as far as the nature of the materials will permit; still, it may be doubted whether any other man ever did so much to bring logic into discredit as an instrument for reaching the highest kind of speculative truth. Kant was also as clear and definite a thinker as ever lived; yet it may be questioned whether any other man ever did so much to foster vagueness and mysticism. There lurked in his hard iron system a germ which, when rooted in the luxuriant minds of Fichte, Schelling, and Oken, shot into a mighty tree, that for a time overshadowed the whole field of German thought. Those gifted men disdained to keep within the limits laid down by Kant; they sought to rise to a philosophy of the Absolute by a process that left the ordinary reasoning power at the starting-point, and carried them up to an atmosphere in which personal consciousness was lost, and which identified them with absolute being. How they got up there; how they got down again; how, when forced to think under the conditions of subject and object, they could bring back in thought what they had learned when subject and object were one; how they could put into the material forms of human speech what they had reached when forms had no place in their mind; is a question which I must leave for those who hold a philosophy of the Unconditioned to be possible, and that of Schelling to be a success. It is sufficient for my purpose to note, that from the sceptical hints of Hume came the sceptical sys-

tem of Kant; which led to the pantheistic system of Schelling; and which, in turn, took hold of the poetic, the impassioned, the religious, and all the others who sought a philosophy that should be at once spiritual and free from cold logical rigor. What such minds wanted was something that should not pin them down to earth, but allow them to soar on the wings of intellect to the very heaven of heavens. Fichte and Schelling gave them that something. Not that those great men were vague thinkers in the ordinary sense of the word; but even to the reading multitude their systems came in a vague form, and to this day they are understood only by the cultured few. What reached the crowd were misty doctrines, saying that somehow men could by searching find out God, but that the old plan of rising from marks of design by means of exact inference was futile; that a kind of vision must take the place of reasoning; and that Deity must be expressed by some term which, if it meant anything, meant that everything was God. Now, in these days, that vague pantheism is filling the air, and we cannot go through life without drawing it in. Do what we will to keep it off, it is acting on those of us who have warm imaginative natures; that is, on nine-tenths of the young who have any intellect at all, or in whom intellect is not stifled by authority. It is diffused from the writings of Carlyle; it gives life to the criticism of Rénan; it is one of the master influences which are lending color to our time; and, until we have taken account of it, we cannot tell what the Modern Spirit is, or how it is working.

I have mentioned Mr. Carlyle as one of the teachers in the Mystical school; but he fills so much more important a place than any of the others, that he may almost be called a distinctive force. And the mighty influence which he has exerted is due to other qualities besides his matchless power of literary expression, and his large store of those qualities that the Pantheistic thinkers never lack. He is a Mystic, and something more. In common with Rénan and Emerson, he has what may be termed the ethical eye; that is, he finds out at a glance the moral relations of things: and he holds men or movements to be good just as they abound in those relations and present them strongly. But Pantheism is vague in its ideal of duty, and hence it is slow to censure what we call evil and what it calls a lower good; never meeting sin with wrath against the sinner, but rather putting it down with pity for the man who is fated to do the ugly work of the universe. Now, in Carlyle, we find much of the old Covenanter, as well as of the new Mystic; his Decalogue may be somewhat different from that of Moses, but he knows a rascal when he sees one, and does not scruple to call villany by its right name: the burden of all he writes is the very un-Pantheistic doctrine, that some things are eternally evil and others eternally good. Nay, he goes farther in his noble inconsistency, and, as Mr. Kingsley has pointed out, he does not allow his vague talk about the Eternities and the Immensities to have any effect upon his moral teaching. With greater power than any man that has appeared in our literature for centuries, he calls up the old Hebrew idea of a Living God, who is an Almighty Father to his creatures, full of love to those that keep his commandments, and a personal guide to those that do his will; but who, sternly just as well as tender, blasts the wicked with everlasting wrath, and keeps the word uttered of old, that the people which would not serve him should be utterly destroy. However, the intensely personal character of this Theistic creed does not hinder the Pantheistic part of Carlyle's system from doing its work; and when critics shall in after time come to ask how it was that in our day the cement which bound together the fabric of dogmatic theology and ethics loosened so quickly, Carlyle's writings will perhaps give a more faithful answer than those of any other great teacher.

Such, briefly and roughly stated, is one effect of Hume's pyrrhonism. But it has had another effect, very different in character, and perhaps still more important. In France, it was welcomed with what, in parliamentary phrase, may be called "loud cheers;" whereas it had spurred Germany to the fighting-point. The first thought of the Germans had been to guard ethics, immortality, and theism against attack; but the French

had already given up all morality which was not conventional; they had long been shrugging their shoulders at the idea of life everlasting, with its twin accompaniments of bliss and damnation; and in a Supreme Being they had for some time ceased to feel any interest. So, when Hume put the topstone on that neat little fabric of scepticism built by Voltaire; when, to the revelation that theology could best be studied in the drawing-rooms of Paris, he added the glad tidings that philosophy had finally proved revelation to be a pious fraud; France joyfully accepted the situation. She did not trouble herself very much to see whether, after all, the Scotchman had gone quite down to the depths of our nature; she was content to know that his beautifully reasoned system exactly confirmed what she herself had long been saying and even half believing; it was true, it must be true; anyhow she would start where Hume left off, and confine herself to the study of phenomena. That is what she has been doing ever since;—for the partially successful efforts of Royer Collard and Jouffroy to import the philosophy of Reid, and the partially successful efforts of Cousin to bring in that of Schelling and everybody else, have been but brilliant episodes; and, for three-quarters of a century, the stream of French thought has run in the channel of Positivism.

In talking loosely, we are too apt to identify Comte alone with the rise of Positivism, just as we are too apt to give Bacon the credit of finding out the scientific value of induction, though he came in the wake of a dozen men who knew the principles of induction as well as himself, and applied them with far greater success.* What Comte achieved was to give a rigorously systematic form to an old method, and to assert with new emphasis the limitation of our faculties. Voltaire was a positivist, except in fancying that the scientific method was applicable to religion as well as to material things. So far as he kept within the limits of science, he was a positivist; but he was ever straying beyond those limits; a hater of dogma, he was one of the most incurable dogmatists that ever lived; and no sooner had he thrown down the theology of the creeds than he set up a theology of his own. He was not content with saying, "This idea of God shocks the commonest instincts of justice, and rests on not a particle of proof;" but he went on to say, "I will give you another doctrine, with the purity of which you cannot quarrel, and which I can prove to be true." "No you can't," was the answer of as good dialecticians as himself; and thus the barren fight might have lasted till our own day, had not Hume and Kant cast a new light on the powerlessness of the intellect to fly beyond a certain range. The Comtists, on the other hand, have thoroughly learned that lesson. They have cut the philosophy of Kant into two bits; taking to themselves that which confines the efforts of the "reason" within the limits of the finite, and dismissing with contempt that which seeks to rise by means of the "understanding" to a knowledge of the Infinite. Once for all, the scientific school says it will have nothing to do with conclusions that it cannot prove. It believes only what it sees, or can infer by a strictly logical process, starting from indisputable facts; logic is its supreme court of appeal; by the decisions of the logical faculty, it holds that all systems must stand or fall. As for the dim intuitions of which the poets, the visionaries, and the religionists speak, they are simply beneath contempt, when they leave their proper place, and come into court against pure reason. In his discourse at St. Martin's Hall, Professor Huxley said that men should believe, not in "justification by faith," but in "justification by demonstration." Now, that epigram neatly expresses just what the typical man of science feels

* I am speaking of Positivism as a method of discovery, not as a philosophy, and therefore I do not need to raise the question which has recently been discussed by Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Mill on the one hand, and M. Littré and Mr. Lewes on the other, as to the merit which Comte can claim for giving us what M. Littré calls "un substratum philosophique complétement original." In the remarks that follow, I do not aim at telling what is said by Comte himself or his disciples; I seek merely to show what Positivism is as a popular system of belief. As Wilkes was not a Wilkite, so, in some respects, Comte was not a Comtist. There is often an immense difference between a system as it leaves the hand of its author, and a system as it works on the popular mind.

when face to face with so puzzling a phenomenon as religion. Religion, he says, takes for granted much that science holds to be the very points at issue; religion builds largely on personal experience, which may chance to be right, but which you can never prove to be right, and which is a thousand times more likely to be wrong; religion goes by no fixed rule, so that her history is made up of self-contradictions, and Brigham Young draws nearly as many converts from Christianity as St. Paul drew to it. Having no method that will stand the test of a scientific eye, religion strikes the positivist as the very picture of unreason. So he does not waste words upon it, but tells the theologians that their elaborate attempt to show that men should believe in doctrines upheld by no such evidence as science exacts, is simply an effort to make a pyramid stand upon its apex. "By an infinite amount of skill, gentlemen, you may contrive to balance it for a time: but sooner or later, it will topple over; so you had better get more props, or keep out of the way." Yet, while positivism is thus emphatic, she does not, I repeat, fall into the same blunder as the old school of infidelity, and roundly declare the tidings of religion to be false: she suspends her judgment. She is not so rash as to say that there is no Supreme Being, and no immortality; but she says that you cannot prove the existence of a Deity and a life beyond the grave. When flippant, she sneeringly remarks that she has no information on the subject: when reverential, and touched with that religious feeling which moves the coldest of us at times, she sadly says, that, if an altar is to be built at all, it must still be to the "Unknown God," and that if it is to bear any inscription, it must be that which was borne by the ancient fane:

I am all that was, and is, and will be,
Nor my veil, has it ever been withdrawn by mortal.*

Thus, then, the crumbling away of dogma is the work of two currents of thought, which seem at first sight to be running toward opposite points, but which in reality so far mingle their waters as to dash on the edifice of belief. Of course, every age has its Scientific or Positive current, and its Spiritual or Mystic; which have run quick or slow, and have been tinged with this hue or that, according to the nature of the time: but during long periods the influence of those currents has been slight compared with that of the dogmatic stream. For centuries before the Reformation, they were not the master currents; they changed, but they did not destroy dogma; what they really did for the future was to pile up, so slowly that the dogmatists did not mark the process, the materials which should some day make it hard for the dogmatists to live. And at last they have become the master currents. Whether for good or evil, whether for a time or for ever, they are now sweeping with them the intellect and the fervor which are to give shape and color to the coming time.

To see the working of the change, we must keep in view the practical movement which has been going on side by side with the speculative. Nations seem fated by the law of their being to pass through a fever of passion at periods which, though we cannot fix the date beforehand, give no uncertain signs of their approach; and while Hume and Kant were speculating, England was clearly swinging back at a rapid rate from that extreme of sceptical indifference into which she had recoiled after the force of Puritanism was spent. The recoil from the fanaticism of the Commonwealth had been violent. Infidelity had been presented at court, and blackballed at no club; courtiers who could not spell added to their other accomplishments a little Atheism, got at second hand from somebody who thought he understood Mr. Hobbes; men about town spoke of putting down Christianity regularly after the fourth bottle; and if the great middle class did not make jokes about Solomon's ideas of single blessedness, it gave holy things a very cool reception. But down below those ranks was a dense, idealess mass, made up of that "common people" whose types in Judea had heard the Master gladly; and they began at last to yearn for the feverish religion with which, in former days, Bunyan and Fox had brought comfort to the sinner. They had, to use their own language, long

* I use the translation of Sir William Hamilton.

been fasting in the wilderness, and were hungry for the bread of life. So when Wesley and Whitefield called on them to repent and be forgiven, they astonished the cool man of the world by a frenzy and an earnestness which it was difficult to distinguish from insanity. And the fever was soon caught by those above them in station. Indeed, movements that come from emotion almost always begin among the uncultured, and go up; whereas those that spring from intellectual conviction begin among a few men at the top, and go down. In this instance, the upward process got immense help from the French Revolution, which put new life into religion as well as into politics, by showing how vast was the array of passions that nature held in check during times of quiet, and by inspiring the humblest with fierce longings which they had before but dimly felt. In time, the forces that had set the crowd to seek relief from the sense of sin in psalm-singing, acted on classes that culture had rendered less emotional; and we had Tractarianism. Newman and his followers came to protest against the idea that steam-engines, railroads, postal systems, daily newspapers, the right of free speech, and all the other items in our material civilization, could satisfy the yearnings of the soul, or could be other than dust and ashes in comparison with the beauty of holiness that had vanished with the ages of faith. Again the wave of religious passion rolled over a lower grade of society; and we had what was called Revivalism. No doubt, the sight was in many cases ridiculous. An educated man often found it difficult to keep from telling the blockheads who roared out damnation at street corners, that they would do much more good to religion by going home and playing the fiddle, or by taking Luther's advice and getting well drunk. But there was something far deeper than imbecility in that earnestness which spread from place to place like an epidemic, and which was wafted across the ocean to throw distant lands into the same unearthly ferment. Revivalism is now dead, but Ritualism is telling us that the force which lashed England into the Tractarian storms is again at work; and, however foolish Ritualism may be in itself, it has taken far too firm a hold of society to be despised.

Meanwhile, America has been going through a religious cycle even stranger than our own. She has given birth to a dozen religions within a generation. Mormonism, Shakerism, Bible-Communism, and other *isms*, all attest the craving of her people after a higher life. You may think that in each case they have reached only a life of degradation; still, you have to remember that well-meaning men and women have broken away by hundreds of thousands from the ties which the churches have sanctified, and pushed out into an untravelled wilderness in search of something that the churches do not give. We may most of us think that Utah is a sad sight; but few people who coolly read what Mr. Hepworth Dixon has been telling us in his *New America*, will deny that Mormonism represents a mighty force which the youngest of us may not live to see exhausted. We may hold it absurd to believe that the earth can be turned into a scene of bliss by means of a Communism which puts an end to what we mean by the family system, and frees itself from all human laws; nevertheless, the fact is that, in America, religious societies founded on those principles are year by year striking a deeper root. Again, we may laugh at the spiritualist doctrines of the new sects, and say that people would not take the fancy of a disordered brain for a proof that its owner held communion with the unseen world, if they applied the same kind of test to a theory of spirit-rapping, as scientific men apply to a dynamical theory of heat. Still, thousands of honest and cultivated men believe as firmly in "mediums" as in their own existence. Finally, we may think that when the American people get that solid education which the study of science alone can give, they will smile at the nonsense by which they are now deluded, and settle down to a life of robust common-sense. Perhaps they will; but the change seems a long way off; and meanwhile we have to note that, in this age of criticism, there exists a craving for the supernatural which was hardly surpassed in the days that proved the firmness of their belief in witches by burning them to death. Tractarianism, Ritualism, or Revivalism in England, and Mormonism, Shakerism, or Spiritualism

in America, are but different manifestations of the same instinct: they express the hunger of the soul for less material food than that which is offered either by science or a rationalistic religion. In the one case, we have a fanatical belief in dogma; in the other, an equally fanatical belief that dogma is dead; but in both we have a proof that, without a fanatical belief of some kind, there are multitudes who cannot live.

When there is such a longing for a new faith among the people who do not draw nice metaphysical distinctions, it is easy to see with what force the pantheistic philosophy is speaking to our time. Most men have never heard of that philosophy, and few can be made to understand it; nevertheless, it is in the air, and is acting with the stealthiness and the fatality of a subtle disease. It is spreading the idea that instinct, sentiment, intuition is the highest religious guide, or that there is no religious guide at all. Men who do not read, or reason, or argue, find themselves coming, they know not how, to think well of all creeds; that is, to think little of any. Others, who are equally illiterate, but who yearn for something to believe in, and who find the atmosphere of the churches too chilly for their fevered souls, catch the contagion quickly, and rush to the first teacher who comes with some wild novelty, and the promise of unimagined bliss. But the multitude are not passive recipients; they give as much as they get; they give back in emotional force what they get in systematic thought. The feeling with which they are possessed makes its way upward, so as partially to overcome that coolness which usually springs from reflection, and to feel that flame without which a spiritual philosophy cannot live. Thus the multitude help to keep alive religious earnestness among many thinking men. If the speculation of the age were confined to doctrinal points, as it was in the time of the Reformation, we should see such men rushing to the fight for justification by faith, or for the authority of the Church. But it is pantheism, and not dogma, that is in the air; so we hear them saying that all the creeds are too hard, too narrow, too essentially provincial; and we see them rushing toward a sentimentalism which hates the very name of dogma, but which is none the less positive that it is a barbarism to divide religions into false and true. It holds that all are false in one sense, inasmuch as all err by making definite statements about things that cannot be put into a formula; and it holds that all are true in a certain sense, inasmuch as all attempt to express the degree and color of the divine light that nations or times severally perceive. But it also holds that, in this life, we shall never reach absolute religious truth; that creed after creed shall rise; that creed after creed shall perish; and that when one dies another shall spring from its ashes.

Among the educated classes of this country and of France, a still greater influence is exercised by Positivism. Cool, reflective minds that despise vague thinking, and that feel the man of the world's contempt for enthusiasm, find in Positivism an angel of reason clad in robes of light. And it is easy to see the reason why. Within its own range, this philosophy is so certain, so satisfying, so full of good sense; and its victories, when once won, are won forever. If, indeed, men of culture were, as a class, swayed by the deep religious feeling which is fitfully manifested by the less educated social ranks, then Positivism might not get many disciples even among those who, being trained to look at both sides of every question, must incline to scepticism. But college common rooms, barristers' chambers, and scientific men's studies, are not the places to which we should go for a display of strong religious earnestness; and in most of those places, St. Comte is at present much more powerful than St. John. You may see that such is the fact by glancing at the chief organs of current opinion, in which intellectual Sadduceeism hits the taste of the educated classes by putting the results of Positivism into the language of Pall Mall. Strip off a very thin covering, and you find, not only scientific scepticism, but scientific scepticism in as aggressive a form as it can prudently wear.

We shall best see how it works by leaving abstractions and listening to what it says about the every-day matters in which we are all interested. Sadduceeism does not bluntly tell the Arch-

bishop of Canterbury that his Apostolical Succession, his Imposition of Hands, and his Confirmation will some day seem as despicable as the rites and ceremonies of Mahomet; Sadduceeism is too polite to say anything so shockingly rude to an Archbishop. Still, between the lines you can read something quite as strong. "Let us," you can read, "have no enthusiasm, no raptures, or faith, or religious hysterics, or spiritual fuss of any kind; for since the beginning of the world until now, such outbursts of feeling have been at once mischievous and ridiculous. Not that we wish to interfere with the venerable institutions which live by fostering those outbursts in a mild way. Heaven forbid that we should help the Liberation Society to pull down the Church of England! Since we must have a religion of some kind to keep men from putting their hands into each other's tills, and cutting each other's throats, let us by all means go in for the Church. She preserves the peace pretty well, and is a foe to all fanaticism and vulgar enthusiasm; her spiritual policemen are at least scholars and gentlemen, and her several Scotland Yards are as hostile to the "roughs" and the Bealeses of Dissent, as the Scotland Yard presided over by Sir Richard Mayne is to the "roughs" and Bealeses of politics. Nay, we go so far as to admit that Dissent itself is better than nothing. If the transpontine barbarians can't be kept within the bounds of decency by any other agency than that of a Spurgeon, then we must put up with a Spurgeon, jokes and all. If, when Bright gives out the tune, the Marats of colliery villages and cotton towns are kept from singing the Marseillaise by nothing but the privilege of howling hymns, then, in the name of peace, order, and culture, let them howl hymns till they are hoarse. But don't imagine that, while we bow respectfully to the Church, and honor Dissent with a contemptuous nod, we put the slightest faith in the Thirty-nine Articles, or in Adult Baptism. We are not such simpletons. To educated men we preach the Gospel of Indifference, and to the list of Beatitudes we mentally add, *Blessed are they that sneer, for they shall never make fools of themselves by enthusiasm.* We introduce men of culture, not to the Bishop of London, but to M. Comte and his two distinguished disciples, Mr. Mill and Mr. Bain. Those gentlemen will make you quite easy about the other world. Starting from a few senses, nerves, instincts, and optical delusions, they show with amazing success how the whole fabric of human error has been reared. A Supreme Maker, did you say? Well, the existence of a Supreme Maker is still an open question, though, rather more than a century ago, our brilliant John the Baptist, M. de Voltaire, had the honor to inform his patrons, the ladies and gentlemen of France, that he had condescended to settle the point in favor of the creeds. A Soul? That's an old idea; we can do without a soul; what you mean by a soul is only a bundle of sensations, perceptions, and reflections, tied together by a string which is cut by death. Immortality? That, too, is doubtful. There is no proof that men live after they have lost the power of dining, and there is good reason to believe that the notion of a life beyond the grave springs from the absurd sentiment which prompts us to leave a big estate, in order that, two or three hundred years after we are dead, some Marquis of Clanricarde or Duke of Hamilton may be placed above the need of humble but honest work."

Perhaps no single Sadducee would subscribe that creed; nevertheless that is what Sadduceeism will be found to mean, if the hints that it gives, the likings that it shows, and the assumptions that it makes, are brought into one system and carried to their logical issue. And we must all confess that the creed is very clever and marvellously lucid. But those who are borne along by the other sceptical current, that of Mysticism, hold the very merits even of fashionable Positivism to be so many defects; and thus we have as keen an onset between the two great schools of scepticism as we have between the united forces of those schools on the one hand, and the forces of dogmatism on the other. The Spiritual thinkers say that the scientific philosophy is too clear to be true. They will not believe man to be a bit of cunningly devised mechanism which, wound up at meal-times, goes on smoothly until hunger hints that the weights have run down, or until disease intimates that

there is a screw loose somewhere. They detest the idea that the soul is held together by the cook; that if there are no dinners there can be no life; and that immortality is possible only with an infinite number of courses and somebody to eat them. Like the Positivists, it is true, they may have no clear notions about a Deity, and may decline to discuss such "unspeakable" questions as his Personality. Like the Positivists, they may build an altar to the "Unknown God," and put on it the same sublime but sad inscription. But then they and the Positivists part company. They say that man is above all things, a worshipping being; that adoration is the highest exercise to which he can rise; that the impulses are heaven-born which prompt him to bend the knee in prayer, and go to the stake rather than deny a God whom he has never seen. They put away with scorn the idea that those profound feelings which lead him to build altars, to offer up sacrifices, to spend his days in cloisters, to go to the ends of the earth as an evangelist, to embrace death itself rather than religious error, point to no world beyond the grave, but spring from a superstitious fear of the unknown future. They denounce the doctrine that patriarchs, prophets, evangelists, all labored under a childish delusion when they spoke of an Almighty Father, and of the rest prepared for the people of God. No, however fully, however imperfectly, those men delivered a heavenly message. Those men, and not the mere builders of philosophical systems, have been the stars of our firmanent. It is from Moses, and Zoroaster, and Jesus, not from Aristotle and Bacon, that the divinest light has come.

"Excuse me for stopping your pretty harangue," answers Positivism; "but pray put aside clap-trap for a few minutes; we can get plenty of clap-trap on Sunday; so please to tell us in plain English what you mean. Let us discuss the religious intuitions and doctrines of which you speak, just as we would discuss a question in science. You say that you feel, you know, you are convinced, that man is more than a bit of mechanism; that he is divine; that he is immortal; that he comes from what you call God and goes to what you call God; that he is—but we need go no further, since the list is already long enough to set us quarrelling for a lifetime. Now, please to state in exact terms what those spiritual intuitions really are; put what you deem their argumentative value into the form of distinct propositions, so that we may each know what issue is raised; then let us see what are the teachings of religion as told by history; and, finally, let us ascertain the logical result. Do you mean to tell *us*, who read human beliefs by the full blaze of science, and laugh at the superstitions which have swayed each successive age, that because men believe in a God, and believe that they have an immortal soul, *therefore* a God and an immortal soul are realities? Mind, we don't say they are not; what we seek is proof—logical proof. But do you think that mere belief is logical proof? For our part, we do not. We deem it more philosophical, more respectful to truth itself, to put no faith whatever in positive religious teaching, and to make our worship consist solely of good acts; done, not to please an omnipotent Being of whom we know nothing, not to merit a heaven or to escape a hell of which we have no certain tidings; but simply to render our fellow creatures happy."

"No idea," rejoins the believer in a spiritual philosophy, "could be more shallow. Your logic is utterly futile: I refuse to put my trust in your puny deductive and inductive machinery. Your pretty system of inference breaks down when it goes beyond a certain narrow range of things that you can grasp, see, count up, and put into your pocket. Why, your logicians can't agree about a simple political problem, such as the question on what my right to the ownership of this walking-stick is based; whether that right has its root in the nature of things, as the logical M. Thiers maintains; or, whether it is purely the creature of law, as the logical Mr. Bentham contends. You can't agree about the conclusion, for the simple reason that you do not and cannot agree about the premises. In spite of yourselves, you all take for granted something that ought to be proved; something that education or temperament has taught you to regard as indisputable. Unconsciously you assume

this or that; then you build up a brave induction; or apply a beautifully precise syllogism, and your results differ from each other, just as much as the color of your hair or the shade of your complexion! If you would give me some guide to a man's religious, political, or philosophical opinions, don't tell me he is a capital reasoner; tell me who were his father and mother, whether he has had the measles, what is the girth of his chest, whether his digestion is good, whether he stoops or carries his head erect, whether he is modest or self-conceited, whether he is married or single, whether he is fonder of claret than of milk-punch, whether he thinks Plato or Aristotle the bigger man. If logical inference thus errs in dealing with every-day matters, how can we take her as a guide when we come to that mystery of mysteries—a Supreme Maker, a living principle independent of matter, a life of which death is but the birth? Were we to do that, we should, according to our friends the Positivists, have to call the best men who ever appeared on this earth mistaken if well meaning fanatics, and to smile at the beliefs which have cheered the grandest and devoutest of our race in the midst of sorrow and of death. Nay, we should have to say that the half of our nature is a lie. We should have to say that we had been dowered with religious instincts which point to ends that have no existence; which delude us with promises that shall never be fulfilled; which speak of an Almighty Father who reigns over all things, while in reality there reigns over all things only an Almighty force; which whisper that after death there comes everlasting life, while in reality there comes but everlasting sleep. Let Positivism be true, and our existence loses half its beauty, sentiment is dead, poetry is banished by science, arithmetic takes the place of religion, and the world becomes so frightfully dull that we must all take to hard drinking to keep ourselves awake. No, Positivism will not do. It may find fault if it pleases with the form of Buddhism, Mahometanism, and Christianity. We admit that religious forms must decay, but the spirit that animates them lives for ever, and age by age is giving man clearer and clearer hints of the life which is veiled by the gross covering of material things. Some generations may doubt that great truth; for it needs more than a keen eye to see far; it needs also a clear atmosphere. And just as the bodily eye sees farther on some days than on others, so, in some ages, the intellectual eye pierces deeper than in others into the sphere of religions and philosophies. Just as a thunder-storm or a mighty wind may clear the air of vapor, and give the far-off hills a new sharpness of outline, a new brilliancy of tint; so, when an age is stirred by the hurricane of revolution, the distances are seen to be peopled with shapes that were before hid from sight, and that lived but in the minds of visionaries. That is what we say to Science when, leaving her proper place, she enters into the temple of religion and contemptuously calls us dreamers. Yes, we are dreamers, and into the immortal future none but dreamers can see!

Which of these two philosophies is right, or whether both of them are not wrong, is a question which does not come within the scope of the present discussion, and on which, therefore, I offer no opinion. My aim has been to trace, in the most rapid fashion, what I believe to be the speculative springs from which the spirit that is everywhere destroying dogma takes its rise. To trace the currents thoroughly, instead of superficially, would, however, call for a volume rather than a brief article. It would take me far beyond my limits to show even in the most hurried way how the Positive and the Mystic schools are changing the points at which revealed religion is both attacked and defended; how the weapons used by Voltaire, no less than those used by Paley, have lost their ancient power; how the shafts of the old Deists, as well as the shafts of the old Apologists, now fail to hit us; how greater stress is now laid on moral grounds, both by the critics and the upholders of Christianity; and how an *Ecce Homo*, which would at one time have been sneered at as a piece of pretty writing and loose thinking, speaks to many reflecting men with a force that the most systematic volume of "Evidences" cannot equal. I will only add that it would be well for the clergy when they enter into the arena against

infidelity, to bear more steadily in mind than most of them do, the vast change which has come over speculation since the time when the weapons in the great armory of English polemical theology were forged. What they have now to fear is the Modern Spirit, and they can be successful only by enlisting the Modern Spirit on their side.

The Contemporary Review.

THE CONFESSIONS OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

THERE are few books in the world which present attractions to so many different classes of readers as the Confessions of Augustine. In this more fully than in any other among his voluminous productions is reflected "that mixture of passion and gentleness, of authority and sympathy, of largeness of mind and logical rigour,"* which has given him such rare influence in the Christian Church. The man of letters finds in it the very first specimen of those revelations of an inner life, utterly unknown to classical antiquity, which have an especial charm for the modern spirit. He recognizes in it a style, unquestionably clouded by the false and affected rhetoric of a declining civilization, yet rising at times into flights which human oratory has never surpassed, whose contorted antitheses are more than atoned for by touches of irresistible tenderness, and by those occasional utterances which become lodged in the memory of the human race, those one or two words engraven by the hand of genius upon the rock, which are better than a thousand written upon the sand. The psychologist who turns over the pages feels, perhaps, at first, some impatient contempt of the sighs and prayers which interrupt a scientific discussion. But he is startled by some subtle piece of mental analysis, by speculations on Creation, Time, Eternity, Memory, which seem to anticipate not only Reid and Jouffroy, but even Kant and Descartes. The preacher who understands his art may find in the Confessions, not, indeed, ready-made weapons for the nineteenth century, but materials which may be forged into weapons that will reach the soul of every man in every age. The greatest sacred orators have seldom appeared more original than when they were borrowing judiciously from the Confessions. The theologian of our own Church will discover in the book occasionally expressions—and occasionally something more than expressions—some of the unguarded rhetoric which was frozen into logic by succeeding generations, some of the tares that already began to grow rankly in the field of the Church—which may be triumphantly quoted by the Roman Catholic controversialist. Yet he will discover also abundant indications of a theological system, to which, as a whole, he may apply that which Gibbon has shrewdly observed of one portion of it—namely, that "it has been received with public applause and secret reluctance by the Latin Church." Still more may he trace the consistent lines of a method, of which it is no exaggeration to say that with its lofty reverence for human reason and its deferential appeals to Holy Scripture, it is anti-Roman in its very substance. Nor among the readers of this delightful volume are we to forget those whose approbation its author most valued, the men who give it a place among the books which they read before or after they have knelt in their Saviour's presence, who feel in it, across the gulf of years, the very heart-pulse of its saintly author's religious affections, who bless him for wise warnings and undying hopes. We may, I think, go even further than this. It is true of Augustine's Confessions more than of most uninspired books, *ea est quæ crescit cum parvulis;* it grows with our growth. Each age of human life finds in it a peculiar line of attraction. In youth it charms us by its delineation of passion, by those living sentences which vibrate as we touch them, and of which, as Montaigne has said, we feel that if they were cut they would bleed. But its psychology seems hopelessly obscure, its metaphysics hopelessly mystic, the whole mass of the composition destitute of those notches and marks for analytic measurement which are exacted by a student trained in our modern schools. Yet after we have not only studied other men's

* M. Guizot, in his admirable *rationale* of the Pelagian Controversy.—Histoire de la Civilization, I., 180–189.

thoughts, but thought ourselves; after we have felt, and suffered, and doubted, there are rays which open up an avenue of light into the very heart of that which once appeared to us but a silver mist, and the intellect perceives substance where it suspected nothing but confusion. We may even say that these Confessions have been almost equally appreciated by dogmatism and free thought, by Christians and sceptics—by the latter, for the marks which they bear of having come from an age of doubt and distraction; by the former, for the passionate self-surrender from the days of the voice in the garden and the baptism at Milan. Those who dislike the journey love Augustine for his inimitable appreciation of the rest to which it brought him. Those who look upon the rest as a delusion are ready to proclaim that the journey was never traversed with a freer step, or described by a more opulent pencil.

No stronger evidence of the truth of these remarks can be adduced than the various points of view from which the Confessions have been studied in France within the last fifteen or twenty years. Besides a new translation by M. Janet, they have been handled by Villemain, as a historian; by Saint-Marc Girardin, as a man of letters; by Nourrisson, as a psychologist; by Gratry, Flottes, and Pressensée, as philosophical theologians. More than once eminent lawyers among ourselves, like Sir Joseph Napier, have devoted their leisure to the severe relaxation of writing discussions upon Bishop Butler. A distinguished French advocate, M. Desjardines, has produced a careful analysis of the Confessions as the fruit of one of his summer recesses. By none, however, has the Bishop of Hippo's immortal book been used more freely, or after a more singular fashion, than by a French philosopher who died last year, M. Saisset. Himself a deist, but enthusiastically devoted to the spiritual school of philosophy, and clinging intensely to those preambles of the faith —God, Immortality, Providence, and Prayer—in which it seemed to him possible for a philosopher to intrench himself securely in a safe but limited dogmatism, he produced a work, in some respects of great merit, upon the Philosophy of Religion, with special reference to the Personality of God. The portion of this discussion which sounds the most original is really the least valuable. It contains an argument for the quasi-eternity and quasi-infinity of creation, intended to meet the objection of those Pantheistic philosophers who treat the Christian and Theistic dogma of creation as if it attributed change and caprice to God. This theory of the quasi-eternity of creation is certainly borrowed from an Alexandrian speculation, which has been handled with some gentleness by Augustine. M. Saisset scaffolds the whole structure of his theory upon a doctrine of Time, which he has learned from the Confessions. It is singular to see a work upon the philosophy of religion based upon Plato and Augustine, put forth by one who, however he may have used Christian language, and hung with sad and regretful love about the outskirts of the City of God, must unhappily be classed as a philosophical deist.*

Since the rise of the Church movement in England, the Confessions have been a good deal read among ourselves, but chiefly, doctrinally or theologically. I have not myself met with much in print upon the subject which could serve as an introduction to the treatise for the use of the general reader. It is not my intention to produce any regular analysis of a book which so little admits of that kind of handling. The success of some able French writers would certainly not encourage one to make the attempt. Dr. Newman has somewhere laughed at the late learned Bishop Kaye's arrangement of the thoughts of Augustine's fervid countryman, Tertullian, in the framework of the Thirty-nine Articles. What shall we say of torturing the Confessions into the

* The natural alliance between high and low philosophical, and high and low Christian, doctrine, has been remarked by Coleridge and Leibnitz. "I cannot doubt that the difference of my metaphysical notions from those of Unitarians in general contributed to my re-conversion to the whole truth in Christ; even as, according to his own confession, the books of certain Platonic philosophers commenced the rescue of St. Augustine's faith from the same error, aggravated by the far darker accompaniment of the Manichean heresy." —Coleridge "Biog. Lit.," i., 200, 201. "Inclinâsse eum (Locke) ad Socinianos, quorum *paupertina semper fuit de Deo et mente philosophia.*"—Leibnitz, Epist. ad Biesling. * * *

pigeon-hole of some division of philosophy, or classification of the human faculties, received from the Scotch School of Mental Philosophy into the French Normal School? I shall merely try to present the Confessions from some general points of view which may open the way for some students to a further enjoyment of them, and bring together preliminary information which, so far as I know, cannot be conveniently found in any one English work.

I.

The first question which naturally arises is upon the exact meaning of the title. Augustine has answered it elsewhere. It has a double signification. Confession is the voice of *adoration* as well as *penitence*. This twofold acceptation gives its significance to the Confessions. They stand alone. Others have written memoirs, autobiographies, religious lives; Augustine alone has written Confessions.*

The volume is as far as possible from being exactly a memoir. All that is properly autobiographical ends with the tenth book. To a certain extent the author writes for himself; yet not for himself alone. He confesses himself to God; but he holds his soliloquy in such tones that men can also hear.† He feels bound to this course, for he has been two years a Bishop of the Church, and he expects good results from it. His example will excite "the heart of some not to sleep in desperation, and say *I cannot*, but rather to waken up in the love of Thy mercy, and in the sweetness of Thy grace." The good are delighted to hear the past evils of those who have now repented of them, not because they are evil, but because they have been and are not. The curious ear of man is not, cannot be, at his heart.‡ But he will proclaim what he is. "With a consciousness which is not doubtful, but certain and plenary, O Lord! I love Thee. Thou hast stricken through my heart with Thy word, and I have loved Thee!"

The saintly Bishop had not lived so little in the world as to be ignorant of its ways. He knew that he was baring his breast to his own enemies, and those of the Church. The sobs which he uttered at the feet of Christ; the long cry, in which he wailed out the sins and offences of his youth to his reconciled Father; the broken words of those short sentences which seem to set themselves to some mystic chant at the foot of an altar; he had allowed the world to hear them, and the world was not likely to let them drop. He could bear such taunts quietly enough. But when they were used to weaken his authority, and discredit the Church, he found words at once masculine and humble. He answers the Donatists thus in one of his popular discourses:—

"Let them say against us what they will, we will love them, though they will it not; we know, brethren, we know their tongues, for which we will not be angry with them. Be ye patient like us. For they see that they have nothing in their cause, and so turn their tongues upon us, and begin to speak evil of us, much which they know, much which they know not. That which they know is our Past. Why dost thou give up the cause like a heretic, and go to man? For what am I? am I the Catholic Church? We lived ill: I confess it. So much as I glory concerning God's grace, so much—shall I say?—I grieve for my guilty Past. I would grieve were I yet in it. But what shall I say?—do I glory? I cannot; for O, that I had never been such! But whatever it were, in the name of Christ it is past. I cry unto God in my weakness; with me it is a very small thing, saith the Apostle, to be judged of you, or of man's judgment, yea, I judge not mine own self. For I know myself better than they know me, but God knows me better than I myself do."*

Every one is aware that Augustine, in his Confessions, repeatedly touches upon that kind of sin which every motive of moral prudence as well as of natural delicacy should lead ordinary people to conceal from others, or to confess with the most guarded generality. It is not only that between us and other men there is drawn a veil of flesh, through which God only has the right to look, and where the glance of a mortal eye inflames that wounded human modesty which remains in every nature that is not quite brutal. By such confessions we may injure our own souls, retouching the faded lines of dangerous pictures,

* "Et *laudantis*, et *gementis*." Enarrat. Ps. xci.

† "Ego quoque, Domine, etiam sic tibi confiteor, ut *audient homines*."—Confess., x. 3.

‡ "Auris eorum non est ad cor meum."—Ibid.

* Serm. 3 in Ps. xxxvi., § 19

regretting, it may be, that we have not sinned more, and that we have lost opportunities. We may also do incalculable injury to others by unintentional suggestions. What shall we say of this element in Augustine's writing?

His example, in his public confession, stands out almost alone for profit and for wonder, not for imitation. He had never been a profligate in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Measured by the standard of the world even now, much more by that of the society in which he lived, he might have passed without much censure.* It is unworthy of a writer, who, I believe, is usually as accurate as he is elegant, to speak of Augustine as the promiscuous lover of the frail beauties of Carthage. More unworthy still is the comparison which others have instituted between Rousseau and the young Augustine. At the very moment when two men are grovelling in sensual sin, there may be a distinction between them. The one, perhaps, feels that he is plunged in a hell of filth, only less dreadful than the hell of fire. The other loves what "the degraded soul unworthily admires." He has a deliberate sympathy with his position, and with those that are like him.† He is perfectly satisfied, and thinks it is well for him to be here. One has fallen into the sty, the other lives in it. Of his guilty connection Rousseau exclaims, "It stood me instead of all. The future did not touch me, or only as a prolonged present." But even in the first flush of youthful passion Augustine exhausts all the energy of his imagination to find language which may give us a conception of his misery. He was beaten as with burning rods of iron.*

Correspondent to this difference between the men is the difference of their Confessions. No man ever read the earlier portion of Rousseau's without a permanent taint or a permanent trial to his soul. We feel that he took an artist's reflective pleasure in every line of the picture. It is the thoughtful and deliberate masterpiece of a libidinous imagination. On the contrary, no prurient women ever said of Augustine as they have been known to say of certain in our own time, who make confessions in fashionable drawing-rooms. "Come and hear him. He is so handsome, and has been so wicked, and will tell us all about it." There is a coldness and a whiteness as of winter snow over the crater of the extinct volcano. There is a reserve in all that effusion. The style is without that affected periphrastic delicacy which is essentially indelicate. His heart might be ulcerated and leave trailing drops of blood;† he is determined that no sentimental sighs shall be heaved over the parting-scene between his mistress and himself. The mother of Adeodatus walks veiled and spectral, a memory without a name, from her sixteen years of shame, into the presence of God, with a sigh of penitence, and a prayer of hope. The most brutal lines that Byron ever wrote—it is saying much—are those in which he attributes to the Confessions the power of awakening an envy of the youthful transgressions of the saintly Bishop.‡

If Augustine's temperament was naturally deep and passionate, his Confessions present to us the spectacle of such

* Thus writes one of the highest authority upon Augustine:—"Talis erat, etiam quum ipse foris esset, ut ab eis qui erant intus, vir bonus haberi possit, in suo quidem genere. Adolescens habuit concubinam, quod humanæ permittunt leges. Hâc non repudiatâ sed ereptâ adamavit alteram. Verum utrique servavit conjugii fidem, quam probitatem hodie non temere reperias in sacerdotibus aut Abbatibus."—August., tom. i. (Basil. 1569.) Erasmus Alfonso Fonsecæ Archiep. Toletano. [The references in this article are generally to that edition.] "In illis annis unam habebam, sed *unam* tamen, ei quoque servans thori fidem."—Confess., iv. 2. When she returned from Italy to Africa, vowing herself to a pure and single life, he formed, for a time, a second connection of the same nature, intended to be limited to the two years during which he was waiting for a wife. (vi. 15.) It is only right to notice the dark shadow which hangs over Augustine's youth from such expressions as those in Confess., iii. 1, ii., 2.

* Οἵτινες οὐ μόνον αὐτὰ ποιοῦσιν, ἀλλὰ καὶ συνευδοκοῦσι τοῖς πράσσουσι.—Rom. i. 32.

* Confess., iii. 1.

† Confess., vi. 15. See Essais de Littérature et de Morale, par Saint-Marc Girardin—"La périphrase est souvent plus indécente que le mot."—ii. 11., Art. S. Augustin.

‡ "Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,
And homilies, and lives of all the saints;
To Jerome and to Chrysostom inured,
He did not take such studies for restraints.
But how faith is acquired, and then insured,
So well not one of the aforesaid paints
As Saint Augustine in his fine Confessions,
Which make the reader *envy his transgressions*.

"This, too, was a sealed book to little Juan."

a nature turning to God with all its depth and all its passion. We can detect in many religious biographies that the mere physical cooling of the bubbling caldron of sensuality passes for conversion; or the passive fear of the consequences of sin presents a maimed gift to God. God forbid that we should scorn or depreciate any motive which brings back a sinner to his Father. We must only maintain that they were not such processes as figure almost exclusively in modern religious biographies, which won Augustine to Christ, and that the oblation which he made was richer and more complete in consequence. It was his favorite doctrine that the passions and affections of our nature were not intended to be eradicated by grace, but turned to their proper objects.* We may say of the Confessions that they are the most vivid illustration which post-Apostolic Christianity has produced of Bishop Butler's Sermons upon the Love of God. What have we there but the spectacle of a human heart "referring itself implicitly to God, and casting itself entirely upon Him, his whole attention of life being to obey His commands, and its highest enjoyment arising from the contemplation of His character, and its relation to Him, from a consciousness of His favor and approbation, and from the exercise of those affections towards Him which cannot but be raised from His presence?"

I must now refer to those points of personal character which we can very distinctly trace in these pages. Augustine was naturally ambitious to excel in all things. He aspired to poetical as well as rhetorical distinction, and was possessed with an ungovernable desire to obtain a theatrical prize poem.† His filial love is beautiful. All ages have loved to see him listening with Monica to Ambrose, at Milan, or smiling gently at the frugal fare which she provided for his birthday feast on that soft November day in the meadow of Cassiciacum.* Above all they stand before us as they have been represented by the pencil of Ary Scheffer, in the garden at Ostia, "in sight of a sea lit up by a thousand fires, and under a sky without a cloud,"† enjoying some of those moments, even upon earth, from which we know that if eternal life were but their prolongation, it would be an entering into the joy of the Lord.‡ This filial love may be read, not only in the fuller delineations which he delights to give, and in the description of his grief for her loss, but in a hundred minute touches.§ His parental love is equally touching. It would be almost sacrilege to translate those words, which might form a yet nobler epitaph for a Christian father to place over his child than the lines from Dryden's Eleonora, which Burke had engraved over the only son who gave promise of so much virtue and so much genius.‖ The critics have adduced as a parallel Quintilian's celebrated Proœmium to the fifth book of his Institutes. If, in reading that finished production, we are sometimes reminded of Tickell's lines—

> "Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
> Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart,"—

if the warmth of our emotion is chilled by the rhetorical tricks and the theatric adjuration, there is undoubtedly an undertone of true pathos which is exquisitely affecting. But the words of Augustine need no critic. He who is unmoved by them wants not so much a critical judgment as a human heart. His susceptible nature was especially formed for friendship. In the one interval of leisure in his busy life, at the

* Augustine enforces this very beautifully by the examples of St. Paul and of our Lord, De Civ. D., xiv. 9. *Cf.* "As we cannot remove from this earth, or change our general business on it, so neither can we alter our real nature. Religion does not demand new affections, but only claims the direction of those you already have, those you already feel."—Butler. Upon the love of God. Sermon xiii.

† Confess., iv., 2.

* De Ordine. Lib. ii., Tom. i., 471. De Beata Vita, Ibid., 498.

† See an eloquent passage in M. de Broglie, L'Eglise et l'Empire Romain, Part iii., tom. ii., 183, 197.

‡ Confess., ix. 10.

§ E. *gr.* "Et mentitus sum matri et illi matri, et evasi," v. 8. "Meum quiddam puerile, quod labebatur in fletus, juvenili voce cordis tacebat . . constringebam fluxum moeroris . . . rursusque impetu suo ferebatur non usque and eruptionem lacrimarum . . . *sed ego sciebam quid corde premerem.*"—Confess., ix. 12.

‖ "Cito de terra abstulisti vitam ejus, et securior eum recordor, non timens quidquam pueritiæ, nec adolescentiæ, nec omnino homini illi."—Confess., ix. 6.

villa of Cassiciacum, lent him by Verecundus during the months between his conversion and his baptism, he is surrounded by a group of African friends, who have followed him from Tagaste, Madaura, Hippo, and Carthage. One of these, Romanianus, was of higher rank than the rest. In addressing one of his books to him, Augustine incidentally gives us a notion of the life and aims of a fine gentleman of the fourth century. The fine gentleman presented the public with shows of wild beasts and other unusual spectacles. He lived at a great rate, keeping almost open house. He was expected to build largely, especially baths with tesselated pavements. His reward was popular applause. If he succeeded in his appeal to the affections of the people; if his agents were so honest and capable that he did not become bankrupt; * he was received in the theatre with a roar of welcome. His statue was set up, not only in his city, but in the neighboring towns. He was hailed as "liberalissimus, mundissimus, humanissimus, fortunatissimus." Augustine's relation with Romanianus, Alypius, Licentius, and others, prove that he possessed that undefinable thing called influence, which Archbishop Whately proposed to call *effluence*, which acts upon men's natures through some intangible medium quite distinct from an appeal to their logical faculties.

There are many passages in the Confessions, and in his other writings, which reveal to us even the physical temperament of the man. Born under the intense light of an African sky, compared with which the very suns of Italy are pale; used to gaze forward where the sight is not limited by the dimness of the medium, but by the weakness of the organ, he speaks of his love of light, "the queen of colors, washing round all things which we see with its perpetual and multitudinous flow," and connects it with one of the grandest movements in the literature of the world.† Habituated to view from the coast the Mediterranean clothed in a many-colored vesture, with shooting green of every tint, sometimes deepening into purple, more often like a blue band drowned in the vermilion sky of evening or morning, he can paint at times in colors like those of Ruskin.* His comparisons are frequently drawn from light; it is to him the very luxury of existence.† He possesses the picturesque feeling and touch which are so peculiarly modern. His account of a fight between two cocks is colored and animated‡. The loving and minute subtlety with which he transfers mental impressions to nature reminds us at times of the latest school of poetry among ourselves.§ His other senses were equally keen and susceptible. Of scents, indeed, he says that he does not refuse them when present, nor miss them when absent; confessing, however, "fortasse fallor." A passage in his chapter on Memory shows us that he anticipated the subtle beauty of Shelley's lines—

> "Odors, when sweet violets die,
> Live within the memory."

The repairs of the table—as Dr. Johnson called them in language strikingly like Augustine's—had for him, as he tells us, a fascination with which he sometimes reproached himself. His sense of hearing was evidently acute and delicate. As he lies awake at Cassiciacum, he hears the sound of water trickling into the baths, making an uneven sound as it runs over the pebbles, from the accumulation here and there of the autumnal leaves. This leads to the chief subject of one of his most interesting discus-

* "Resque ipsa familiaris diligenter à tuis fideliterque administrata idoneam se tantis sumptibus paratuique præberet."—Contra Acad. Lib. i., tom. i., 410, 411.

† "O lux quam videbat Tobias . . . aut quam videbat Jacob, quum et ipse præ grandi ætate captus oculis in filiis præsignata futuri populi genera luminoso corde radiavit."—Confess., x. 34.

* "In ipsius quoque maris tam grandi spectaculo, quum sese diversis coloribus induat velut vestibus et aliquando viride atque hoc multis modis, aliquando purpureum, aliquando cœruleum."—De Civ. Dei, xxii. 24.

† "Propter hæc volunt vivere."—De Lib., Arb, ii. 13, tom. i. 656. "Ad quietis ipsius penetrale, cujus jam luce mens eorum velut in longinquo radiante perstringitur pervenire non possunt. Dorsum enim habebam ad lumen, et ad ea quæ illuminantur faciem; unde, ipsa facies mea, qua illuminata cernebam, non illuminabatur."—Confess., iv. 16.

‡ "In eisdem gallis erat videre intenta projectius capita, inflatas comas, vehementes ictus . . . et in omni motu animalium ratione expertium nihil non decorum."—De Ordine.

§ *E. gr.* "Lunam nocturnas tenebras *solantem*."—In Psalm. xcix 5, p. 1112.

sions.* Religious men, who religiously love choral services, have no reason to be angry with those who warn them against possible dangers and excesses. Such warnings may be found in quarters where by some they would be least expected. For instance, "In reference to singing, I fluctuate between the danger of being carried away by the pleasure of taste, and the personal experience which I have of the profit of the practice. I am inclined rather to approve of the practice of singing in church; not, however, giving an opinion which I might not conceivably retract. Yet when it happens to me to be moved by the musical modulation more than by the thing which is sung, I confess that I sin gravely, and that I had rather not hear the voice that sings." It is singular to find this jealousy of harmony in religious services, when we remember the sweet and consolatory tears for his lost Adeodatus which were drawn from him by the hymns of Ambrose, composed to soothe and occupy the people during their watches with their Bishop, at the time of the persecution of Justina. There are some men who are so constituted that beauty of every kind is not to them a distraction or a recreation. The light of a spring day, the blue range of the mountains, the vast soft whiteness of the breaking waves fill them with a sensation which is not unmingled with suffering. The greater the beauty which they see, the more it leaves them unsatisfied and full of longing. Augustine was one of these men. If they frame to themselves a theory of Art and Beauty, it will be like his and Plato's.†

II.

To understand and enjoy Augustine's writings in general, and more especially his Confessions, we must know something of the Roman-African life and thought of that day.

The normal state of the descendants of the Roman settlers in Africa‡ was—as M. Saint-Marc Girardin has well shown—that which has been reproduced in modern Algeria; small groups of civilized men surrounded by barbarous nomads. In such a state of society complicated relations arise between the two parties. Occasionally, the barbarian is moulded and elevated by his neighbor. Roman letters and education filtered into Phœnician and Numidian villages, and a succession of orators and legists was produced by the natives of Africa. The more usual relations between the tribesmen and the colonists were of a much humbler kind, founded upon mutual convenience. In one of those interesting letters,* which testify to the masculine good sense of Augustine, it comes out that the native tribes frequently acted as conveyers of merchandise, conductors of caravans, and guardians of harvests.† Compacts were entered into between them, sealed by oaths, which often caused scruples to timid Christians.

The civilized life of Africa is more directly connected with our subject. "The long and narrow tract of African coast was filled with frequent monuments of Roman art and magnificence, and the respective degrees of improvement might be accurately measured by the distance from Carthage and the Mediterranean." One fact impresses us with the highest sense of the fertility of the district, and of the industry of the people. Thickly

* De Ordine, i. 3, Tom. i., 459, 462.

† "Pulchra trajecta per animas in manus artificiosas ab illâ pulchritudine veniunt, quæ super animas est."—Confess., x. 34; *cf.* xi. 5.

‡ It will be remembered that Sallust received from Cæsar the government of Numidia. The historian did not practise the lessons which he inculcates so eloquently. His splendid mansion and gardens, still so frequently visited at Rome, were built and beautified by money extorted from Hippo, Tagaste, and other African towns. In the Jugurthine war of Sallust there is a description of Africa, in which the name of Hippo occurs.

* The worthy Publicola's cases of conscience are of this kind—Is it not sinful to make a compact with barbarians, when they swear by false gods? Is it not sinful to partake of grain or oil of which an offering has been made to a devil? Whether a Christian may use wood from a consecrated grove? Whether he may drink from a tankard in a deserted temple? On the question of the lawfulness of using arms in the Gospel dispensation, it is hard to believe that the bishop wrote without a smile, "Perhaps Christians had better keep homeless oxen, and have houses without windows, for fear some one should be killed. If a Christian is not to drink of streams which have been polluted by idolatry, he had better give up breathing—for the incense of heathen rites is taken up by the winds." —Tom. ii., 705.

† "Qui ad deducendas bastagas pacti fuerint, vel aliqui ad servandas fruges."—Epist. cliii., Tom. ii. 700. See M. Saint-Marc Girardin—*Revue des deux Mondes*, Sept. 15, 1842.

populated as it was, it exported vast quantities of wheat; and after providing abundantly for home consumption, sent the bread-stuffs which mainly supplied the vast population of Rome.* This civilized life of Africa found its centre at Carthage — the Rome of Africa, as it was frequently called. It has been observed by M. Villemain, if I remember right, that we think of no other Carthage than that of Hannibal. But Carthage, from the period of its new foundation under Augustus (A.D. 29), was essentially a Roman city. On its topography and scenery we need not dwell. The undecaying framework of nature, common to the Punic with the Roman city, has been described in M. Flaubert's Salammbô†. Those unwholesome and libidinous pages are occasionally redeemed by the antiquarian learning and accurate observation of the scholar, the traveller, and the devotee of realism in romance. Carthage was the child of Roman genius in its grandest hour. It was described as a most glorious city. Its streets, glittering with gold, and gay with marbles, ran in long parallel lines. It possessed numerous schools, and affected to rival Rome as a creator of Latin literature.‡ The old Punic passion for commerce appeared to revive upon its ancient soil. Countless ships pressed into the one great port of a havenless sea. If Christianity had spread with singular rapidity over the surface, it does not seem to have sunk into the heart of society. The sunshine and fertility of the country were bitterly contrasted with the character of the inhabitants. The ancient reproach of the Punic faith sank into insignificance compared with the shameless exhibition of vices which humanity abhors. The garb of religion was the signal for outbursts of derision and hatred.* Significant passages in Augustine's letters prove that the clergy themselves were far from immaculate.

One result of the Roman character of African society and education upon Augustine's intellectual history and theological acquirements is too important to be omitted. At neither period of its history was there any tincture of Hellenism in the population or culture of Carthage. It will be remembered, by every reader of the Confessions, how Augustine as a boy hated Greek; how the difficulty of learning a foreign language sprinkled with gall the sweetness of the glorious Grecian poems, which a nature like his was so capable of enjoying. This may be a convenient place for considering the question of Augustine's Greek scholarship, which has been so severely discussed.

An eminent prelate of the Irish Church is said to have been in the habit of stating that, had St. Augustine applied to him for orders, he must have been rejected for ignorance of Greek. Possibly there may have been among the clergy of his Grace, some who were far from being the saint's equals even in this respect. He may, indeed, have been unable to understand thoroughly portions of the Greek ecclesiastical writers. He used translations of Plato.† The accurate Clausen sums up the evidence on this subject as follows:—

"In these observations and corrections of the Latin translation of the Scriptures, if we make some grains of allowance, it is indisputable that Augustine attained the truth. If I am right, he is so far from being chargeable with gross ignorance of Greek,‡ that he should be considered fairly instructed in grammar, and a subtle distinguisher of words. But it is evident that this knowledge, which

* Gibbon, chapter xxxiii.

† Perhaps the following bit of description may assist us in giving color to some of the scenes of Augustine's earlier life. "The waves glittered round Carthage, for the moon shone at once upon the mountain-locked gulf and the lake of Tunis, where the phenicopteri formed long red lines among the sand-banks, while beyond, under the catacombs, the great salt lagoon glimmered like a plate of silver. The vault of the blue heaven lost itself in the horizon, on the one side in the white powdered dust of the plain, on the other in the fine silver mists of the sea. On the summit of the Acropolis, the pyramidal cypresses swayed and murmured like the regular waves which flapped slowly the whole length of the mole."

‡ "Duæ tantæ urbes Latinarum literarum artifices, Roma atque Carthago."—August. Epist. ad Dioscorum, Tom. ii. 257.

* See quotations in Gibbon, chapter xxxiii., notes 38, 39, 40. Gurges morum Carthaginiensium.—Confess. iii. 7.

† Confess., viii. 2.

‡ "Augustinus extitit ut alii, Ebraæ ac Græcæ linguæ ignarus."—Walch, Bibl. Patrist, p. 352. "Imperitus non tantum Hebraicæ, sed etiam Græcæ linguæ, ipsos fontes adire non potuit, sed solam ferè translationem Latinam expliicare conatus est."—Rosenmuller, Hist. Interpret. ii. 40.

does not go beyond the elements, is insufficient for a thorough comprehension of Greek books, and much more for those in the Hellenistic dialect, which have forms of words, notions, and constructions, peculiar to themselves."

Among the sights of Carthage, there was one of peculiar fascination to the susceptible boy. I single it out, because it will naturally lead us to Augustine's judgment upon the study of classical antiquity. The spectacles of the Latin theatre in Carthage were numerous and splendid. They furnished fuel for the unquiet fires of his soul, scenes which haunted his imagination, and passages which he loved himself to declaim. The Christian Church, it need hardly be observed, abhorred the Pagan theatre. The idolatrous rites, the lascivious attitudes, the gladiatorial shows, which were its inseparable accompaniments, were equally opposed to the dogmatic Monotheism, to the purity, and to the mercy of the Gospel. The very fact of a man's habitual absence from the theatre afforded presumptive proof that he was a Christian.* In his Confessions, Augustine goes more deeply to the root of the matter. Supposing obscenity and idolatry to be banished from the stage, and taking it at its best estate, are its effects morally wholesome? Is it good that the passive emotions should be excited, when no active exertion is intended to follow,† when the very intensity of the emotion is a delicate luxury whose end is itself? Augustine seems to doubt it.‡

His early education was that of a rhetorician of the day. The practice was, to make the boy render into fluent Latin prose that which he had read in Latin verse.§ Few rhetorical exercises could be devised so likely to give copiousness of vocabulary and readiness of expression. He is early successful in the school of rhetoric, goes from Tagaste to Carthage, is disgusted with it, thinks of Rome, and dedicates to Hierius his lost work, "De Pulchro et Apto."* From Carthage he had been driven by the wickedness of the wild students. At Rome, he recoils from the stories of their meanness. It appears that it was a common trick among them to take out a course from one professor, shirk payment, and go off in a body to another teacher. He is proud of being sent to Milan, by public conveyance, as a traveller at the public expense, with a salary from the State as well as private pay.† This post was procured for him by the kindness of Manichean friends. Gibbon has sneered at the professional acquirements of Augustine. But surely he gave a proof of his power as an orator who persuaded the fierce population of a town in Mauritania to give up those murderous *catervæ*, compared with which the faction fights of the "Two-year Olds" in Tipperary were mild indeed.‡ And the man must be admitted to know something of an art who has written a treatise upon it, which has not been superseded after fourteen hundred years. To Dioscorus he might write with irritation, "Oratoris libros, et quæ sunt de oratore omnia prætermisi."§ Yet the rhetorical knowledge, acquired by many years of indefatigable toil, is packed into the fourth book of the treatise on Christian doctrine. Has the Christian Church any more valuable manual on the subject?

The touching story of Victorinus,‖ who was himself also an African, shows how important a career was open to the rhetorician of the day. The teacher of nobles and senators might aspire to the honor of a statue. His position was like that of the contemporary sophist in the eastern portion of the Roman empire, if we make some allowance for the extravagance of the later Greek provincial spirit—not, perhaps, posing himself beringed, crowned, and jewelled, before admiring crowds, holding his rhetorical jousts from city to city,¶ but courted,

* *Spectacula non visitas*, says Cœcilian in his invective against the Christian—aMin. Fel. Octavius, cap. ii. See also de Broglie's L'Eglise et l'Empire, part ii., vol. i. 2.

† "Non enim ad subveniendum provocatur auditor, sed tantum ad dolendum invitatur."—Confess., iii. 2.

‡ Perhaps he vacillates for a moment toward a more favorable view, "Ergo amentur dolores aliquando, sed cave immunditiam, anima mea."

§ Confess., i. 17.

* Confess., iii. 13, v. 8, iv. 13, 14.

† "Legum supra mercedem salaria decernentium."—Ibid., i. 16. "Impertita etiam evectione publice."—V. 12, 13.

‡ De D. Christ., iv. 24.

§ Epist., lvi., tom. ii. 269.

‖ Confess., viii. 2.

¶ See the lively sketch, drawn from Libanius, *De Vita sua*, in de Broglie, part ii. vol. i., 144, sqq.

feasted, and patronized. True oratory is the strong expression of the freeman's thought, and is extinguished with the extinction of liberty. There remains nothing but the declaimer. Augustine's taste in rhetoric may have been vitiated, at least as to verbal details. No man can escape with perfect impunity from the spirit of his times. The very fountain of the intellectual life is tinged by our birthplace and earliest associations. It tells for something in an orator's life that he is born in Ireland, or in Africa, the Ireland of Rome. But Augustine's taste from the earliest period was for that which was solid. He thirsted for the wine of truth, and the beauty or livery of the cup-bearer was nothing to him.* He had longed to hear the great popular preacher of the Manicheans, Faustus; but he soon found that the graceful orator, who could say whatever he pleased, had little or nothing to say. Faustus had but a scanty stock-in-trade—a few orations of Cicero, a very few books of Seneca, some poets, and the narrow literature of his own sect. However skilfully handled by a practised speaker, not much could be made of such poor materials. Augustine soon knew at what price to value these embroidered inanities. When he hears Ambrose at Milan, he detects at once the ring of the true metal.† He carried with him into his judgments upon the Christian pulpit the same masculine discrimination. The grease-pastry style of rhetoric,‡ so characteristic of provincialism in all ages, was his abhorrence. He illustrates this by admirable images in the fourth book of the treatise upon Christian doctrine. The strong man in the battle may possibly use a golden-hilted and jewelled sword; but it is because it is a sword, not because it is embossed. Eloquence is a rapid stream, and sweeps along flowers of speech, if they come in its way; but does not go out of its course to find them. A key of gold is useless, if it will not open the lock to which it is applied. The florid redundancy indulged in, once at least, by his countryman, Cyprian, the Taylor of Africa, is but faintly excused.* With regard to minor points, the young African professor of rhetoric was accused at Rome and Milan of provincial pronunciation of many words.† He did not altogether escape the charge of occasional solecism; but, as he adds, with an amusing touch of unconscious vanity, only from those who, like a dilettante of his acquaintance, argued with plausibility that Cicero himself had committed errors in this kind. But, no doubt, these minor blemishes were more than redeemed by the subtle tenderness and thoughtfulness peculiar to himself. The misfortune of provincialism is not altogether unmixed. The African style was evidently characterised by bold, incisive phrases. Under that burning sky, the Roman language seemed to lose something of its massiveness, and to acquire, in return, a speculative subtlety, which reminds us at times of the Greek ecclesiastical writers. As a preacher, it is evident that his powers were very great. He could charm alike the clergy of Carthage and the fishers of Hippo, and move a ferocious audience—first, to the bursts of applause which were not unusual in churches, and then to abundant tears. Cold criticism of his style, as such, is scarcely permissible. He had no time for classic finish, for perfection in form. Every drop of time cost him so dear.‡ The author of the apostrophe to Light is scarcely inferior to the greatest orator of any age.§ He possessed that severe moral restraint which is often artistically at one with the most delicate taste. In describing the death of an early friend at Tagaste he uses a phrase of question-

Chrysostom, after speaking of the applause given to musicians and athletes, adds—*οἱ δὲ ῥητορικῶν ἔμπειροι λόγων, καὶ ἀντὶ πάλιν ἐπὶ τῶν σοφιστῶν τὸ αὐτὸ τοῦτο πράττουσιν, ἔστι γὰρ καὶ τούτοις θέατρα, καὶ ἀκροατὰι, καὶ κρότοι.* κ.τ.λ. In Joannem Homil. i.

* Confess., v. 6.

† Ibid., v. 13. "Delectabar suavitate sermonis, quamquam eruditioris, minus tamen hilarescentis atque mulcentis quam Fausti erat, quod attinet ad dicendi modum."

† Adipata, Cic. De Oratore.

* "Ait ergo quodam loco" [Cyprian ad Donat. Ep. i.] "Petamus hanc sedem; dant secessum vicina secreta, dum erratici palmitum lapsus pendulis nexibus per arundines baiulas repunt, viteum porticum frondea tecta fecerunt." "Non dicuntur ista nisi mirabiliter adfluentissimâ fecunditate facundiæ, aet profusione nimiâ gravitati displicent."—De Doct., iv. 14. The reader will be reminded of South's caustic allusion to Taylor in one of his sermons.

† De Ordine, Lib. ii., tom. i. 491.

‡ "Caro mihi valent stillœ temporum."

§ Confess., x. 34.

able propriety,* apparently rather for effect than as an accurate exponent of his emotions. He is resolved that no taint of self shall rest upon his heart's offering to God, and the expression finds a place in the Retractations.

From Augustine's views upon rhetoric we may pass by no unnatural transition to his judgment upon pagan antiquity generally. In an age like that in which he lived, it is evident that classical literature must have been estimated differently, not only by different minds, but by the same minds from different points of view. Literature and philosophy are so estimated in our day. In a Church so dogmatic as Rome, we find Newman praising and De Maistre abominating Lord Bacon. In the fourth century Paganism was yet standing. The heart of the tree, indeed, was dead, but, as may sometimes be observed in trees, the vitality had gone from the centre to the circumference, and the tenacious bark communicated with still living fibres at the root. In the Eastern Church, classical literature was indulgently treated from the beginning by the Christian fathers. Its philosophers were looked upon by some among them as the prophets of human reason. In the West, there was more hesitation upon the subject. "The Apostle had been at Athens," exclaims Tertullian, almost fiercely, "and knew human wisdom by meeting it. What have Athens and Jerusalem in common? Let them look to it, who have brought in a Stoic, a Platonic, or a dialectic Christianity."† On the other hand Arnobius confidently appeals to Plato.

Augustine's mature and definite judgment on heathen philosophy is not difficult to gather, in spite of some apparent inconsistencies of expression. The Gospel did not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil it. Nor did it come to destroy the crude fruit of human wisdom, but to form and mellow it. He never grounded faith upon an universal scepticism. Opposed as Aristotle and Plato might seem to be, he believed that one consistent mass had been strained out by the cautious wisdom of successive ages. Of Cicero and Plato he speaks with almost unvarying respect. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? In the wonderful providence of God, the first little flame of Divine love had been kindled in his heart by them, though the odor and blaze were from the unguents of Holy Scripture.* To the Hortensius of Cicero he owed the first prelude to his conversion, the first initiation into those high problems which are the intellectual principles of the spiritual life. The tremulous impulse which it imparted to his spirit may be compared to the motion of the spray that hangs over the cataract before it is touched by the waters. With Plato I suppose that it may be looked upon as certain that he was never profoundly acquainted, that he had read but little of his works, and that little in Latin translation. Yet, predestined Platonist as he was, he seized upon the lofty Theism of the Timæus, upon the high morality of the Euthyphon, upon the doctrine of Ideas, and with the instinct of genius thinking out these principles to their conclusion, gave that Platonic mould to Christian thought which it has never lost. "Quicquid dicitur in Platone, vivit in Augustino." To him we owe that noble passage which forever puts to shame the faithlessness of those who in this, or in any other age, have considered human learning a curse or a superfluity outside the Church. The passage to which I refer† is the more remarkable when we remember that the treatise in which it occurs was written, in part, to combat the passion for secular learning, dangerous in that day, which prevailed among a section of the African clergy.‡

* Confess., iv. 6. "Quæ mihi quasi declamatio levis quam gravis confessio videtur."—Retract., lib. ii. 6.

† De Præscrip. Heret.

* This is his language to Romanianus, "Nunquam cessavimus inhiantes in philosophiam . . . . . Nodum aderat ea flamma, quæ summa nos arreptura erat, cum ecce tibi libri quidam pleni bonas res Arabices ubi exhalarunt in nos, ubi illi flammulæ instillarunt pretiosisimi unguenti guttas paucissimas, incredibile, Romaniane, incredibile, et ultra quod fortasse de me, et tu credis, etiam mihi ipso de meipso incredibile incendium concitarunt." C. Acad., lib. ii. 2, tom. i. 425.

† De Doctrinâ Christ. ii. 28–31, 40.

‡ This view is quite consistent with the fact that after he was called to the episcopate he had no further time for such studies, and even used very severe language occasionally when he saw danger of excess in that direction. "Innumerabiles fabulæ poetarum, oratorum inflata et expolita . . . .

Turning from philosophy to literature, we find that Augustine had scruples as to his fondness for Terence and Virgil. In reference to Terence, this can easily be accounted for. His lines were much used to afford ground-colors for the rhetorical style, and the Christian Bishop had learned to despise those retail dealers in words.* There are also obscene passages in his plays. Indeed, his very connection with the stage was a strong objection to him in Augustine's judgment. He could not forget the voluptuous excitement throbbing in the very air, the sanguinary fanaticism of the circus, which he describes with so masterly a touch in the case of Alypius.† Wherever the Latin language was spoken, the writings of Virgil had acquired a popularity which at first sight seems unaccountable. Such exquisite finish, such curious felicity, requires culture to be appreciated. Yet lines of Virgil are scrawled on the poorest tombs among the catacombs, and scratched upon the walls of Pompeii by the hands of the lowest of the people. I leave it to others to discover reasons for this popularity, of which I am ignorant. For my part I am content to find the cause in that subjectivity with which he is sometimes reproached, in that pathetic tenderness which, as has been well said, makes Virgil the first of the moderns. The people excuse refinement when it is pathetic. They pardon the finish of the line, when they can still see that it is written by one whose eyes were moistened with a tear. To this peculiarity of Virgil's genius no more delicate tribute has ever been paid than the sweet and burning tears shed by the passionate and imaginative boy, and for which the Bishop so bitterly reproached himself, "Tantillus puer et tantus peccator." To estimate fully the enchantment which Virgil exercised over Augustine, we must turn to those treatises of his which fill up a gap in the Confessions, the works against the Academics, On Order, and Concerning the Blessed Life. After his memorable conversion, and resignation of his professorship, his friend Verecundus kindly lent him his villa at Cassiciacum.* There he retired for some months to prepare himself for his baptism, accompanied by Monica, by the son whom he was so soon to lose, and by a select circle of African friends, by Alypius, Navigius his brother, Trygetius, Lastidianus, Rusticus, and Licentius, the poetical son of Romanianus. There, in the evening generally, after their letters were written, and the superintendence of the farm completed for the day, the party discussed philosophical questions, such as the power of wisdom to give certainty, happiness, order. A singular freedom and toleration breathed through the conferences of these delightful days. Of one of the party, at least—Licentius, in whose subjective and melancholy strain there is an undertone which reminds us of the poetry of our own day—we know that even many years later he was not distinctively a Christian. Among the company there was not a single ecclesiastic to precipitate the work. Cassiciacum† was situ-

mendacia, philosophorum garrulæ argutiæ . . . . posteaquam mihi curarum ecclesiæ sarcina imposita est, omnes illæ deliciæ fugere de manibus."—Epistola Memorio, cxxxi., tom. ii. 647.

* Venditorem verborum.—Confess., ix. 5. Nundinis loquacitatis, ix. 2.

† Ibid. iii. 8. Even in reference to Terence, he will not accuse those words which are elect and precious vessels, but that wine of devils which we are given to quaff in them.—i. 16.

* Confess., ix. 3.

† Local tradition identifies Cassiciacum with Cassago, a village about eight leagues north-east of Milan. The oldest authority for this is, however, a note in the parish-registry, stating, *memoriæ proditum esse*, that Augustine had sojourned in the place. Manzoni gives strong etymological reasons against the substitution of *ago* for *iacum*. Besides this, the view from Cassago is commonplace, and by no means agrees with Augustine's indications. On the contrary, *Casciago*, another Lombard town, in the opinion of Manzoni and Cossa presents no etymological objection. "It is situated on a prominence at the foot of a group of hills. On its western horizon is Monte Rosa, and the line of the Alps to their junction with the Apennines. To the south-east, a vast opening in which sight is lost; to the east and north-east the mountains of Bergamasqui and of the lake of Como; within this magnificent framework, a part of the Lago Maggiore, four other small lakes nearer; further off, the entire plain, like the hills, sowed with villas, towns, and villages, several of which at least must have existed in the time of Augustine." Another circumstance is mentioned of much importance in deciding the question. At Casciago there is a little torrent which is frequently dry, but which has enough water in autumn to justify the *silicibus irruens* of Augustine, and which in one place is pent up between two rocks, so as to admit of being described as *angustiis canalis intertrusa*. There is also a small valley falling off into a slope, and covered with a meadow,

ated in a country of lakes and hills, upon the first stage of the Alps on the side of Lombardy. In that fair spot, "full of the serenity of the Italian sky, and the verdure of the valleys of Switzerland," the time passed away in a quiet and uneventful happiness. In the narrative of these months at Cassiciacum, Virgil is repeatedly mentioned. Upon the lower Alpine slopes—

> "Beneath them spread like a green sea
> The waveless plain of Lombardy,
> Bounded by the vaporous air,
> Islanded by cities fair,"

in the meadow-lawn of the farm of Verecundus, during one of those summer days, which seem to give light and clearness to the intellect, as well as to the eye, or in the soft winter sunshine, the cadence of Virgil's lines seem to mingle with the household cares of the little group, with Monica's gentle housework, and the lowing of the oxen.* In our age of business and distraction, we are tempted to ask with the poet—

> "What shelter to grow ripe is ours,
> What leisure to grow wise?"

We feel that—

> "Too fast we live, too much are tried,
> Too harassed to attain"

the "sweet calm" or "luminous clearness" of the thinkers of old. We cannot help envying Augustine his seclusion at Cassiciacum. Yet let us remember that it was redeemed afterwards by toils that ended with one of the busiest of human lives. To him, at least, the retreat was not one of idleness. He wished deliberately to place his knowledge upon a certain basis, to understand as well as believe, to reconcile faith with reason, and that in him which thought with that which prayed. Like Butler at twenty-one, Augustine at thirty-three "proposed the search after truth as the business of his life."* After many years, the rest and perfume of those months were still fresh in the old man's memory. He says, in words that bring before us a picture of green fields, and forms stretched under sheltering trees: "Thou, O faithful Promiser, givest to Verecundus, for that farm of his at Cassiciacum, where we rested in Thee from the fierce summer-tide of the world, the pleasant greenery of Thy Paradise, since Thou hast forgiven him his earthly sins in Thy mountain." But the quiet work of their mornings must soon be over. Before the evening falls, they must lift up their minds to the great problems that tower before our existence and theirs—like the Alpine heights on which they looked at sunset. It must pass away in a few weeks. From the day of his baptism, to the day when in mortal sickness, he must lie down in the little chamber at Hippo, with the sounds of battle ringing in his ear, he can never know rest again. His eyes will not then be fixed upon the pages of Virgil, but upon the psalms of David hung before his eyes at the foot of his humble bed. Yet it may be that at times, in that busy and holy life, the most musical

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which agrees exactly with the words, *ad pratum descendere*, in *pratuli propinqua descendere*. But at Cassago, there is no running water at any season. See Manzoni's letter to M. Poujoulat upon the locality of Cassiciacum.

* "Disputare cœperamus sole jam in occasium declinante, diesque poenè totus cum in rebus rusticis ordinandis, tum in recensione primi libri Virgilii peractus fuit."—Acad. lib. i. tom. i. 418. "Interpositis pauculis diebus venit Alypius, et exorto sole clarissimo invitat cœli nitor, et quantum in illis locis hyeme poterat, blanduba temperis in pratum descendere."—De Ordine, lib. ii., Ibid. 471. "Tertius autem dies matutinas nubes, quæ nos coegerant in balnem, dissipavit, tempusque pomeridianum candidisimum reddidisset."—De Beatâ Vitâ, Ibid. 504. "Septem fere diebus in disputando fuimus otiosi, cum tres tantum Virgilii libros post primum recenseremus."—C. Acad. lib. ii., Ibid. 425. "Quo tamen opere Licentius in poeticum studium sic inflammabatur, ut aliquantum mihi etiam reprimendus videretur. Tandem tamen ad retractandam quam distuleramus de Academicis questionem, cum a me, quantum potui, lumen philosophiæ laudaretur, non invitus accessit. Et forte dies ita serenus effulserat, ut nulli prorsus rei magis quam serenandis animis nostris congruere videretur. . . . . Maturius itaque solito lectos reliquimus paululumque cum rusticis egimus quod tempus urgebat."—C. Acad. ii., Ibid. 426. "Ire cœperam in balneas. Ille enim locus cum cœlo tristi in agro esse minime poteramus, aptus ad disputandum et familiaris fuit."—De Ordine, lib. i. 8, Ibid. 467.

* "Contemptis tamen ceteris omnibus quæ bona mortales putant, huic investigando, inservire proposui. . . . . Mihi autem certum est, nusquam prorsus ab auctoritate Christi discedere . . . quod autem subtilissimâ ratione persequendum est, ita enim jam sum affectus ut quod sit verum non *credendo solum sed etiam intelligendo* apprehendere impatienter desideramus, apud Platonem me intueri quod sacris nostris non repugnat reperturum esse confido."—C. Academ. i.

words which he has heard upon earth will fall upon the ear of memory, when he is listening most intently to catch the strains that come from the City of God.*

This sketch would be very deficient without some reference to the state of religion in Africa in the fourth century. More than in most countries, Christianity there was tinctured by the soil in which it grew. Donatism may be considered as the expression of national and religious jealousy. The "fractionary" ecclesiastical spirit of the African Christians has been traced in the enormous numbers of the African bishops. For instance, in one conference at Carthage, (A.D. 411) we read of 279 Donatist, 286 Catholic bishops. The colonists acquired something of the fierceness of the tribes by whom they were surrounded. The Donatists, those Puritans of Africa, had their Anabaptists and Fifth Monarchy men in the Circumcellion. Some one has ingeniously said that yet another analogy between the Puritans and the Donatists is suggested by those extraordinary names which, as we turn over the pages of a Church History, remind us for a moment of passages at which we have smiled in Woodstock. But the love of these names belonged to African, not to Donatist, Christianity. Among the Catholic bishops, whose names are subscribed to the letter to Pope Innocent against Pelagius and Cœlestius are two Adeodatuses, and three Quodvultdeuses. How prevalent Manicheism was, no reader of the Confessions can forget. It was no unusual circumstance to find three bishops in one town, Manichean, Donatist, and Catholic. Heathenism lingered on still. Augustine speaks, with an eloquent shudder, of the hideous and effeminate wretches, who, with unguent-dripping locks and whitened faces, up to yesterday, as he says, went in the processions of the Magna Mater through the streets of Carthage.† The country, and especially Carthage, was haunted by dissolute fortune-tellers and spiritualists,* the maggots who crawl from the rottenness of scepticism. Aruspices still remained and sacrificed.† Ingenious people were puzzled by impostors, *mathematici*.‡ Now an image was rashly broken by the Christians, and the population rose in fury. Now a nomad tribe had a bargain to make with its civilized neighbors, and scruples of conscience arose, because the barbarians would only swear by their own gods. As is the case in India now, two phenomena were exhibited, on the one hand a fanatical revival of the old religion, on the other a philosophical rationalism, which sought to preserve a minimum of it, inculcating the moral ideas of the new faith. There, as ever in analogous circumstances, two currents of thought are formed drop by drop, until at last the equilibrium is broken, the mass of the new ideas exceeds that of the old, and the old is absorbed and lost in the new. The letters of two pagans to Augustine, Longinianus the priest, and Maximus of Madaura, illustrate this truth. At Carthage, and elsewhere, the Christian Church had not yet filtered off all the dregs of paganism. Augustine admits that he knew Christians who were worshippers of pictures and sepulchres. There were riotous feasts, nominally changed into Memories of Martyrs, but in carnality and excess in no respect different from the old festivals in the temples of the idols. At Hippo itself, there were Church feasts, whose admitted extravagances were sanctioned, or palliated, by a reference to similar abuses, committed at Rome, under the eyes of its bishop. Such is a hasty and faintly drawn sketch of the varied life of populous towns§ now overthrown and for-

* M. Saisset has pointed out a curious Virgilian reminiscence in the De Civ. D., xiv. 27. "Sine ardoris illecebroso stimulo infunderetur gremio uxoris."—*Cf.* Æneid., viii. 406. "Conjugis infusus gremio." Another such reminiscence may be cited—the reference to Dares and Entellus, in his letter to Jerome.—Tom. ii., Epist. 68.

† "Usque in hesternum diem . . . . . defecit interpretatio, erubuit ratio, conticuit oratio."—De Civ. Dei, vii. 26.

* "Quos ipsi bene novimus per innumera scorta solere dissolvi."—C. Acad. lib. i., tom. t. 417. See the curious story of the "medium" Albricerinus. —Ibid.

† One of these applied to Augustine when he was a candidate for the theatrical prize poem:—"Mandasse mihi nescio quem haruspicem, quid ei dare mercedis vellem, ut vincerem; me autem fœda illa sacramenta abominatum respondisse: nec si corona illa esset immortaliter aurea, muscam pro victoria mea necari me sinere."—Confess. iv. 2.

‡ Ibid. iv. 3.

§ Of one of these Roman-African towns, a correspondent of the *Times* wrote a few years ago—

gotten in the desert, or remembered only to be execrated as the nests of pirates.*

Erasmus complains bitterly that the powers of Augustine were wasted upon Africa. Such a genius would have produced still nobler fruits, had it been born or lived in Italy or Gaul. The rudeness, the voluptuousness, the small and restless curiosity of Africa, was hostile to literary excellence and philosophical ripeness.* This may be partly true. It seems, indeed, that the scanty hours left to the Bishop, after the toils of controversy, the care of his flock, and the superintendence of his clergy, were broken in upon by a noisy throng of babbling visitors, fond of hearing their own tongues, and utterly incapable of solid discussion. But the discordant elements into which he was thrown have gained for us one useful lesson. It is instructive to see how thoroughly Augustine had mastered the thoughts and the wants of his own age; what an extensive toleration he possessed, in spite of the occasional severity and dogmatism which grate upon a modern ear. He answers the strange letter of Volutianus with an exemplary patience which astonishes Erasmus; of the Manicheans he speaks generally in the tone of one who knew the difficulty of finding truth. Perhaps something like a parallel may be found in Newman—the same long uncertainty lulled in dogmatism, only awakening from time to time to tremble with excitement and sympathy for the fortune of others. But the parallel must be drawn with due allowance for the difference between the manly submission to the Catholic Christianity of the fourth century, and the suicide of reason involved in the acceptance of Ultramontanism in the nineteenth century.

III.

It only remains to notice briefly the milestones on the road-side of Augustine's intellectual career. We may term it, with equal truth, his spiritual career, for with him the intellectual and the spiritual are so interfused that we cannot discriminate one from the other. With many men, conversion is the ab-

"Under the shadow of the forest-hill at Batna, upon which the lion, the panther, and the wild boar range, a Roman city, which once held 50,000 inhabitants, and where ninety bishops assembled in council, lies a ruin." For this citation I am indebted to a passage in Archdeacon Lee's lectures, where he draws with solemn eloquence the moral of Donatism.—"Lectures on Ecclesiastical History," p. 96, *sqq.*

* Of Hippo, now Bona, an eloquent description has been given by the Abbé Sibour. "The chapel of Bona is an old and miserable mosque, which the Moors themselves have abandoned. . . . . Beneath the shadow of aged olive trees, which extend their boughs over the tomb of Hippo, I was able to call up the phantom of the buried city. Nothing was changed—the same rounded coasts the same waves which bathed them, the same bluish mountains on the side of Carthage, and near us the chain of the Edough, rising up with its sombre gorges and wild aspect. The Seybouse rolled its slow waters. . . . We walked along a road hemmed in by two living hedges of cactus and aloes. The Arabs have given Bona the name of Uneba. Sometimes, from the thick hills of thorny shrubs, we saw the acanthus raise its great elegantly-cut leaves. We were, in fact, on the ruins of Hippo. The town covered with its buildings the two slopes which we had ascended, and which, by a gradual fall, descend to the banks of the Seybouse near the sea. Some stones were all that remained of the city of Augustine. . . . . On that one of the two hills of Hippo which is nearest to the Abou-gemma, on the side of the sea, you meet as you ascend the remains of a vast edifice. All round old olive trees, thick cactuses garnished with points, grow wild from the energy of a soil of which all proves the luxuriant fertility. The character of these ruins, the extent of the building to which they belong, the solidity of the walls and vaults, the situation, make one believe at first that these are the remains of a church—perhaps the crypt of that *Basilica Pacis* where the voice of Augustine was so often raised, and where his tomb was placed. But other indications, especially the remains of aqueducts, appear to give the building another destination. The ruins have probably nothing sacred, and belong to the old cisterns of Hippo—vast reservoirs, fed at a great expense from the sources of the Edough. . . . . The Arabs and Kabyles of the mountains perform some curious ceremonies on a portion of the wall, in an angle of the edifice, upon a great stone. Upon asking their reason, they reply that a great Roumi lived here, that his history was written upon the stone, but that the stone was broken." M. Sibour argues that this great Roumi is Augustine: that the stone was transferred from its place in the ruins of the Basilica Pacis, where it covered the body of Augustine, together with the remains of the great bishop, lest the tomb should be profaned by the Arian Vandals on the taking of Hippo.—Translation de la Relique de S. Augustine, par M. l'Abbé Sibour—in Poujoulat's Histoire de S. Augustine, ii. 445–450.

* "Rudis erat Africa, voluptatum avida, studiorum inimica, curiosarum rerum appetens." August. Opp. tom. ii. 1. "Eorum irruentem presentiam qui plerumque non sunt apti lali negotio, magisque linguæ certaminibus quam scientiæ luminibus delectantur."—Volusianus Augustino.

dication, with him it is the consummation, of reason.

While yet divided between passion and vanity, his soul is reached by the Hortensius of Cicero. The first ring was touched, and the chain never ceased to vibrate. The great problem of the origin of evil first occupied his thoughts, and led to his long subjugation to Manicheism. To this, without being ever fully converted himself, he made several converts, as has happened more than once with converts to Rome in our own day. During nine years of Manicheism he was never thoroughly satisfied with it. Perhaps his mother was led to her dream by the prophetic penetration of maternal love.* He seems to have held, first, a kind of Dualism,† then, the theory of an extended God;‡ or, as he himself says, an extended nothing. He made various efforts to escape from these unsatisfactory speculations. Epicureanism might have tempted him for a moment, but the instinct of immortality, strong in such natures as his, preserved him. Subtler theories won him for a while. In despair of attaining to truth, he tended for a little to Academic scepticism, the probabilism of the New Academy. At other times he inclined to Pantheism, the perpetual temptation of the speculative spirit; he uses a very curious similitude to explain the form in which it presented itself to him for a while.§

Such are the bare outlines of this restless career, from Manachæism to scepticism from scepticism to Pantheism. The true cause of the long uncertainty was, as he tells us, want of spirituality.‖ He had had some acquaintance with Scripture from an early period of his life; he had never lived quite outside a current of Christian thought. The ineffable sweetness of the name of Jesus had breathed upon his soul. It is right, and if properly understood, may be most profitable for the Christian to remember, that he who among all Christian teachers, has been pronounced to have had the greatest influence next to Saint Paul, derived his first great religious lessons, not directly from Scripture, but from Platonism. He can be thankful to God in later life that he had mastered some high truths of this philosophy before he really studied the Bible. But he is careful to proclaim that with all its efficacy as an awakener, Platonism is absolutely insufficient as a guide. We cannot discover in it that which alone can act upon the will, the humility of Jesus. "I did not humbly cling to my humbled Lord Jesus: nor know how masterful that infirmity was, the strength of that weakness." The most superficial reading of the Confessions will show with what entire and loving devotion he rested upon the Holy Scriptures, his chaste delight, honeyed with heaven's manna, and luminous with its light.

As specimens of Augustine's philosophy, I shall only refer to his discussion upon Time and Memory.

He is led to a theory of time in the eleventh book by his examination of the first verses of Genesis. He meets those who asked, as an objection to creation, what God was doing before He made heaven and earth, and how it came into His mind to make what he had not made before—this renders it necessary for him to examine the notion of Time.

The substance of his doctrine is this,—What is Time? It is in the consciousness, and by the aid of memory, that we find the first notion of duration. The mind itself is the type and measure of it. It is not from exterior sources that we acquire the notion of time, but by the inner sense; and it is the mind, the *ego*, which is the original model of that which endures. The present is an ideal point. The past and future have no existence but in the conception of the mind. We do not measure time by motion, but motion by time.

"In thee, my soul, I measure time, in thee I say I measure it. The impression which things as they pass make in thee, and which

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* Confess., iii. 11.

† "Ex adverso sibi duas moles . . . . . utramque infinitam."—Ibid., v. 10; vii. 14.

‡ "Neque enim mihi videbatur esse quidquam quod tale non esset . . . . . spatiosum nihil."—Ibid., viii. 1.

§ "Te autem Domine, ex omni parte ambientem et penetrantem eam, sod usquequaque infinitum. Tamquam si mare esset ubique, et ubique per immensa infinitum solum mare, et haberet intra se spongiam quamlibet magnam, sed finitam tamen; plena esset utique spongia illia ex omni sua parte ex immenso mari; sic creaturam tuam finitam te infinito plenam putabam."—Confess., vii. 5.

‖ "Conabar cogitare Te homo, et talis homo, summum et solum et verum Deum!"—Ibid., vii. 1.

abides when they have passed away, that impression which is present I measure, not things which have passed away that it might remain. It I measure when I measure time. Therefore, either this impression is time, or I do not measure time."*

In the treatise on Memory, modern psychology has solved Augustine's great difficulty—our memory of having forgotten something†—by the distinction between memory and reminiscence. Memory is spontaneous, reminiscence is memory with effort. When we will to remember a thing which does not come spontaneously to us, we remember something relative to it, which gives us a relative conception of it. We may have no conception what the thing is, only what relation it bears to something else. That relation affords an "abscissio infinitæ investigationis," and suggests another relation or relations, until we remember the whole thing.

I shall be amply rewarded if these pages should induce any younger reader to study the Confessions for himself. We honor this great teacher, not by heaping upon him extravagant titles of traditional honor, not as they did who carried his assumed relics from Pavia to Bona,‡ but by being made partakers of his spirit. Better than any positive result of his psychological speculations is that fresh admiration for the glories and depth of man's nature. "And they go to admire the heights of the mountains, and the billows of the sea, and the starry heavens, and *leave themselves*."* Better even than all the great pages in which he has left us the everlasting lines of our faith, his conviction that Christianity is inexhaustible by man's wit or thought. Let us read him as he himself would be read, not with the prostrate spirit of slaves, not superstitiously splintering off single texts as if infallible, but, with the reverent liberty of Christian freemen. Let us admire and imitate, as far as may be, the mingled depth and tenderness of a great heart and a great intellect; the saving common-sense which so often rescued him from the errors into which mere logic would have precipitated him; the consideration for the weak; the determination to understand an adversary's position thoroughly; the manly faith in human reason; the intense reverence for Scripture; the humble penitence and gentle trust in Christ.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

* Confess. vi. 27. Saisset's "Citè de Dieu," Introduction, lxxxix., *sqq.* "Here is Augustine's thought which has not been well understood. The sure proof that the mind is the measure of time, or measures time, is that it measures silence. And as silence is not anything real, but simply a privation, and as no privation can be measured, the mind always measures silence by its own duration and intervals, which form part of time."—Notes of D. Martin's Traduction des Confessions, Tom. ii. 219.

† Confess. x. 16. Hamilton's Reid, p. 359. "On this footing, what Augustine qualifies by the name of oblivion would be, in name and fact, a true reminiscence, or even a confused sign of a thing which memory has lost. It is like a cloth drawn before a picture which we have formerly seen in a room. It is certain that the cloth, which hides the picture, recalls to those who have looked on it the idea of a picture, without recalling what it represents."—D. Martin, ut supra, 57, 58.

‡ For a vivid description of the translation of these [alleged] relics by the French in 1842, see Poujoulat's "Histoire de Saint Augustine," i., 413–456.

The Saturday Review.

MEDIÆVAL NOTICES OF CHINA.†

THE present is an appropriate time for collecting the fragments of mediæval and classical literature relating to the vast Empire of China. The period of imperfect knowledge of the far East is passing away, not only for the learned few and the merchants and travellers who supply them with information, but for the great mass of readers in Western Europe, to whom China is now brought so near by modern facilities of communication. We are also on the eve of a much closer intercourse. Already the promoters of the telegraph are threatening to invade China in three different directions. The Russian Government lines extend from St. Petersburg to Kiachta, within four days' journey of Pekin; a New York Company is established to connect the Chinese ports with America, by means of the line across Behring's Straits; and a project has been

* Confess., x. 8.

† *Cathay, and the way thither; being a Collection of Mediæval Notices of China.* Translated and Edited by Colonel Henry Yule, C.B., late of the Royal Engineers (Bengal), with a Preliminary Essay on the Intercourse between China and the Western Nations previous to the Discovery of the Cape Route. 2 vols. Printed for the Hakluyt Society.

long on foot to extend the Indo-European telegraph to China and Australia. The next few years will probably see the threatened invasion successful in all three directions, and competition will insure that abundance of messages which has been unattainable with America and India, and on which depends any keen interest here both in Chinese events and those which befall English communities in regions so remote. Familiar intercourse and knowledge will also be promoted by the multiplication of mail routes, and still more by the extension of railways, which cannot be much longer delayed. The instinct of commerce is toward the shortest road, and as the trade is enormous, the imperiousness of the demand must very soon call forth the supply. Already the interval between the most eastern point of the Indian railway system and the western provinces of China is not very great; and it is not to be supposed that the immobility of Government officials, both here and in India, in regard to this matter, will endure eternally. Obdurate as Governments are, there are levers which in time can move them. Assisted by railway enterprise in China itself, the railway connection of India with China would greatly facilitate the transit between Chinese ports and Europe. A week from Shanghai to Bombay would be substituted for the month's voyage which must now be performed. Further, while these railways are in progress, we may assume that the interval between India and Western Europe will be abridged. The Euphrates Valley line is again beginning to be thought of, and will not be deferred indefinitely, when the weekly mail from Bombay about to be established has created a desire for accelerated speed in each mail, so as to prevent two or three being *en route* in each direction at once. It is not looking much farther ahead to suppose Sir Macdonald Stephenson's project executed, and a railway completed to Constantinople, along with the junction of the extremities of the Euphrates Valley line on the one side with the European system at Constantinople, and, on the other, with the Indian system extended to Kurrachee. This would give us a through railway route all the way to China, to be followed at no distant interval, if not preceded, by a competing line through Russian territory to Kiachta, and thence to Pekin. Overland routes will thus have been restored to their early pre-eminence as the avenues to China, and the daily throngs of travellers and press of traffic between East and West will multiply acquaintanceship and knowledge. On the eve of a revolution so great, the careful collection and editing of documents showing the state of past knowledge is, as we have said, opportune. Along with our full existing knowledge we shall have the incomplete pictures of the past necessary to the comprehension of Chinese history, and some strange episodes in the fortunes of Christian civilization, in which we shall have more interest as the localities will be better known.

We think, therefore, very highly of the idea of the present publication under the auspices of the Hakluyt Society. What we understand to be intended is a complete collection of mediæval notices of China, with the exception of Marco Polo's travels, which are considered important enough to deserve independent editing. We are of opinion also that Colonel Yule has executed very ably the task of translator and annotator, which was by no means an easy one. The mere collection of certain books of travel, or slighter mediæval notices of China, would not have been any great matter. Indeed, most of the narratives in these volumes—Ibn Batuta's, the travels of Benedict Goez, and Friar Odoric's—have all appeared in an English dress, though not lately republished; but it requires no little learning and acquaintance with the works of travellers and geographers to collate and bring out the full meaning of these old records. Little as things change in the East, there have been great changes since the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, necessitating a very high degree of ingenuity in the work of identifying the places visited by old travellers, and illustrating their remarks. The patience, industry, and skill which Colonel Yule has brought to bear are manifest in every line, and whatever mistakes minute criticism might detect in his conclusions, they are so generally sound that, as a guide, he may safely be taken on trust by the unlearned reader. Especially valuable are the suggestions

as to the origin of the extravagant reports which injured the credit of these early travellers at the time. No doubt the travellers occasionally told "crammers" to magnify their vocation, as when Friar Odoric says he saw "tortoises bigger in compass than the dome of St. Anthony's Church in Padua," or when Ibn Batuta exaggerates by three or four times the measurement of Indian monuments. But usually the most astonishing things they recorded were hearsay, such as Friar Odoric's notice of the Dead Sea, "the water whereof runneth ever toward the south, and if any one falleth into that water he is never seen more." The source of this legend is clearly identified in a native report about the sea south of the Straits of Bali. As we now perceive, if our ancestors had been of a critical turn, given to comparing notes, they might have constructed a very fair picture of the Chinese Empire by eliminating from all the narratives what was hearsay, and piecing together only the accounts of what travellers declared they had seen. The brevity of the narratives, and the directness with which the main features of Chinese society are seized and described, are beyond praise, and might serve as models for moderns, who have too often the necessity of book-making before their eyes. Nothing could be better, for instance, than Friar Odoric's description of the ceremonial at the Chinese Court, and the inconvertible paper currency, in which financial expedient the Chinese so long preceded us. Colonel Yule's annotations, by making clear the references in the more doubtful passages, increase our respect for the veracity of these early travellers, whose wonderful relations were scoffed at by an age not otherwise sceptical, to be verified by more frequent means of knowledge when scepticism is more active. Colonel Yule likewise deserves praise for the preliminary essay in which he sums up the labors of travellers and geographers, prior to the verification by Goez of the suspicion that the land known to travellers through Tartary as Cathay was identical with the China known to travellers by sea. It is a pleasure to see a good bit of genuine criticism settling many important points of historical interest. The result in the present instance is a mass of trustworthy material ready for the use of the future historian of the Asiatic Continent, and in the meantime for the use of all who are interested in the study of Oriental literature and history.

The history of Christianity in China may serve as a specimen of the questions illustrated. There are legends of the Apostles Thomas and Bartholomew having preached in China, and it is less doubtful that the Nestorian Church in the seventh century displayed a very active missionary spirit, spreading Christianity all over Central Asia and Tartary, and into the "Central Flowery Kingdom" as well. In the first quarter of the eighth century there were metropolitan sees at Herat and Samarcand, and in China; and in the ninth century the metropolitan of China is mentioned by Syrian authors with the metropolitans of India, Persia, Merv, Syria, Arabia, Herat, and Samarcand, as excused by the distance of their sees from attending the Synods of the Church. This early Christianity had to compete in Asia Minor with Mohammedanism, and in China with Buddhism—in both cases yielding to its rival after a struggle of centuries. Nor was the Christianity which yielded always weak and struggling. Without assuming the authenticity of the alleged Syro-Chinese inscription said to have been unearthed by the Jesuit missionaries in 1625 at Singanfu, narrating the great progress of Christianity under Imperial favor in the seventh and eighth centuries, the decrees and notices in Chinese records show that the Christian Church must have attained at that time considerable extent and power. There was a great falling off a century later, as appears from a notice in an Arabian author, "Mohammed, the son of Isaac, surnamed Abulfaraj," who mentions the return to Bagdad of a Christian monk from China, bringing the news that the Church had been destroyed in China, and only one Christian left. A few centuries after, when the wave of Mongolian conquest swept eastward over China, and westward into Europe, Christianity made way among the Tartars, and was again established in China. To this period belongs the mythical Prester John, who really appears to have had a sub-

stantive original among the Mongols. In the thirteenth century China was visited by Catholic missionaries from the Pope, and John of Monte-Corvino, a Franciscan monk, was made Archbishop of Khanbalig or Pekin. The missions flourished under the patronage of the Emperor, and not the least interesting part of the present volume is the collection of missionary notices of this period. Chief among these, of course, are Friar Odoric's travels, but the collection includes letters from John of Monte-Corvino and his associates, reporting progress, and beseeching news from Europe, from which sometimes they do not appear to have heard for twelve years. There are also extracts from the strange History of Bohemia by John de Marignolli, who had been a legate from the Pope to China, and, being instructed in his old age to write a History of Bohemia for the sovereign of that country, to whose Court he was on a visit, included it in an account of China and his reminiscences of travel—a history which mouldered in the Prague archives for centuries, till 1768, when it was published by a German archæologist, though the passages relating to China did not attract notice till 1820. At the time of these missions, a good deal of commercial intercourse began to spring up between China and the West, but, from what causes is not very clear, the intercourse was interrupted. Both Catholic and Nestorian Christianity disappeared altogether; and when the Jesuit missionaries reached China in the sixteenth century in the track of the Portuguese, it appeared as if Christianity had been hitherto unknown, the Jesuits being themselves ignorant of their Franciscan predecessors. What was the fate of Jesuit missions after a temporary tide of prosperity is well enough known. This melancholy history is full of warning. There is a popular tendency to believe that the history of Christianity has been one of almost unvarying aggression and conquest; but in Asia, after threatening to conquer, it was supplanted by rivals we are accustomed to look on with contempt. Only a few relics of the flourishing churches of the eighth century remain in the recesses of Persia.

The history of Christianity in China is only one of the many interesting questions on which Colonel Yule throws light. We might name, among others, the parallel history of Mohammedanism in the east of Asia, and the history of most of the conquests which China and Asia have undergone since the Christian era. In regard to very recent events, Colonel Yule's information appears to have been in one instance imperfect, for, while noticing the fact, he has no details to give of the recent revolution in Chinese Turkestan and Dzungaria by which the Chinese rulers have been completely expelled the country. The Russian newspapers within the last two years have contained frequent notices of the revolution, which has been finally completed this year by the arrival of a great many Chinese fugitives on Russian territory, in the neighborhood of the Ili district. But the information in general is so accurate and complete that this defect is a very small matter. Perhaps we should notice, in conclusion, the question of the future of China, immediately suggested by a work like this, and at which Colonel Yule for a moment glances. It is not merely what influence Christianity, which has several times failed to gain a footing, can now have, but what will be the whole effect of European civilization in contact with institutions so decaying and corrupt as those of China. Colonel Yule points out that the anomaly in China is the vast growth of population, in spite of political and social decay. The world has often seen the fall of empires accompanied and hastened by the "decay of men," and the place of the fallen race has been taken by others; but the prospect of so numerous a people as the Chinese being displaced is too terrible to the imagination. A strict Darwinian, applying the theory of the "struggle for existence" to the human race, may perhaps contemplate the prospect with the equanimity shown by most people in the prospect of the inevitable fate of Red Indians or New Zealanders; but the majority are incapable of such a stretch of scientific logic. At any rate, the prospect is a remote one; and for a time, Europeans and Chinese will have to adjust their mutual relations on the close footing that is now unavoidable. Whatever happens, it can scarcely be doubted that that ancient empire is destined to a great revolution.

The mental life of China might resist, as it has done, the influx of European philosophy and ideas—many of them belonging to stages of thought through which the Chinese fancy they have long since passed—but our science and material inventions are absolutely novel, and cannot fail to alter much in the thought of China as they have done in Europe. Perhaps the problem of the future would seem less obscure if the history of Chinese philosophical systems and religion were better understood among Europeans, and such an understanding appears to be needful before an entrance for European civilization can be gained into the heart of Chinese life. We observe that the publication of annotated editions of English classics for the use of native schools in India has begun. A movement in China for works of a similar description would be a proof that the Chinese are really waking up to the necessities of the times that have come upon them; but we fear there is not yet enough Chinese scholarship among Europeans, nor a sufficient number of Chinese educated in European as well as Chinese literature to supply such a demand. Europeans themselves may have more to learn from the Chinese than they imagine, and the mutual understanding by Europeans and Chinese of each other's literature ought to be the first fruit of the close intercourse now springing up.

The British Quarterly.

BURTON'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.*

Much as has been written about the history of Scotland, and admirably as some parts of that history have been treated, Mr. Burton may fairly claim the merit of having produced the first complete and judicial history of his country; a history which students of other nations will accept as complete in its information, and authoritative in its judgments. Mr. Burton has conceived his work in the spirit of a historian; and he has executed it with the fidelity of a judge, and the skill of an artist. In the first place, he has constructed his work upon a geographical, and not a mere ethnological basis. The history of a race is only accidentally connected with a country, and, however interesting to the ethnologist, is of subordinate interest to the political historian. Mr. Burton therefore does not feel bound to investigate the ancestry of the Irish-Scots, wh se migration into North Britain gave to the country its modern name. He plants his foot upon the soil, and is contented to tell us about its inhabitants, and their history in connection with it; giving to each tribe, Scots, Picts, Welsh, Danes, and English, that degree of prominence which their relations to the country demand. This is the true historical method; and it is the only method that will enable us to estimate satisfactorily the progress of mankind.

Next, Mr. Burton has applied to the antiquarian and legendary history of his country, the severe and searching principles of modern criticism, with an apparent determination to sift fact from fable, and to present it as nearly as possible in its true aspects and relations. The beginning of every national history is more or less fabulous; the imagination, generally inspired by national vanity, supplying the defects of trustworthy information; and when it happens that some great poetical genius, like Livy, or George Buchanan, more intent upon a finished picture than upon photographic truth, embodies these legends without any attempt at critical discrimination, and in forms of imperishable beauty, it becomes very difficult to discharge them from the public mind. If men had not ceased to write and to read Latin, George Buchanan's classic and unrivalled "Rerum Scoticarum Historia," would probably be the immovable national historical creed; we doubt whether even the Niebuhrian knowledge and power of Mr. Burton could have disturbed it.

In the next place, Mr. Burton has no favorite epochs upon which, like Tytler and others, he expends his principal strength; other parts of the history being tacitly regarded as mere padding. He maps out the entire history with a conscientious desire to give to each section of it its due proportions. His own antiquarian proclivities may indeed be recognized; they have led him to undue expatiation on some points in the early

* *The History of Scotland.* From Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688. By John Hill Burton. 4 vols. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

portions of his history; nor does he possess the rare artistic qualities, if indeed he possesses the critical sagacity and skill, which give such a transcendent charm to Mr. Freeman's recent treatment of Norman legends and antiquities in the corresponding period of English history. But Mr. Burton is an antiquarian of a very high order; and his researches have probably thrown upon the early history of Scotland all the light of which it is susceptible. We can, too, forgive a little prolixity in the beginning of a history—so much of the truthful impression of the whole being determined by it; foundations take long to dig out and lay; the apparent progress of every building is most rapid when it has risen a few feet from the ground. Throughout, Mr. Burton has examined authorities with the greatest care; and bestowed upon the history of which they constitute the basis, the greatest pains. In this respect, his history is an artistic whole; its proportions, and its light and shade being determined solely by the incidents which he has to narrate.

Another high quality in Mr. Burton is his high sense of the judicial responsibility of a historian. We do not mean that he has no partialities,—only an automaton could be impartial; a history written by a man who never takes sides would be worthless and intolerable; it is the duty of the historian to take sides, just as it is the duty of a judge to sum up for or against a prisoner. The historian is responsible only for the intelligence and fairness of spirit with which he forms his judgment. The "Note of Provincialism" is so strong in our Scottish brethren, that, when we open one of their books, we have always suggested to us, philosophy or history written on Scottish principles. Mr. Burton, we are happy to say, while justly patriotic and proud of his country, is free from the national fanaticism which, on one or two recent occasions, as well as in some former historians, has made men who are more cosmopolitan laugh, and tempted them to an irreverent citation of the "Three Tailors of Brentford." He does not think either Wallace or Bruce perfect; and he does more justice to the genius, statesmanship, and magnanimity of Edward I., than any previous Scottish historian has done. Wallace, however, was not so undeserving the scaffold to which his ruffianly freebooting, in a time of peace, chiefly consigned him—as even Mr. Burton represents. If the English chroniclers, on the one side, have permitted their prejudices to color the Scottish hero too blackly, the Scottish chroniclers, on the other side, have glossed over a great deal that sadly detracted from his heroism. Old chroniclers demand the greatest critical sagacity on the part of the historian who uses them; and with, perhaps, a pardonable echo of "Scots wha ha" ringing in his ears, Mr. Burton has placed undue reliance on those of his own nation. He does, however, admit qualifications of Wallace's heroic character which we have not been accustomed to find in Scottish historians; only we think historical truth demands that the tinsel of romance be stripped off a little more freely yet. Wallace was tried and executed for marauding atrocities in times of peace, and his condemnation was loudly proclaimed by many of his own countrymen. "From Newcastle to the gates of Carlisle," says Scott, "he left nothing behind him but blood and ashes;" and it should be added, he was delivered up to justice by his own countrymen. In one or two other places we cannot help feeling that Mr. Burton's patriotism has somewhat relieved the dark colors, in which strict justice would delineate the inglorious condition and sometimes the baseness of his nation, especially during the later years of so-called Scottish independence. Henry VIII., severely as much of his conduct deserves to be censured, hardly receives justice at his hand. There is no need to paint the devil blacker than he is. Henry's policy was statesmanlike, and his purpose to unite the two kingdoms was, sooner or later, of inevitable accomplishment. We think, however, that Mr. Burton's conception of the character and policy of Henry VIII., is much nearer the truth than that presented in Mr. Froude's highly colored picture. The degradation of the kingdom, after the death of James IV. at Flodden Field, is glossed over. The French alliance was a desperate resource prompted by blind patriotism, rather than by enlightened statesmanship.

Mr. Burton is not, however, amenable to the charge of constructing historical paradoxes, and of scandalizing the sober muse of history by Quixotic and brilliant tournays on behalf of doubtful reputations; in this respect, his history contrasts very favorably with that of Mr. Froude, with whom, in the latter part of it, he necessarily runs parallel. Mr. Burton is as superior to Mr. Froude as a historian, as he is inferior to him as an artist. We do not know whether a consciousness of the perilous comparison was the incentive, or whether the dust of the antiquarian being disposed of, human interests came into fuller and more inspiring play; but, unquestionably, Mr. Burton's history after the battle of Flodden quickens into a fervor, and clothes itself with a picturesqueness, which are sadly lacking in the earlier volumes. Like Mr. Froude himself, Mr. Burton has done nothing so well as the history of Mary. In their general estimate of this Scottish Medea, both writers agree. Mr. Burton is much the more conscientious in his treatment of evidence, and much the more serious and earnest in his purpose. He has, evidently, made himself perfectly acquainted with all that patient research has brought to light, and he tries faithfully to tell it. In warm sensuous imagination, in picturesque grouping, in consummate artistic touches, Mr. Burton cannot be compared with Mr. Froude; but in plain massive statement of facts, in simple straightforward narrative, in wise, well-balanced judgment, and even in vigorous expression, and epical grandeur, Mr. Burton, in his account of Mary, has the advantage. It is much to Mr. Burton's credit that he does not shrink from a verdict which he knows will be encountered by a vast amount of national prejudice; he pronounces, unhesitatingly, in favor of the genuineness of the casket-letters, and thus brands the guilty Queen with the foulest marks of crime and dishonor; while he refrains from the rhetorical invective of Buchanan, he delivers what is far more damnatory, the solemn and reluctant verdict of history. And yet some passages of this portion of his book rise from the cold lethargy which is too characteristic of it as a whole, into grand and almost passionate rhythm, which awakens both surprise and regret —surprise that so sober a writer is capable of being so inspired, and regret that the inspiration is not more frequent. We give one specimen:—

"At that moment the cup of the wretched woman's bitterness must have been filled to the brim. One by one every refuge had been closed; and over the wide world at home, as well as abroad, there was no quarter to which she could look for countenance. England from the first was not to be thought of. But at the Court of France the door was even more hopelessly closed. There was strong suspicion there of her guilt; and the deed was not one of those acts, perpetrated with Italian subtlety and external decorum in the inner recesses of courts, of which people circulate timid whispers, but was a flagrant act, the common talk of her own people. At all events she had become the husband [wife?] of one guilty beyond all question of the crime held in chief abhorrence at Court; and not only so, but she had brought scandal on the royalty of France—she, the queen-dowager, allying herself with one too well known in Paris—noble, no doubt, as all Scots were, but a needy adventurer, seeking fortune wherever and however he could find her, and notorious for indulgence in vices of a low cast. Then the bulk of what was honorable and respectable among her own subjects had taken arms against her, and the rest would not strike in her defence. But sorest, perhaps, of all the arrows at her heart, was the unkindness of him for whom she had encountered all. This dread skeleton in the house can generally be kept in its secret receptacle in the courts of princes, and even the abodes of moderate respectability; but everything in Holyrood went on too passionately and flagrantly for concealment. Many noticed that she was an oppressed, insulted wife. But little incidents referred to by persons present are more expressive than general accusations. Le Croc said, that, immediately after the marriage, she was curious to know whether he had noticed somewhat of her husband's strange usage toward her, and told him not to wonder if her manner were sad, for she was in deep distress. Once, too, in an

inner chamber, where she was alone with her husband, she was heard to weep, and to say she wished she had a knife, that she might put an end to her existence. By a rare coincidence, this was heard both by Le Croc and Melville. It was reported by the former to the King of France, and recorded by the latter in his diary."

If to write a scholarly, trustworthy, and vigorous history which gathers up into an organic whole the results of all previous investigations, and which leaves little to be expected from future discoverers, be a worthy national service, as great as it is rare, Mr. Burton has achieved it. Scotland may find in the future a historian more picturesque, artistic, and vivid, she will hardly find one more laborious and intelligent, conscientious and able. We cannot hope for a history more complete.

Cornhill Magazine.

CHANCERY FUNDS.

Composed of Government stocks, of various other securities, and of cash uninvested, the funds belonging to the Suitors of the Court of Chancery amount in the aggregate to nearly £60,000,000. Acting on behalf of the court, the Masters had, prior to 1726, committed to their care the moneys and effects in the suits referred to them, while the Usher of the court took charge of any property involved in causes which required no reference to the Masters. In a manner somewhat analogous to the system of modern banking, these functionaries employed for their own benefit the moneys placed in their hands, reserving of course such balances as were deemed sufficient to meet the recurring claims of the suitors. Investments in the stock of the South Sea Company had been made by several of the Masters on their own account; and on the failure of that scheme it was found that defaults on their part amounted to over £100,000. This sum was ultimately made good out of the public revenue; but precautions were taken to prevent the recurrence of so great an abuse.

The Lord Chancellor, by an order of 17th December, 1724, directed each Master "to procure and send to the Bank of England a chest with one lock and hasps for two padlocks." The key of the lock of each chest was to be kept by the Master, and the key of one of the padlocks by one or other of two of the six clerks in Chancery, and the key of the other padlock by the Governor, Deputy-Governor, or Cashier of the Bank. Each master was ordered to deposit in his chest all moneys and securities in his hands belonging to the suitors; the chests were then to be locked and left in charge of the Bank. But as the vault where the chests were kept could not be opened unless two of the Directors of the Bank were present, it of course happened, on every occasion when access was wanted to them in order to comply with the mandates of the court, that the attendance of all these high officials was necessary. The inconvenience and trouble so caused became at length too great for endurance, and led to a change. On the 26th of May, 1725, a general order was made by the Lords Commissioners holding the Great Seal, which directed the money and effects of the suitors to be taken from the Masters' chests, and given into the *direct* custody of the Bank. A subsequent order extended the plan to the moneys in the hands of the Usher. These orders still remain in force; the Bank of England from that time until the present has acted, and now acts, as the custodier of the Chancery funds.

In 1726, an officer under the designation of the Accountant-General was appointed, pursuant to Act of Parliament, to keep the Chancery accounts, and to carry out the orders of the court respecting the receipt and disposal of the funds. This officer, by the Act creating his office, is not allowed to meddle with the actual money either in receipt or payment. All dealings with funds are to be accomplished under his direction, and with his privity; but he himself is debarred from touching a single coin; yet his office is not the less one of great responsibility. At the period of the appointment of the first Accountant-General, upward of 140 years since, the cash and securities made together a total of £741,950, and the number of accounts was 415. The amount, as we have already stated, now verges upon £60,000,000, and the number of accounts

have increased to well-nigh 30,000. Almost without exception the volume of the funds in court has year by year shown a steady increase. Of late that increase has been at the rate of about half a million annually. This is only what might be expected from the growth of the population and the ever-augmenting national wealth. Litigation is, of course, one of the main feeders of the Chancery reservoir. Upon the application of a party to a suit, the court orders the property under dispute to be placed in its hands, where it is retained until the question of right is settled, or until such time as the interests of those entitled are most fully secured. It is then, upon petition, transferred out of court. Legacies bequeathed to minors are not unfrequently paid into court by executors. The sums of cash so paid are in every case invested in consols without expense, and the interest also from time to time as it accumulates; so that the amount of the legacy with compound interest is, in the form of stock, when application is made, transferred to the person entitled, on the attainment of majority. A kindred source of supply is furnished by trust moneys. Trustees or executors who may have doubts of the legality of their proceedings in carrying out the provisions of a trust, or who may be at a loss as to the rights of parties claiming under a will, and desiring to free themselves from responsibility, may, under what is known as the Trustee Relief Act, transfer or pay the trust funds into court. Such funds, if not already in the form of stock, are, as a matter of course, invested by the Accountant-General, and the accruing dividends are also invested solely for the benefit of the parties entitled, who may at any time apply to have the funds paid to them.

For the enfranchisement of land under the Copyhold Acts, and in connection with railway undertakings, very many payments of cash are made to the Accountant-General. These latter are usually for the purchase of land and houses. Where parties labor under a disability to convey, or where an agreement cannot be come to, the railway company, on an award being made by two surveyors, pays the sum into court, and at once takes compulsory possession. The promoters of new undertakings, whether railways, docks, or waterworks, and such like, for which the sanction of the legislature is necessary, are required to deposit with the Court of Chancery a sum amounting to one-eighth of the estimated cost of the undertaking, as preliminary to the application to Parliament. Such deposits in the aggregate usually reach a large annual amount. The present year, however, owing to the collapse of railway enterprise, has proved a signal exception: very few new schemes indeed have been launched, and consequently but a trifling accession made from this source to the Chancery funds. These deposits are made in the month of January, and being for large sums, are reclaimed as early as possible, generally before the end of the parliamentary session, thus remaining in court for only about six months. The proceeds of estates sold under the direction of the court are paid in, as likewise money realized under Private Estate Acts. The property of lunatics and persons of unsound mind is also placed in the custody of the court, and administered under its sanction. Many other minor rills, such as appeal deposits and payments under the Burial Board Act, serve to swell the stream of money ever flowing to its destined receptacle in Chancery.

It thus appears that no inconsiderable portion of the funds in court are quite unconnected with litigious proceedings. Indeed but comparatively few of the vast number of sums appearing in the Accountant-General's books are so. Litigation doubtless in many cases originally brought the money into court; but, the contentious stage passed, as it does in time pass, the funds are not seldom retained purely for purposes of administration. Where, for instance, persons have a life-interest in funds, the dividends are paid to them during their lives (the principal being in the meantime kept securely), and not until their death is a distribution effected. The court thus acts as a trustee, taking safe custody of property and administrating the funds, and when the proper time arrives it deals out to claimants their just and respective shares. In the case of property belonging to rectories, corporations, or other public bodies, it is of signal advantage that the security should be undoubted,

and the dividends duly paid. A double service of trustee and banker is thus discharged by the Accountant-General, and that too without fee, percentage, or commission charged for the management of such accounts.

There are not a few accounts which may be termed *dormant;* that is, accounts from which no payments have been made for many years. These are of two kinds—such as consist, first, of sums of stock with the accumulated dividends; and, secondly, of sums of cash only. From time to time investigation is made into the former; and when it is found that no payment of dividends has been made for fifteen years preceding, the titles of the accounts are extracted, and arranged alphabetically; and the list printed, and copies exhibited on the walls of the different offices of the court for the information of attorneys and all persons concerned. The first investigation was made in 1854, when it appeared that the entire number of accounts, the dividends on which had not been dealt during the time specified, was 566, and the total amount of stock and dividends on such accounts £256,176 2*s.* 8*d.* The result was, that many persons came forward and preferred claims, and about one-half of the above total amount was transferred out to the successful claimants. A second list with new accounts added was published in 1860, and recently a third list has appeared. When the first list was published in 1854, certain solicitors specially devoted themselves to the work of tracing out claims. Guided so far in the first instance by the lists—which, however, contained only the bare titles of the accounts, and in no case the amount of the funds—these gentlemen burrowed among the old orders and other musty documents to which they had access in the Record Office, until such knowledge was gained as enabled them to communicate with the persons whom they had discovered to be entitled to the funds. It was as if treasure had been found.

The happy attorney who had successfully struck upon the right clue and followed it out to certainty, offered to make over the spoil to the rightful owner or owners, who in most cases were entirely ignorant of its existence, on condition that no slight share of the same should be retained by himself. We have known as much as fifty per cent. asked; but whatever were the amounts of the shares parted with by those fortunate persons who thus "heard of something to their advantage," and actually received that something, it is an undoubted fact that very considerable sum of money were pocketed by some of these persevering and successful Chancery excavators.

As a security against dishonest dealing with these accounts, the Accountant-General, when asked for information of the precise amount of the fund, in every case requires evidence that the solicitor is acting for a *bonâ fide* interested person. And every petition to the court regarding the disposal of any such fund must state on the face of it that the fund in question belongs to the fifteen-years' published list.

A return made in 1850 of the dormant *cash* accounts showed that for ten years previously, there were in that state, 1,220; for twenty-five years, 1,056, and for fifty years, 975. No list of these accounts upon which unclaimed cash only is standing, has up to the present time been published. There are nearly 1,200 accounts upon which the stock and cash remaining would not cover the cost of an application for the payment of the fund; and 351 accounts showing sums under £1 while on 831 more the sums range between £1 and £5.

It may be well to give some notion of the nature of the transactions performed by the Accountant-General and his staff of clerks. In the various modes we have indicated cash is paid and stock is transferred into court. These sums remain for a longer or shorter period, and usually become subject to various operations, always, however, under the direction of the court. Dividends are received on stocks, and when received are either paid out to persons or invested or suffered to accumulate without investment. As the interests of the persons entitled may require, the fund on any particular account, consisting of stock, or cash, or both, may be carried to new accounts and retained in Chancery, or at once paid or transferred out. And just as the Accountant-General is required to invest sums paid into court, and dividends as they accumulate, so he

is, when the occasion arises, ordered to sell stocks. The cash so raised may be needed for various purposes. It may be required to pay legacies, to clear off mortgages, or in the case of creditors' suits, to discharge debts, or what is very much more frequent, to pay costs. Sales of stock are being constantly made for this last purpose—the total amount sold each year is very large indeed.

Costs are paid to solicitors, who among the various claiments on a fund have always a priority accorded to them. In the applications made to court for orders or for other objects, and in the conduct of suits, as well as in the general management of Chancery proceedings, many and various expenses are incurred. Solicitors have to fee counsel, to advance money for stamps, and to make sundry outlays on behalf of their clients. Their own labors have besides to be remunerated. There is a scale of charges published in the general orders of the court, which fix the rate according to which attendances and other services are paid for, so far as these relate to necessary proceedings in the management of the business of suits and matters under the cognizance of the court. The bill of costs of every attorney is besides taxed by the proper taxing-master, so that there is no room for undue charges; or, if such charges are made, they are not *allowed* by that official, and consequently not paid for out of the funds in court standing to the particular cause or matter.

In carrying out the orders of the court respecting funds already in, or to be brought into its custody, the main duties of the Accountant-General are, as we have stated, to receive cash and stocks, and to invest cash in stocks. In the same way he sells stocks, pays cash, and transfers stocks out of court; he carries over cash and stock from one account to another, and receives and pays dividends. He also, by his clerks, furnishes to the court, through solicitors, certificates of the actual amount of the funds on any of the accounts which appear in his ledgers, when requested by them to do so, as well as affords to these members of the legal profession verbal information of the state of the funds and of all particulars regarding the same, so far as his cognizance extends. In cases when persons to whom cash is payable cannot personally attend at the office in Chancery Lane, he grants powers of attorney to enable them to do so by deputy. Transcripts of his ledger accounts he also makes out for the more precise information of the court, of solicitors or their clients, by which every individual transaction or dealing with any particular fund can be clearly seen.

Of the vast aggregate of Chancery funds, between three and four millions consist of cash. This amount of cash is composed of individual sums, either in the meantime waiting investment, or which are not required to be invested; also of accumulated dividends and of the dormant cash balances to which we have referred. The total sum of cash paid into court varies, of course, from year to year. It may be taken at about ten millions annually, and the repayments, including sums invested, as somewhat under that amount. It follows, therefore, that the balance of general cash remaining uninvested gradually increases. The Bank of England, as banker to the Court of Chancery, would have the exclusive use of these three or four millions of cash balances, were they not otherwise dealt with. The court, however, steps in, and while it leaves with the Bank a balance (£300,000 more or less) sufficiently adequate to recompense it for its trouble as banker, it invests the remainder in Government securities. The funds created by these investments are known by the general designation of suitors' funds, and these we shall now briefly describe. The first investment out of the general or common cash in the custody of the court took place on the 2d of July, 1739, when, pursuant to Act of Parliament, £35,000 were laid out in the purchase of Exchequer tallies, which in 1752 were exchanged for an equal amount of consols. This investment was the foundation and commencement of that portion of the suitors' funds now known as "Fund A." Repeated investments, made from time to time from the same source for upward of a century, have swollen that fund until it now amounts to more than two and a half millions of stock. This stock is of course the representative of so much of the suitors' general cash as has been taken to purchase it, and is there-

fore liable to be reconverted into cash at any time, should the claims of the suitors necessitate such an operation.

The interest arising from the first investment in 1739, to which we have alluded, was used to pay the salaries of the Accountant-General and his clerks. As subsequent investments were made, the salaries of the Masters and other officers of the court were met out of the dividends arising on the stocks purchased. It, however, happened that the interest produced by these various investments was more than sufficient to pay the salaries charged thereon, and accordingly in 1768, an Act (9th Geo. III.) directed that such *surplus interest* should be laid out in the purchase of Government securities, and placed to a new account. The interest yielded by these last securities was also directed to be invested and accumulated on the same account. These investments and accumulations constitute "Fund B." It is to be observed that as Fund B has arisen from surplus interest on Fund A, it is therefore equivalent to the profit account of a banker. Its amount represents the *clear gain* made by the court in its capacity of banker, so to speak, after paying its expenses, and upon which no individual suitor as such has any manner of claim, just as the customer of a banker has no claim on the profit made by the use of banking funds. The interest of Fund B, however, instead of being allowed constantly to accumulate, has been occasionally diverted for such purposes as purchasing ground and building offices; after which temporary diversions, the accumulations of interest were continued to be made as before, and the fund gradually in consequence increased in amount. This was owing to the circumstance that for very many years the income of Fund A alone was more than sufficient to answer all the charges made upon it, so that Fund B was regularly swelled by the surpluses of Fund A as well as by the stated investments of its own produce. In 1826 it had reached £537,800 stock; in 1848 the sum had increased to £1,094,604 10*s.* 10*d.*, while in 1852 the total of investments amounted to not less than £1,291,629 10*s.* 5*d.* In that year its further increase was arrested by Act of Parliament, which made a new disposition of the fund, and directed the interest as it accrued to be carried over to an account already existing, termed the Suitors' Fee Fund Account (Fund C).

This last-named fund was created in 1833 by an Act generally known as "Lord Brougham's Chancery Regulation Act." This Act required the Masters, the Registrars, the Examiners, with their respective staffs of clerks, and also several other officers of the court, to collect the fees formerly received and retained by them by way of salaries, and to pay the same into the bank, to the Suitors' Fee Fund Account. Out of the funds on this account, in lieu of such fees, they were to be remunerated by fixed salaries. All fees imposed on proceedings in the court are also paid to this fee account, entitled Fund C. The surpluses of cash on this fund, after meeting all the charges on it, the Lord Chancellor was empowered to direct to be invested also in Government securities, and thus was created a fourth, or Surplus Fee Account, named Fund D. The stock on this account, in 1852, amounted to £201,028 2*s.* 3*d.* consols. It was also provided that in the event of there being at any time a deficiency in Fund C for the payment of salaries and other expenses of the court, such deficiency was to be made good by resorting to the interest and dividends arising on Fund D, or, in case of need, by a sale of a portion of its capital.

A pretty considerable amount is paid every year to the Fee Fund C, arising from brokerage levied by the Chancery broker on all sums of cash invested and stocks sold. The charge is the ordinary one of one-eighth per cent. Formerly the Accountant-General received a share of the brokerage as part of his official income; but since 1852, he has been paid entirely by fixed salary. More recently the broker has also been recompensed by salary; so that now the entire proceeds of brokerage pass direct from the broker's hands to Fund C. By this arrangement a saving has been effected; all the more, as year by year, owing to the increasing number of Stock Exchange transactions, the amount of brokerage shows a gradual increase.

All fees levied on proceedings in the Court of Chancery since the passing of

the Suitors' Relief Act in 1852, with slight exceptions, are raised by means of stamps, under the direction of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, who keep separate accounts of the same, and each month pay the amount received to the credit of the Fee Fund C. By this act, also, fixed salaries were substituted for fees throughout all the offices of the court. We have already stated that by the Act of 1852 the interest on Fund B was no longer allowed to accumulate on that account, but was directed to be carried as it accrued to the same Fee Fund C. So likewise with the surplus interest on Fund A. The Suitors' Further Relief Act of 1853 enacted that the dividends which would arise from the sum of £201,028 2*s.* 3*d.* consols on Fund D should also in future be carried over to Fund C. Since the passing of these Acts no addition has consequently been made to either of the Funds B or D. The whole amounts of the interest and surplus interest on all the Funds, A, B, and D, are now regularly placed to Fund C, which is entirely an income account, swelled and maintained by these amounts of interest and by the produce of fees levied, while it is charged with the salaries of a whole host of Chancery officials, with pensions, and with the various expenses of all the offices of the court.

The amounts of stock accumulated on Funds B and D are respectively, as already mentioned, £1,291,629 10*s.* 5*d.* and £201,028 2*s.* 3*d.*, making together about one million and a half. It is this sum which Parliament has appropriated for the erection of the new Courts of Justice; nor can it be said that in such an appropriation are the profits and careful accumulations of the Court of Chancery for upward of a hundred years likely to be injudiciously expended.

We cannot conclude this brief account of the Chancery funds without adverting to the efficiency of the establishment entrusted with their management. No one can have read the report of the Chancery Commission issued some two or three years since, without being struck with the ability and thorough knowledge of the business of the department shown by the comments and statements of the Accountant-General and his chief clerk, as contrasted with the suggestions of the Law Societies and several other recommendations contained in the report.

There are, however, two changes of an external kind, which, if introduced, would confer signal benefits: these are, first, the establishment of a branch office by the Bank of England in Chancery Lane; and, secondly, the abolition of the office of signing registrar. In regard to the former, we are glad to find that the plans of the new courts provide accommodation for a branch bank; but why should so great a boon, more especially to the poorer suitors, not at once be conceded? The signature of the registrar to the Chancery checks is the relict of an antiquated and cumbrous system, now happily gone. It is clearly useless, since the examination and check which it formerly authenticated have been long ago abandoned as unnecessary. On the other hand, the adherence to the signature is productive of a vast amount of inconvenience and annoyance, not only to the legal profession, but to bankers and to the suitors themselves, because the registrar will not sign certain checks unless he sees the orders of the court, and these at the time cannot often be had. The name of the Accountant-General attached to the checks he draws on the funds held by him should be sufficient, without the counter-signature of any other official of the court.

Fraser's Magazine.

MARRIAGE LAWS.

MANY reasons concur, making it not expedient only but highly important, that the topic of marriage should be treated fundamentally before popular audiences and in popular books. The teachers of religion, by dealing with it only dogmatically, briefly and allusively, throw away the vast influence, which, if wisely informed, they might beneficially exercise; and already it is manifest that with a formidable fraction of society they have lost all moral authority. Nor only so; but parents seldom feel themselves strong enough in knowledge to converse freely with their children and give them *reasons* for established restrictions. Young persons pick up opinions on the whole question rather from their companions and friends whose

age is slightly in advance of their own, than from their parents or from any maturer and more fully furnished minds. That libertinism of the most demoralizing character flourishes in London, in Paris, and in New York, cannot be a secret; nor that it is confined to no grade of society. But, alas! the chief cities do but impress the imagination more, by the scale of the evil: how much it is really less in smaller assemblages of mankind, is hard to say. One thing only is clear; that the theoretic morality both of the law of the land and of the Christian religion is systematically set at naught by masses of men too numerous to punish and too intelligent to despise; to whom no public argument is addressed; whom no pulpit denunciations affect or reach. And, what makes the evil more untractable, at the back of the offenders lies, as a force in reserve, a theory which they often imagine to justify them; a theory upheld by earnest persons of both sexes, hitherto wholly guiltless of transgression against the received moralities. Concerning opinion in France, Italy, and Germany, we shall not attempt to speak. It concerns us more, that among people who talk English and have Protestant Christianity for the basis of their moral culture, on both sides of the Atlantic, a theory has arisen concerning "free love," which, however variously applied, in every case would supersede marriage. Meanwhile polygamy has burst out, not among the Mormons only, but among the ruder Americans who are in contact with polygamic Indians; and still more preposterous customs are in some sects practised in the name of religion. Evidently it is on American soil that the battle of old and new morality will most actively be fought; but in the time of transition the most sacred virtues are not safe here, unless the whole question is opened to discussion and everything overstrained or unjust in existing institutions be removed. For undoubtedly, nothing so insures a violent and pernicious overthrow, as the pertinacious maintenance of error, and the consecration of injustice.

It may be a dozen years, since a young couple were married in the United States, who forthwith put into all the papers a protest against the tyranny of marriage. (We respect them too much to give the name here; we see it often foremost in philanthropic and virtuous work.) In the advertisement the husband disowned his right to expect "obedience" from his wife; and they jointly declared, that marriage was a thing between themselves and God, with which society and the law had nothing whatever to do. Such is the fundamental idea of "free love;" which with some will be matrimonial faithfulness, with others wild caprice. It assumes that marriage, like friendship, is an affair essentially private, with which it is impertinent and offensive for the State or social opinion to interfere. The assumption is either a truth or a falsehood; until its falsehood is proved, we cannot take the first step in argument beyond; and when such a view is upheld in simple sincerity, by persons who have persuaded themselves that it would deliver us from the prevalent deplorable unchastity, they certainly have a right to expect a frank acceptance of their challenge. We trust that our readers need not fear in this article anything that can justly offend their taste. The most critical of the topics which we need to treat, are such as ought to be deliberately sifted by every prudent maiden.

While two persons live together as married, but without children, nothing appears of which the State must necessarily take cognizance. But unless such a condition of things were exceptional, human society would soon die out; and law must of course be framed on the assumption that offspring will be the result of unions. The instant that children are born, a duty of protection falls upon the State. Our morality has long ago passed beyond the barbaric principle that children belong to the parents only and not to the community also. No one now claims that the parents shall be free to expose them to wild beasts, or starve them by cold or famine. Thus the State at once appears as a guardian on the background, ready to act, if necessary. We may add, this function of the State (which none will now deny) instantly opens a new topic; the right to treat as an offence any premediated destruction of infant life *about to be*. Whether it be expedient to exer-

cise such a right, is quite another question. But the very mention of the claim suffices to show, how delicate and difficult is the argument which would here draw the line between private independence and public interference. But that is not all, nor what is here most to the point. The State is further called to make up its mind, what are the respective rights of the two parents over the children, since it may happen and does happen that they quarrel on the matter. Who is the mother of a child, is generally a notorious and unquestionable fact: if it be quite unknown who is the father, the law has no choice but to acknowledge in the mother exclusively all the rights which parents ought to possess over children. Now if to do this in all cases were right, everything would apparently be simplified. The State might then pass the father by altogether, and ask no questions about marriage-vows or their permanence, about faithfulness or unfaithfulness. It might act as if the mother were the sole parent, and no absolute necessity would appear for legislation concerning marriages. In some parts of the world there probably have been communities, in which this practice was established; issuing in the doctrine that the mother was the head of the family, however public and solemn the marriage tie. It is not uninstructive to consider the conditions under which alone that course of legislation can become plausible.

Some thirty years ago the American missionaries in one of the tropical Pacific islands were much distressed how to deal with one of its native marriage customs. It was an established principle with young women to take a husband *on probation* for a year. If in the course of that period he was found to be a desirable partner, the woman kept him for a permanence: but if ill temper and other evil qualities, which had been suppressed during courtship, showed themselves, she discarded him. To be left with an infant on her hands was to her no hardship at all. The exuberance of nature supplied nutriment on terms so easy, that to feed a family involved no anxiety and no painful effort. The scantiest clothing sufficed, and for children was perhaps thought superfluous: of course all such cares as education, and as the putting forward of children into professions or trades, were unheard of. In this state of things the young women, who had been received under Christian instruction, much resented the injunction of the missionaries that they would all at once tie themselves for life to an unproved husband; and felt the demand to be a hardship and injustice. They urged that while a man is a mere suitor, he is not in his normal state (if we may translate their simple words by our philosophic phrase), and it was very hard for a young woman who at all responded to his suit, to judge of him; but after his first hot passion had consumed itself, his true character came out, and she found whether she was likely to be happy with him. Why should she not get rid of him, if he showed himself to be a tyrant or a log? And was it not better for men themselves to learn, that if they wished to keep a wife, they must deserve to have a wife? We think it impossible for any one to fail to see, that such arguments come from those who profoundly believe marriage to be a moral relation, and in so far take a nobler view of it than do many Europeans, who (as we once heard a German professor avow) suppose it to be merely a legal mode of indulging sensual appetite. No one can confound the reasonings of these Pacific islanders with the sophistries of libertines. The woman speaks as one, who makes a generous gift to a man, and claims to fix by prudential considerations the limits of her own generosity; who receives nothing in return but his love, and feels it hard indeed, if she is to be cheated of that, and to become his slave, merely because she has been affectionate. We may reply, that her reasonings overlook some of the elements of the question; and so they do, in our very different circumstances and different needs. But her arguments are good, so far as they go; and even in our English world they are rather outweighed by other considerations, than open to any refutation in themselves.

We think it thus appears, that if mankind lived in the islands of the blessed; if life were not a struggle; if the providing for children had no anxieties; if men in marrying undertook no grave responsibilities; if women in marrying

gave everything, and undertook certainly some labor in prospect,—that of child-bearing and child-rearing;—then it would not be at all unreasonable in the State to decide concerning all children what they everywhere of necessity decide concerning those whose father is unknown; that is, to pronounce that the children belong to the mother alone: on which follows a total ignoring of the father. The question would then certainly be open, whether the State should trouble itself at all with questions of marriage. But to follow out such argument is useless; for this condition of physical ease is precisely that under which the higher qualities of man are not called out. It is a condition possible only under very exceptional regions of the earth, and there only for a while. Being on the one hand exceptional, and on the other inconsistent with the attainment of those virtues which spring out of steady industry and severe training, it cannot give us a measure for the normal morality of mankind. Peculiarly in England and in Northern Europe is the contrast to that state of things immense. Our women, even when unmarried, earn a livelihood only by constant labor, often ill remunerated. Suffering in childbirth is generally severe, always weakening, and the support of a husband is gravely needed. To feed a family without his toil, is always an unfair, generally a cruel, infliction on the mother; and the higher they are in society, the greater is the expense of education, and the greater the efforts needed to start children advantageously in life. No one can expect a father to undergo the necessary toils and endless sacrifices thus imposed, and yet claim no rights over the children; and no mothers, no women in prospect of marriage, would be so unreasonable as to demand the exclusive right. It is upon this that the interference of the State in marriages primarily becomes inevitable.

In fact, this public sanction of marriage has always been recognized, in the survey of the past, as the first step in the passage out of barbarism into civilization; but reserving the topics therein implied, let us first dwell on the points which enforce the interference of the State. Suppose that to happen which does happen,—that two parents quarrel concerning the education and control of children; or, what comes to the same thing, suppose one or other parent to be dead, and the guardian who represents the deceased to quarrel with the surviving parent. If the persons at variance go so far as to use violence, one or other carrying off the children by force, the State cannot be neutral without sanctioning anarchy; without virtually saying, "Fight it out; and let the conqueror keep his prize." If appealed to, the State is bound to decide between them. It may either say: "The mother, and the mother only has rights over the children" (and we have already seen how grave are the objections to this); or it may say (as English law says): "The mother has absolutely no right as against the father;" or it may attempt some compromise. But if men expect to have any rights as fathers guaranteed to them by the state, they must publicly register their position as husbands, and take on themselves fathers' duties by some formal official act; and this is virtually a marriage. Experience has taught the State, that to secure the validity of wills, it is highly important to insist on certain small and easy formalities, especially as regards two witnesses; and to furnish formal words to express accurately what it is that the witnesses attest. Experience also long ago taught the necessity of formal words to constitute a marriage, —or a divorce, in nations which have allowed freedom of divorce. The framing of formal words, with such other precautions as are needed to insure publicity and avoid fraud, is neither more nor less than the passing of a marriage law by the State. If any persons are willing to go the whole length of sacrificing and denying a father's rights and a father's duties, and throwing all upon the mother; then they can, without being illogical, deny to the State all interference in marriages. Short of this extreme (which in Europe no one could advocate without irrational fanaticism, and not one man or one woman in fifty thousand would approve), it becomes inevitable for the State to desire to know by public register what man each woman looks upon as father of her children, present or prospective, and what woman's children each man avows and claims as his own: since without such register there

is no guarantee of publicity, and a tedious, inconvenient, expensive legal inquiry may on each occasion be needful to ascertain who is the legally responsible father of certain children. Such inquiries do happen now, when a child is born out of wedlock, and the mother cannot support it; but they are on many accounts very undesirable.

It is one thing to maintain (as we do) that every union of man and woman should be a public fact, registered under conditions approved by the State; and it is quite another assertion (which we do not make) that the law of marriage in any particular State is what it ought to be. Many (as it seems to us) on discerning injustice in the public law, have leapt to the conclusion that it is better to discard the State entirely. We might judge differently of this conduct, according to the exigency of the case; but we should in no case be able to censure as immoral those who so acted, if, like the old Quakers, they anxiously gave publicity to their unions, and left nothing obscure as to their morally binding nature. The first Quakers frankly and formally defied the law. They would not go to church to be married, but the kinsfolk and friends of bride and bridegroom assembled, all of whom were at once moral and legal witnesses of the transaction; suitable papers were drawn out, register was (we presume) made in the family Bibles, and the moral relation of the parties was thus as sharply determined as by any legal marriage. The nation in general regarded those early Quakers as fanatics, but we have never read a word that can suggest that any one looked on their marriages as an immoral and impure state of life, or for a moment confounded it with libertinism. Nor do we believe that (even without the intervention of a religious sect) if any man and woman who have overstepped the Christian pale were to call their friends together, and say that they solemnly purpose to live in permanent and faithful conjugal union, but because of some injustice which they feel in the public law, they cannot submit to the legal form of marriage; nevertheless, they call their friends to witness that they take on themselves all rightful responsibilities both toward one another and toward any children whom they may hereafter have; if, we say, they displayed a formal document, and asked witnesses to subscribe it, and after this advertised the transaction in the newspapers;—then, however much some or many of us might deplore their erroneous judgment, we cannot believe that any one would think the wife personally degraded, and shrink from her companionship. Nay, it may safely be predicted, that if such conduct became frequent, Parliament would soon do what it did in the parallel case of Quakers and Jews,—legalize the marriages. But it is widely different, if instead of publicity and frank rebellion, secrecy and obscurity be practised. If, after a stealthy courtship, a couple suddenly elope; if after a while they turn up as ostensibly man and wife; then, though they may remain together faithfully, and bring up children virtuously, they may indeed at length live down their dishonor and command respect, yet it cannot be denied that they *did* dishonor themselves: for they made it extremely difficult for others to understand their position and know how to behave to them. Nay, who of us can yet tell, but that such a husband may six months hence cast off an innocent wife, because he is more attracted by some new object? Private friends, who know him well, may feel sure that this is morally impossible: but if he has done no public act which avows his relationship and confesses his responsibility, he gives to the public no means to distinguish him from a libertine, and refuses to the mother of his children her rightful public recognition. Who can tell that her relation to him is fundamentally different from that of an opera-dancer to a friend whose protection lasts for the season? Externally and formally the union is as fragile in the one case as in the other: not so, if a man (though, through some conscientious or urgent motive, rejecting strict legality) pledge his honor publicly before those whose esteem he most desires. We press this matter earnestly; because we think that the public is often assailed as *bigoted* and *prudish*, where it is not. The matrons of England, equally with statesmen, keenly resent underhand, obscure, clandestine relations between the sexes; but know thoroughly how to respect honest frankness, even when in its defiance of

law it may seem to them somewhat fanatical. But if women are to receive justice, or any portion of it, and if children are to be cared for, we must be severe against clandestine unions.

Persons warmly philanthropic, looking with grief and indignation at the state of despised women, who seem to become in Christendom more wretched, more abandoned, more hopeless of recovery than anywhere else,—sometimes sincerely attribute all the evil to the severity with which female unchastity is abhorred. We have heard an excellent man declare, that the throne of chastity with us is erected on a flooring of human skulls as truly as the throne of Dahomey. Such good people sincerely believe, what many novelists enforce, that English women who are conventionally called virtuous are guilty of much sanctimonious pride and hardness of heart; moreover, that the girls who fall into evil courses are in large proportion recoverable, if only we were willing to accept them on the same footing as their unblamable sisters. Although it is a digression, yet it may be not unimportant in this stage of the argument to protest that the true state of the case is here fundamentally mistaken. In every class there are some hard-hearted persons, and more who from ignorance or thoughtlessness act as if they were hard-hearted. But it is not from such vice, in women called virtuous, that our terrible difficulties arise. It is, from the enormous chasm which divides a life of profligate idleness from the continuous toil of a servant or shop-attendant, who is scarcely allowed a will of her own for any half-hour of the day. A girl who has once learnt the fatal secret, how easily she may earn fine dresses, food, and indolence, will seldom again endure that incessant industry and self-denial, without which women cannot earn wages in England. The prevalent indolence and want of skill in such girls, and their still more unendurable propensity to talk over to other servants the profligate adventures of which they represent themselves the injured heroines, are the real impediments to their reëmployment. A mistress who tries to bring them into her family or establishment, is apt to discover that she must take *all* her servants from that same class; as the others cannot endure their fellowship and perpetual company, even if (what is probably the exception) they show themselves skilful and industrious. We may add, that the reason why unchastity in women is more severely reproved in women than in men, is, because a woman can earn money by it, the man does but spend on it; hence with the former it is a means and mode of life, a fixed and self-propagating evil; with the latter it is self-destructive. To wink at the libertinism of men is bad enough, no doubt; but to establish as not utterly disreputable to women *that* vice which is a trade,—would involve a total subversion of every form of morality. Scoundrelism in money and in politics is sure to go hand in hand with licentiousness, as in the old Paganisms. Nay, Sir James Macintosh has written, that an age of cruelty follows straight upon an age of licentiousness.

For all these reasons, and not from any straining after power, or intrusive folly, every government moderately enlightened *must* desire, however liberal, to establish firm marriage laws. In passing the bill called the Dissenters' Marriage Act, there can be no question that our Parliament intended to show the widest liberality, and to cut away all reason or pretence for aversion to the legal ceremony on the part of those whose intentions were mutually honorable. Registration is really in it the essence of the marriage: it is not even in form a religious ceremony. Religious persons may superadd their own ceremony, and it does not vitiate the legal act: while Pagans or Atheists can equally obtain the legal sanction. But the legislators did not understand that, on the one hand, from the excessive power which English law gives to a husband, and on the other hand, from our very severe limitations of divorce, persons might be found to rebel not against the *ceremony*, but against the *state* of English marriage as in itself full of injustice: and unquestionably there is here still a formidable controversy to be met.

The difficulty has come up, with ludicrous frankness, among the simple-minded negroes recently set free in the Southern States of the American Union. During slavery their marriages were not legal. The masters did not choose to debar themselves from the right of sep-

arating couples at pleasure, nor, with their theory that slaves were "chattels," on a par with "asses or nutmegs," was it possible for them to endure the idea that a male slave had any *rights* in a woman slave, or either parent in the children. But since freedom has been proclaimed, the school teachers from the North have taken pains to induce the freed men and women to consecrate their unions by a legal marriage. No resistance was made at first; perhaps they were proud of the ceremony as a new distinction. But now that the women have learned what rights are hereby given to the men, they are increasingly unwilling to marry; and (what takes Englishmen aback) it is the men who are eager to make their unions legal. Both sexes urge the same fact, but with opposite purpose. The man says: "Do make Chloe marry me; because she won't obey me else." The woman pleads: "I won't marry Sambo, for he will then be able to take my wages from me and bid me make him my massa; and if he beats me, I shall not be able to go away from him; and he will be able to keep my children from me; and if he becomes a drunkard, like Joe, I shall not be able to get rid of him. I don't want a massa at all; I only want a husband." It will be observed, that to a certain extent these women are situated like those above spoken of in tropical islands; that is to say, the women trust their ability to feed themselves and their children by their own work, and regard the power which English law gives to a husband as excessive and tyrannical. At a public meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society last year, several well-known philanthropic ladies distinctly took the side of the negro women, declaring that the marriage law must be altered, the husband must be equalized with the wife, or the submission of the woman to legal marriage could not be expected. In fact, this topic has an importance far beyond what at first appears; for it is at the bottom of the formidable movement toward "free love," which (if we may believe report) gains strength in the United States with educated females, far beyond the limits of the few sects which openly profess it. In England we have no superfluity of rich and lovely land, no facility of physical independence, no aptitude for religious fanaticism (at least in the classes likely to defy public opinion): hence no one is likely to found on this soil religious communities, with marriage-customs scandalous to their neighbors. But if among English Americans who live in faithful union it should become a reputable practice, *on the ground of rightful and necessary freedom*, to disuse every ceremony which can legalize marriage; that is a principle which is sure to be contagious in England with those classes which most sympathize with freedom and with young America: and if once the mass of our artisans, who have already broken with Christianity, break with the principle of legal marriage, State and Church will labor in vain to recover them. A theory will become fact, which obliterates the visible lines of right and wrong, and so confounds the pure and enthusiastic with the selfish sensualist or mercenary jilt, as to threaten very grave results.

The history of marriage among the ancient Romans instructively lays out before us, in cause and effect, the course into which we of the Anglo-Saxon races have entered; and if we do not mistake, gives instruction highly profitable, at once to the conservative intellect which dreads to break down the old legal dogmas, and to the fervent radicalism which believes freedom to be the mother of purity. The Roman (apparently the Sabine) law allowed to the husband and father still greater powers than does the English law; so great, that at an early period the plebeians, who were chiefly Latin, refused to give their daughters into legitimate marriage. Marriage was *inferred* by Roman law, even without any marriage ceremony, from the mere fact of a woman living with a man for a full year as ostensibly his wife. But (as we read) expressly in order to evade this consequence, the Roman wife used systematically to leave her husband's house for three days in the year. Thus she never came "into the hand of her husband," as the Latins phrased it. Only a few patrician families retained the old form of sacred marriage, without which their children were not eligible to hold certain patrician pontificates. Evidently in law nearly the whole nation were bastards; which of course involved no disgrace, when it was all but universal; nor

did any one, till nearly the end of the republic, imagine how suddenly the floodgates of licentiousness would be opened. It is a satisfaction to know that for several centuries very little mischief arose from so universal a defiance of law. The marvel is, that the people should not have changed the law, when it was so universally judged to be bad and intolerable. We must suppose, that the Romans, like the English, asked only, whether the system "worked well;" and finding no inconvenience from the systematic evasion of law, were contented to leave things alone. Moreover it must never be forgotten, that there was *nothing clandestine* in their marriages, but they were entered into with the heartiest interest by the families on each side. Formal marriage contracts with certain arrangements of dowry were made out. The husband had the use of his wife's money, but never became possessor of it. A wife not without private fortune and protected by her whole clan (for the families were organized into clans) had a better moral position than our law gives her; for, in case of gross misconduct on his part, she could leave him at once. It is true, she then left her children in his power; but so she does with us: and this is often the overwhelming cause, for which a mother submits to a life of misery from a bad husband. The Roman law also gave a weight to the tribunals of kinsfolk, to which we are total strangers. Therefore on the whole their illegal marriages have a rough likeness to the marriages of the early Quakers. Nevertheless, Gibbon (certainly no bigot) in a few emphatic words, tells the results of this freedom, in the later development of things (ch. 44):

> When the Roman matrons became the equal and voluntary companions of their lords, a new jurisprudence (?) was introduced—that marriage, like other partnerships, might be dissolved by the abdication of one of the associates. In three centuries of prosperity and corruption, this principle was enlarged to frequent practice and pernicious abuse. Passion, interest, or caprice suggested daily motives for the dissolution of marriage. A word, a sign, a message, a letter, the mandate of a freedman, declared the separation. The most tender of human connections was degraded to a transient society of profit or pleasure. According to the various conditions of life, both sexes felt the disgrace and injury. . . . *A specious theory is confuted by this free and perfect experiment, which demonstrates that the liberty of divorce does not contribute to happiness and virtue.*

It is a favorite notion with some fervent spirits, that the world is very young, our experience very small, our dogmatic morality premature and therefore preposterous; and that a large freedom of new "experiments" in marriage, or no marriage, is a prerequisite to any healthy and stable condition. Thus, in our present stage (it seems), the highest morality consists, in society declining to censure individuals, and repenting of its conceit and bigotry. Let it be recognized, that in all relations between the sexes, each man and woman is justified by *good intentions;* and, as long as they *think* they are doing right, let no one censure them. (We are not quoting any one writer, but the substance of what we hear urged, in comments upon certain writers.) The truth, herein mixed with the error, makes it plausible. Most true is it, that the world is young and in a vast number of departments is inexperienced; but equally true is it, that in domestic and popular morality the world is old; and its earliest wisdom is still by far the most valuable. Peculiarly in the cardinal matter on which all human communities depend for existence,—the family relation,—we have an abundant stock of experience: yet even here we admit, and maintain, that through the lamentable obstinacy of conservatism, —which has either refused all change or perhaps strained the bow till it broke, —we have far *less* ample experience than we ought to have. If the laws of marriage (in which we include the law of divorce and the rights of husbands and fathers) are too severe, a time comes at which submission is flatly refused. Enforcement of the law against deliberate and (let us say) fanatical offenders is impossible, if profligate offenders go unpunished; and, unhappily, profligacy has never ceased to stain many of the kinsfolk of nobles and legislators. Thus profligates and pure-minded rebels are in effect a mutual defence, and the law becomes helpless. A great majority among us, from habit, from political conservatism, or from religious

belief, are averse to any tampering (as they call it) with the laws of marriage: but the aspect of the world and the course of events give warning of a great break-down, perhaps with consequences peculiarly disastrous in our present career, if changes are not made of a grave and decisive kind, yet such as to uphold all the main principles on which the sanctity of marriage depends.

Peculiarly disastrous, we say, in our present career. These words may first require to be explained. The English race has become preëminently *migratory*. Our enterprise, which has traversed the seas and planted colonies; our active internal trade and constant migration ever increasing, separate even the members of one family, and that in early life; much more does it totally break up the moral influence of cousins and clanship and neighborhood. This is no place to discuss worthily, *why* it was that the illegal marriages of the Latin race turned out so full of immorality, after having been harmless for several centuries. As partial causes, we must certainly count, 1. the demoralization from civil war; 2. the packing of the Senate by Sulla with political partisans, unscrupulous men, often sanguinary, avaricious, and profligate; 3. as a necessary concomitant, his overthrow of the censor's power, which never again became vigorous under the republic. But the enormous destruction of the aristocratic families (which did not become complete until the defeat of Brutus and Cassius), was perhaps the finally decisive blow: this broke up both the organization of clans and the family influences which had protected the sanctity of marriage with all the upper classes. Under Augustus, we know that among the remaining nobility the unwillingness to have children,—when they could not inherit the freedom into which the father had been born,—was too stubborn for the emperor to overcome. We ought rather to look below the nobility, to see the causes really at work. The newly risen men, those enriched by trade, by jobberies, by spoil, by office, by farming the taxes or other state possessions,—came from many parts, and were seldom in any relation to old families, much less clans, of powerful social influence. When the few aristocracy prevalently disdained marriage, and their example was much rather bad than good to the commonalty, the marriages of this commonalty had no longer any support at all; resting neither on law nor on family opinion. They became really affairs between the two persons alone. If a Bruttian or an Etruscan, who had made a fortune in Rome as a builder or merchant, chose to take a wife to-day, and divorce her next month from some whim; what was there to restrain him, or make him ashamed? The law could not touch him, if he had not detained her money; her kinsfolk he could afford to despise; the new aristocracy and officials would not refuse him business on any such ground; and as for his own kinsfolk,—perhaps he did not count on ever seeing them again. In this migratory state of population the influence of *collateral families* is all but annihilated; and therefore it is, that the loss of legal sanction to marriage becomes more than ever felt. Such perhaps was the main immediate cause of that demoralization which has made imperial Rome detestable even to memory beyond anything which modern Christendom has yet displayed. Yet are we not ourselves, if not on the verge, yet within sight, of the same frightful abyss? It is not necessary to speak of Paris, the most fascinating city in Europe, and to ask, what moral influence can thence be diffused to sanctify the union of man and woman. It suffices to cast the eye on London, and on the English peerage; to reflect on notorious facts, which assure us, that of our "upper ten thousand" too many are implicated in Parisian licentiousness, to allow any vigorous legislation against it. Forsooth, their "free love" from the very first deliberately intends to abandon the loved object, as an inconvenience and an obstacle to ambition. No effective moral restraint can come from the example and social influence of an aristocracy, which without a struggle has allowed such a system to grow up for the convenience of its younger kinsfolk. Nor can social restraint or selfish libertinism come from collateral family influence where the members of families scatter and migrate as with us. What then is to happen, if law be totally renounced,

even by the virtuous? Can it be reasonably and soberly thought, that practical licentiousness will not immensely increase when even *they* set aside all restraint of law? It avails not to reply, that "human nature will make a few blunders, and come right *at last*." That topic was as true, as valuable, and as much to the purpose, in the reigns of Augustus and Nero, as now; but it did not suffice to work off the impurities of Rome. The urgent doubt is, through how many blunders, through how much misery, through how much degradation and ruin will men have to pass, before the time called "*at last*" comes. In Rome, it came only by foreign conquest, and by a total break-up of society. Those who thus reason about "freedom," shut their eyes to the moral influences and moral duties of the State; perhaps dogmatically deny its moral duties, and here are diametrically at variance both with the theory and with the practice alike of every known civilized State and of every English Parliament. Suppose for a moment that this theory of freedom were acted on, even without the very mischievous addition of *secrecy;* and that (the law remaining as it is) persons of the highest virtue declined to legalize their marriages: what must be expected to follow? It is worth while to trace the inevitable consequences.

When persons of high goodness and purity live in conjugal union illegally, but faithfully, and display practically that they are a law to themselves, and need no restraint of law, moral honor is given to this state of freedom. Numbers besides enter it, with less noble principles and lower self-control. Those who took up the new position with something of the martyr spirit, knew that they were a mark for aspersion, and had some aid in the high-strung tone which conscious self-sacrifice gives to the defiant enthusiast. Those who follow, when the public odium is past, have no such secondary bracing; and the majority of men have not hitherto risen above law, but prevalently interpret duty from law. It is notorious, that the mercantile class do not feel against various swindlings, nor the political class against briberies and other malpractices, any grave and consistent reprobation, until the law stigmatizes them as *criminal;* and if we look but a little way back and ask what our fathers thought of the slave-trade, and of lotteries, we shall see how valuable is the aid of law to sustain national sentiment. So soon as marriage is free from legal control, divorce becomes possible at the will of either party; and if once illegal unions become prevalent and thereby respectable, numberless cases will soon occur, in a migratory nation, in which no family influence can act against arbitrary divorce. With a great majority of the married, even those who have no high principles, divorce will not be desired. Fondness for the common offspring, mere habituation, the inconvenience of losing a wife's portion, the difficulty of a new courtship, the chance of being rejected in it if the divorce have seemed arbitrary, will keep most couples together. But if only one of a thousand married homes were broken up every year by a causeless and unjustifiable divorce, it would be a formidable addition to all our moral difficulties. And in two or three generations the progress would be downhill; for the facility of divorce would lead to greater facility of experimental marriage. As old Simo in Terence represents, there can be no great harm if a young man, where it seems to be convenient, marry a lady whom he does not love:

Nempe incommoditas denique huc omnis redit,—
Si eveniat (quod Di prohibeant!) *discessio*.

That is: "You need not be afraid to take her. If you find you do not like her, you will *only* have to give her up." Parents never make bad marriages for their children now on such a computation; it would be a pure addition to existing evil. And the hundred divorces of this year might become a thousand five years hence, because the stigma upon a wanton use of the power would be weakened perpetually by the frequency of use.

But consider more closely what the power of arbitrary divorce, unchecked even by the opinion of kinsfolk, means. It means that a man shall be able to get rid of one woman because he is more attracted by another. Now, this temptation is the more subtle and dangerous, expressly because it is not necessarily or principally addressed to the sensual part

of our nature. Especially if a man marry when young, before his own character is fully developed, it is unlikely that the choice of his youth will be the partner whom he would have chosen in his manhood. He may have been unduly attracted by a beauty which does not last, or he may find his wife's mind to be incapable of moving on with his own. In the very proportion of his capacity, versatility, and late expanding powers, it may become impossible for one woman to satisfy his mental desires. At present, such a case is more easily borne, because a married man is able to have close and tender friendships with any number of women; in fact, the more numerous they are, the less danger there is of jealousy. This is now one of the marked privileges of marriage; it gives to a man not only one wife, but many sisters; and the mental attraction between the sexes is great and signal. The advantage would be largely lost if he could divorce his wife at pleasure. Close friendships with other women would no longer be honorable, or free from suspicion. A wife's jealousy would almost necessarily be incurred, and unhappiness thence arise. Thus, the power of arbitrary divorce would lessen the freedom of the married and the happiness of the married state. Out of such unhappiness divorces would arise: and again, the more frequent divorce, the more rife must jealousies become, and the greater the slavery of marriage. The evil, like a snow-ball, grows as it rolls on. Already a part of this mischief shows itself in Prussia, from the too great facility of the divorce courts. A single example will explain what things are even now possible. A married lady, mother of several children, living in entire harmony with her husband, an amiable easy gentleman, hears at church an enthusiastic young preacher, and is enraptured by his eloquence. On her return home, she tells her husband how thoroughly the preacher's words have come to her heart; and that she is quite persuaded it would conduce to her spiritual perfection to be married to him; and if she can get *his* consent, she hopes that her *husband* will not oppose a divorce. What amount of urgency sufficed to disgust the husband into agreement is not a public fact. No man can like to feel that he is keeping a wife against her will, and to be reproached with hindering her spiritual improvement. That the husband did consent, and that the court thereupon did without further inquiry sanction the divorce, *is* a public fact; also, that the preacher made no difficulty about accepting the enthusiastic lady, with her dowry and children. We have since heard, but from one informant only, that, after many years of union, the preacher in turn sought and gained divorce from his wife, and that she is now gone back—into the bosom of her first husband!

An unlimited power of divorce necessarily draws after it the possibility of marrying with the premeditated intention of terminating the union after a limited time. This touches the point which of all is most cardinal. The sanctity of marriage is not necessarily invaded by its not being in the result a union for life; but unless, when the union is formed, it is intended and fully expected to be a life-union, its sanctity receives a fatal wound. Not to reprobate and detest such pretended marriages, is to justify the sensualism of every libertine. Else, why may not a young student marry a girl of low birth for a few years, knowing that he will be ashamed of such a partner for a permanence; and divorce her, as soon as ambition and the hope of a better match prompts? If such conduct be not reprobated, will not the girl on her part be justified in extorting the utmost of money which she can, in order to support her possible children? And if such a mode of getting a livelihood be respectable, while it is vastly easier than the industry of maidens who refuse to sell their persons, we shall not be far off from the state of the Lydians and Etruscans, among whom every good-looking young woman, without reproach, earned a dowry for her more permanent marriage by gratifying any number of successive lovers until the requisite sum was made up. No persons of high and pure mind can ever intend not to reprobate, not to detest, not to express disgust, at "temporary unions," *intended* to be temporary from the first; but if unlimited divorce is to be permitted, and is not to be resented, we lose all right to reprove any union which covers itself by the mere word "mar-

riage." For, though we may be clearly convinced that it is intended to be temporary, we have never a right to assert it while the parties keep their own counsel.

Among the Persians, the principle of "temporary unions" has been organized into religion, and the ceremonial is performed by the Mohammedan priests. Merchants, who come from a distant city,—suppose to Ispahân,—often reside there for two or three months, while waiting for goods. Finding it rather tedious, they beguile the time by marrying a wife for a number of months specified in the marriage contract. The process is straightforward and business-like. The merchant calls in the priest, and tells what he wants. The priest examines his book, and finds therein registered the names of women who are willing, for a consideration, to enter into temporary marriage; and ascertains how many of them are disengaged. What further is done, we do not know, but, we believe, he assembles them veiled, and lets the merchant pick out one: however, it ends with his drawing out a regular marriage-certificate,* and pocketing his fee. An estimable Scotch military officer, who had for some years the charge of the Persian arsenal at Tabreez, under the treaty of the East India Company with the king of Persia, assured the writer of these lines that he had seen and read such marriage contracts, and could testify as eye-witness that *a single day* was not too short a duration of marriage to receive the priest's blessing and license! Of course those who first authorized this wonderful system, had no foresight of the monstrosity into which it would run. They must have believed that they would lessen existing evil, and act *against* the loathsome system of prostitution. But when once the fatal idea is admitted that a union which is intended to last some time shorter than life is marriage at all, and deserves honorable recognition; instead of curing the evil which exists, it does but degrade and pollute the ministers of the new system.

It is upon this point that a stand must firmly be made, or we are swamped in the pool of dissoluteness. A sincere intention, a fervent desire, a full belief, that the union is to be and shall be perpetual, is essential to any true and honorable love, to any true and honorable marriage. In order to uphold marriage as a social institution, the power of divorce must not rest with the parties themselves, but with some judge, or some court (perhaps of kinsfolk) presided over by a public officer; and rightly to prescribe beforehand the grounds and conditions of divorce, is a critical duty for the legislator. In the opening of this discussion, it was shown, that the necessity of deciding what rights over children, and what duties toward children, each parent had, in itself necessitated State inference in the matter of marriage. We now add, that care for the public morality is, if not a more urgent, yet on the whole a far more important and wide-reaching argument. It is needless to occupy these pages by replying to that extreme theory, which forbids the State to care for the public virtue. We do not yet believe that its advocates would themselves justify the legalizing of lotteries, betting-houses, and gambling-tables. But it suffices to point out the astonishing vigor, quickness, and unanimity, with which the late Lord Campbell's bill against impure pictures was carried through both Houses; although it authorized and commanded the officer to intrude forcibly into houses in search of them, in a manner quite un-English. This shows how profound, how vehement, how unanimous is the conviction in the English Parliament, that corruption of this sort is a formidable evil, which must be summarily put down, even by despotic measures, and that the theory which denies to the State the right and duty of caring for the public virtue is without any support whatever in the legislature.

Truly Parliament is painfully sensible of the evil of a criminal class of children cast on the world either without ostensible parents or with parents who can only corrupt them; and is fully aware that loose marriages, and frequent divorces, would rapidly multiply this dangerous population. When the legislature becomes more alive to its duty, it will study more deeply the causes of the deplorable evil which exists. It does not really need peculiar sharpness of

* Nearly thus the proceeding is described by Morier in *Hajji Baba in Ispahan*.

sight to understand the causes; only, an unwillingness to adopt the cure is apt to blind men's eyes. But such a doctrine as free love or unlimited right of divorce would leave our most disgusting evils as they are, and heap upon us a vast new load of evil.

Thus far our argument has been on the whole Conservative. It has seemed necessary to show that the theory which would throw off the State is a baneful delusion. But now, we must turn earnestly to remind Conservatives how powerless the State becomes from the day that any considerable portion of the people fanatically defy and refuse its marriage laws; and that the impotence of the State becomes worst, precisely against that combination which now is to be feared;—a combination of the old enemy, profligate vice, with the new enemy who confronts us in the near future, virtuously intended fanaticism. From this point, therefore, our argument is in favor of judicious Reform, as alone truly Conservative. In so far as the existing law is unjust, it must be promptly changed, 1. as to divorce, 2. as to the extravagant rights given to husbands.

As to divorce, it is well to deal at once, and frankly, with "the religious argument," as it is called. It rests upon one solitary passage in the gospels, which is quite misinterpreted; and when that one passage is rightly understood, it becomes clear that no word is found in the Christian Scriptures prejudging the question of divorce. As we read in St. Matthew (xix. 3) the Pharisees asked Jesus, "Is it lawful for *a man* to put away his wife *for every cause?*" which "Moses in the law" distinctly allowed. Observe; the question is not, under what circumstances *a court of law* may pronounce a divorce: that topic is not even touched: but whether *a husband* may under *all* circumstances use the liberty given him by Moses, of taking the decision *into his own hand.* The decision reported is: "Certainly not; but for one grave offence only." Now, that reply in no way touches this argument; for, in common with all Christendom, we refuse to the husband jurisdiction *even* in that extreme case. The reply of Jesus did but put a moral limitation on the *Jewish* husband's legal power. It in no respect dealt with the general question of divorce by a public court of law. Hence, upon Christian grounds, it has no place whatever in this argument.

But if there are Christians who have some mental incapacity to accept an interpretation which is not habitual; if, resolutely sticking to the traditional view of this passage, they insist on imposing that view upon everybody; it is proper to remind them of the consequences reasonably to be expected, unless indeed they are happily outvoted. They are aware that Queen Victoria's subjects are not all Christians. Many are Jews; many are Mohammedans, very many are Hindoos, some are Chinese, not to speak of mere barbarians: moreover an increasing fraction of Englishmen revere Christianity only so far as they find it to be moral and reasonable; and this class of Englishmen can but be driven into a refusal to coöperate with the law, if a religion which they disown is allowed to make the law unjust. Parliament has long conceded to Jews freedom for their own marriages: neither the Dissenters of the United Kingdom, nor the tens of thousands who profess no allegiance to Christianity, will endure to have their marriages controlled by High Church Traditionalism. In so critical a domestic interest the law must be based on broad arguments of human morality, not on the sectarian interpretation of a text. In no other way can the State avert that total neglect of its marriage ceremony, which would be a great national calamity. Germany and America have led the way in remodelling the law, and England will not long endure the present state of things, if it be defended *only* by Ecclesiasticism.

Assuming then that divorce, not at a husband's will, but by the decision of an unbiassed and competent court, is a question clearly open; it is impossible to avoid pronouncing the English law to be still very unjust in its limitations, although it has been sensibly relaxed of late. It is evident from the course of legislation, both in Protestant Germany and in the United States, that so soon as men come to the question with open eyes, they find many more causes of divorce than we have ever admitted: namely, not only adultery and cruelty, keeping a wife in terror of her life, or trying to poison a husband; but any

other gross conduct which ruins the moral purposes of marriage. Habitual drunkenness is among us one of the most urgent evils, which ought to be a ground of divorce. The drunkard not only cannot protect his wife, cannot duly feed, clothe, and care for his family, but keeps her in constant misery and frequent uncertainty of life. Wife-beating is a daily offence, wife-murder at least a weekly crime, as a direct result of drunkenness. Divorce in an extreme case might be enforced even without a wife's petition, for the sake of children, as well as wife. In some States of the American Union the drunkard is further treated as an insane man; and with much reason. Next, a man who is convicted of crime and punished by a long and distant imprisonment ought *ipso facto* to forfeit all rights to both wife and children, to none of whom he can perform his duties. It is cruel in the extreme to a woman to take away her husband for seven or fourteen years, suspend his power like a sword over her head, and then allow him to come back after long estrangement, probably depraved by intimate association with worse criminals; to usurp her property and her person, and claim the children as his own. A third obvious case of rightful divorce is that of obstinate desertion. But as no dogmatism is here intended, further details are needless: it suffices to insist, that the whole question needs to be freely thrown open to discussion, as it is in other Protestant countries; and such relaxations of the law introduced, as impartial reason, unbiassed by ecclesiasticism, may suggest. So long as divorce is confined to those cases in which it leaves a deep moral stigma on *one* or *other* of the married persons, the difficulty of the topic is what it is in itself; but it is not aggravated by the danger of opening a door to licentiousness. This danger becomes urgent, if divorce be granted under circumstances which leave no stain on either party, and therefore put no moral difficulty in the way of a reputable second marriage: for any unwise laxity may (as we have seen in Prussia) lead to very licentious caprice. On first consideration it may seem that when neither party can be deeply stigmatized, divorce ought to be impossible; yet the reasons against such severity are very powerful, and seem to be unanswerable. First, in Protestants who insist that a nun's vows ought not to be binding when she repents of them and sees them to have been unwise, it is monstrous to press the mere fact of the "marriage vow" as an insuperable difficulty: more especially when it has been taken under parental pressure, and at a minor age. Indeed, while marriages of minors (especially of women in minority) are not forbidden, the mere fact of having been a minor is almost enough to give a woman a right to cancel the vow. The difference of a woman's knowledge and prudence at 18 and at 21 is generally very great. Next, when a married couple are decidedly unhappy, separation (so far as the law is concerned) is always possible for them; but separation is not only a poor consolation and insufficient substitute for divorce, but even peculiarly lays them open to dangerous sympathy. And if the law prescribe, that while innocent they may not be divorced, but when guilty they may, it gives a frightful premium on guilt; a guilt to which the conscience may reconcile itself, by the plea that the law will have it so. This argument urgently demands a reply. Thirdly, although there is danger in allowing such divorces, it is not a danger which admits of no precaution. Hungary, though a Catholic country, yet, being peculiarly free from bigotry, has here innovated boldly, and perhaps very sagaciously. If a young couple are unhappy, and desire to be divorced, they address a joint petition to the court; or one alone perhaps can thus petition. The court appoints two or more mediators, generally from the kinsfolk, to hear the complaints, to give advice, and try to reconcile them. Reconciliation is often thus effected. But if failure be reported, the court replies, that they must repeat the application for divorce after three years, and then it shall be granted. If the quarrel is very severe, they probably separate, and obtain the divorce at the expiration of the period. The delay infallibly prevents any from seeking divorce in order to take a more acceptable partner; for no one can hope that another will wait three years for such a reversion. It may even seem that two years would suffice. When the aversion is so

decided on both sides that no one expects reconciliation, we suppose that no social impropriety is felt in beginning a new courtship before the three years is spent. But Hungarians say, that in the great majority of cases the young people are reconciled by their friends long before the time is complete, and do not come to the court again. Of course, when there are children, the evil of divorce is far greater; but so also is the chance of reconciliation greater. If instead of stagnating obstinately in a "non possumus" policy, our legislators would grapple with the difficulty as frankly as the Catholic Hungarians, good-sense would discover reasonable solutions.

In every case for divorce, in which the causes are not in themselves public facts (such as drunkenness and crime), the tribunals which have to investigate details ought to be private, and either partially or wholly composed of kinsfolk and near friends of the parties. In this matter our publicity is outrageous. Our total ignoring of kinsfolk, whether to reconcile, to report, or to judge, is astonishing. We resolutely drag into daylight all sorts of offensive and pestilential matter, and expose to public ridicule weaknesses which ought to be sheltered in privacy by domestic tenderness. It is hardly too strong to say, that our whole law and practice on this subject are *barbarous*. What can be said to palliate the monstrosity, that if a young woman be cruelly seduced, the seducer can have no punishment but a fine, imposed at the expense of a suit from her father for pretended loss of her service during pregnancy? The father must dishonor his daughter in court, exposing her to public cross-examination by an impudent counsel, in order to get the verdict and the fine! Is this the way to save a young woman's modesty in the future?

2. The second point needing reform, is, the extravagant power given by our law to a husband. Especially: first, the husband's seizure of a wife's property is totally unjust, and all the arguments for it baseless. Secondly, the exclusive right attributed to him over the children is unjust and pernicious. Thirdly, his rights over his wife's person are extreme and monstrous.

It is pretended by lawyers, that in justice to creditors, it is *necessary* that a wife's property be vested in the husband and therefore liable to his debts. After they have thus stripped the wife of everything, they next make the husband liable for *her* debts. From beginning to end, the pretended necessity is false. No difficulty is or ever was found by creditors, from that which happens every day, viz., that three sisters keep school together; or any two ladies or a brother and sister, keep house in common with (perhaps) several children under their charge. Who ever said, or dreamed, that to save the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the milliner, or the jeweller from loss, it is necessary or desirable, or could be endured, that as soon as two persons keep house together, one of the two shall forfeit his whole property to the other, and that other shall be responsible for the debts of the former? If a widower, left with children, put his sister or his eldest daughter at the head of his establishment, and the lady order silk dresses or jewelry for herself,—or provisions for the house,—do tradesmen grumble because the lady has a right of private property, and is not "under coverture," as lawyers phrase it? Does the jeweller think it hard, that he cannot judge by the exterior of the house whether the lady is likely to be able to pay? Rather, we suppose, he is aware, that *no* mere exterior is any guarantee. The more a man spends on his house, the less is left for tradesmen; and many a one who makes display is a bad paymaster. Prudent tradesmen have their own ways of judging concerning the future by the past; and, even when past payments have been satisfactory, yet, if an unusual order be given, they pause before risking to obey it. Some are so prudent, as to sell for ready money only; and this may prove the true security against nine-tenths of our mercantile calamities. But to claim that a woman shall forfeit her property *simply because* she keeps house in common with a man, is mere audacious impudence.

It is the more impudent, and the more ridiculous, because it is most notorious that by the existing law and practice tradesmen have none of the defence which is pretended. When a wife has *much* property, it is never permitted to come into a husband's power or to be

answerable for his debts, but is vested in trustees who deal out to her the yearly income only. A man totally indigent may marry a wealthy wife; he may live in a splendid freehold house, belonging to her trustees; he may have the appearance of a wealthy man, because he spends, year by year, every shilling of her large income; and then, if one year, after earning the reputation of paying well, he run up high bills and be a thousand pounds in debt, the creditors will find that there is nothing but the clothes on his back of which they can lay hold. Even the furniture, books, and fixtures of the house may be the property of the wife's trustees, who are also the house-owners. In fact, the husband's legal position may be that of a man *lodging* in a *ready furnished* house. So shamelessly false is this argument.

Evidently, it is a mere after-thought, made up to prop an ecclesiastical fiction, which the mediæval law adopted; as though a married woman's personality were in some mystical sense absorbed and "covered" by that of her husband. Bit by bit of this fiction the law has yielded up, so that the grossest inconsistency with it is now found; yet the phraseology and theory of "coverture" remain, and the fabric of trusteeship (which ought to be optional) is made necessary by it. If a woman possessing property dare to marry without settling it on trustees, and her husband prove to be either a bad or imprudent man, no wisdom, no energy, no prudence or frugality on her part, can save her from utter ruin. By tormenting her into refusing to live with him, he simply carries off her money, and defies her. To the demand of a maintenance he has a ready reply: "Come back and live with me; *I do not want you* to go away." By this he can stop all legal action, and abandon her to absolute destitution,—and as a fact such things do go on;—while, on purpose to drive her from his house, he may kiss his servant-girls before her face, and talk impudently to them. Yet, unless she can bring legal proof of adultery,—often impossible,—and furnish money for bringing up witnesses, and go through a disgusting process; the law gives her no redress. It first gratuitously strips her of her property; then bids her recover a fraction of it, if she can, by an expensive legal process and by stigmatizing another woman.

So likewise when a wife has no property amassed, but is diligent and clever, a husband can remain idle himself, take away from her the wages which she earns, keep her on poor food and in shabby attire, half starve the children and deprive them of education, while he spends her earnings on luxuries for himself, such as gin and tobacco. A Turkish cadi would quickly deliver a wife from a husband who was a mere idle bloodsucker upon her, or neglected duly to support her.

And for what is the English wife exposed to all these cruelties? Solely to uphold an absurd fiction to which England is specially attached. Even Austrian law knows nothing of "coverture." When the estates of Hungarian exiles were confiscated after the war of 1849, the Austrian judges systematically pronounced that the property of their wives was inviolable; and that wherever it had been seized, this was from inadvertence, and was unlawful. A Hungarian woman forfeits no rights of independent property by marrying: she remains mistress of all that was her own. Yet English law does not know that, as to its fundamental theory concerning a wife's legal status, it is deplorably behind the Continent; nay, behind the Mohammedans. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his book on *New America* (ii., p. 65) commenting on this topic, says:

> "A Persian, a Turkish bride, being married to a man of her own rank and creed, retains in the new household her separate existence as her father's child. A New England bride, on being married to a man of her own rank and creed, becomes lost in him. A Turkish wife is an independent and responsible person, with the same faculty of receiving and devising property which she held in her spinster days. What is hers, is not her lord's. She may sue her debtor, without the concurrence of her nearest friend. She may receive a pension, sign a bond, execute a trust. Compared against her Asiatic sister, what a helpless being an American [married] lady seems!"

From the private information of Americans, who declare that they state what they know, and that they have in vain tried to convince and dissuade ladies, who have adopted the theory of free love; we are constrained to believe that

already in some cities in the North, nay, in accomplished and pure-hearted circles, free from any perturbations of religious fanaticism, the essential *injustice* of the marriage laws is driving women to a defiance of them; and this, though our law of divorce is already beneficially relaxed in many, perhaps most, of the States. A high-minded lady is pleased at the advances of a lover, and consents to become his, *provided* the marriage be wholly illegal! because (says she) "I have no idea of any union but that of equality. If you love me, you cannot wish to make me your inferior, or to exact a promise of obedience, or to get exclusive rights over children; and much less, to take my property* as yours, except in the same sense in which I take your property as mine; or to make me essentially dependent, and unable to protect myself. The rights given to *unmarried* women by the law are few enough: it is indeed very unjust to them also: but such as my rights now are, I mean to keep them. I will have nothing to do with a marriage which sacrifices them. Our union must be between our two selves and God; and we shall love one another all the better, because we do not let any one else interpose." When we learn from the last census, that the United States contain nearly 730,000 more men than women, it is pretty clear that women who are worth having are sure to be able to prescribe to lovers the conditions on which they will accept them; and if this state of sentiment spread, the marriage law will go out of use in precisely the most spirited and most intellectual part of American society. Nor can anything be reasonably expected to secure us from the evil but a decisive change of the marriage law.

We do not need reforms in detail—bit by bit—fragments of justice—so that in fifty years' time Englishwomen may nearly reach the point at which the women of Hungary and of Turkey now are. We need a single, short, sweeping enactment, that, *notwithstanding anything to the contrary in past statutes, no woman henceforth shall by marriage change her legal status or lose any part of her rights over property.* Marriage settlements will then give to husband or wife whatever rights are thought reasonable by the contracting parties.

Fashion has still tyrannical power, not over women only, but even over men. When the great "beard-movement" commenced, it was ludicrous to see how many men wished to join it, but did not dare, for fear of being singular. For more than two years there was suspense, and it almost seemed to be a failure, through the strong opposition of influential persons at the head of great establishments: then in one half year the new idea suddenly triumphed; and huge beards, huge mustachios, became quite a national feature in all the cities. So, too, may it be in the matter of marriage. If ever that come about (which we heartily deprecate, and desire to avert by the establishment of justice), but, if ever Englishwomen *do* rebel against the marriage law, it may begin with some martyr-spirited heroine, perhaps some accomplished and graceful lady; who will no more quail from male or female reproof, than Dr. Mary Walker or Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell; and just when men begin to think it is all nonsense and moonshine, they may find women of the working classes by the hundred and the thousand following the example,—sheltering themselves from reproof by their own numbers. It is to obviate this result, that we implore all true and genuine Conservatives not to delay and use half measures, but to do justice to the sex in good time. He who tries to uphold injustice is the true and efficient revolutionist, while he thinks he is Conservative.

But, not only in regard to *property*, also in regard to *children*, the law is unjust to women. The mother has to undergo much in bringing a child to maturity; next the agony of childbirth, the exhaustion of suckling, the countless cares of tending and watching, by night and by day. The child becomes the darling of her heart, the image of her dreams, a great centre of her thoughts and hopes; and after all her toils, the law permits a husband to take the child permanently out of her sight, and (if he choose) to put it under the charge of an enemy, perhaps under that of a rival,

* Notwithstanding what we have quoted from Mr. Hepworth Dixon, we are assured that in *some* New England States a wife retains her private property as completely as a sister.

his concubine, who will fill its mind with falsehoods and teach it to hate and despise its mother. Such things are not possibilities merely and dreams; they are stern realities; and the law gives her no redress. All who are in middle life remember what happened, when a prime minister was prosecuted for adultery. The facts are so public, that it avails not to suppress names. Lord Melbourne, an elderly gentleman of high accomplishments, was fond of the company of a very intelligent lady, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, young enough perhaps to be his daughter. Mr. Norton became jealous, having been worked upon (as some said) by Tory politicians; an explanation which received plausibility from the indecent and inhuman triumph of certain Tory journals, as soon as it was announced that Mr. Norton had called the prime minister into court as an adulterer. The jury acquitted Lord Melbourne. Was not then Mrs. Norton's reputation left unstained? Not wholly. For the hostile counsel had inveighed maliciously on certain ambiguous facts, which ought to have been explained and were not. Mrs. Norton asked leave to explain them, and was not permitted, *because she was not a party to the suit!* It was a question (forsooth) between the two men only: *she had no business with it!* Mr. Norton, having tried to fix on his wife this dreadful stigma, and failed, did not love her the more for it, and apparently hated her. Having ejected her from his house, he refused to allow her to see her children. She pleaded for leave to see them *only once in six months*, and *in the presence of a person appointed by her husband;* this was refused her. She brought the question into court, but in vain: her husband's inexorable refusal was pronounced legal. The matter was treated in the House of Lords,—and no wonder, since the prime minister and a lady with the title Honorable were concerned,—and an eccentric legal peer of vast powers and experience expatiated on the injustice with which Mrs. Norton was treated. But after a vehement speech all on that side, he wound up by saying, that our law is so consistently and monstrously unjust to women, that it is not worth while to give a fraction of justice in one particular case: he therefore gave his voice *against* her. We claim that men with a better heart than that peer will do to women the justice about which he prated.

In the matter of children, when the quarrel of parents is severe, some compromise is evidently needed. In no two cases would the same compromise be the best. Sometimes the mother might have the control until the age of 14, and the father after that age: but the compromise should in each case be settled, under the guidance of general principles, by an impartial court. A divorce which stigmatized one parent would ordinarily withdraw the children from that parent's control; as, when drunkenness or felony occasioned divorce. It does not belong to these pages to define what ought to be enacted, but to protest against the extreme and obvious injustice of the existing law. Since the Divorce Court has been established, such an injustice as refusing, to a lady whose reputation was at stake, leave to explain what was obscure (we believe) would not be allowed: but English law has much yet to do, before it can pretend that this injustice is a thing of past days.

It is not necessary here fully to open, what is meant by saying that "a man's claims over his wife's person (now justified by the law) are extreme and monstrous." It suffices to press, that our judges still maintain, that a man has a right to lock his wife up, if he fears she will run away from him; and that, at no distant time, judges pronounced that he might chastise her *moderately* with a *moderately* thick stick. Recent judges have overruled this, without any new legislation. Such things give a painful idea of the uncertainty, as well as injustice of our law. Until the marriage laws are made more just, it is morally impossible to carry out legal severity against those who set them at naught, even when the result is profligacy most pernicious and most dangerous to the State. As our rugged climate, and the toil needed to supply our more elaborate wants of body and mind, put a vast chasm between our condition and that of the Polynesian savages; so the frightful pestilence, which in *our* constitutions is generated by profligacy, becomes an additional and overwhelming necessity

for State interference against moral corruptions. The topic can here be only alluded to, not dilated on. But inasmuch as no pestilence will confine itself to that class of the community in whose filth or vice it springs up; neither will this pestilence, if allowed to be unchecked, spare the innocent, but will spread its miseries further and wider still. The necessity of checking such a flood of evil is a new argument for divesting honorable marriage of every gratuitous burden and every injustice.

F. W. NEWMAN.

Translated from the French for THE ECLECTIC.

THE LAST AMATI.

THE fortune, the renown, the glory of a man often depends on the street that he takes in leaving his house. A thousand facts more or less dramatic in history, prove the truth of this observation.

Baillot, who was decorated with the title of the Cæsar of Violins, in distinction from that Nestor of instrument-makers, Alexandre Boucher, surnamed the Alexander of Violins, was perfectly convinced that good-luck of every kind depends on the chance of a road, and he had his reasons for thinking so.

In January, 1811, Baillot had strayed into one of the most populous and least salubrious streets of the Faubourg Saint Marceau. In the middle of the Rue Mouffetard, threading his way through a labyrinth of hackney-coaches, carts, and drays, crossing in every direction, stunned by the oaths of the drivers, the crack of their whips, the neighing of horses and clamor of passengers, he threw himself heedlessly between two vehicles passing in opposite directions. By agility and daring he cleared the dangerous straight, and reached the other side of the street; but this success cost him dear, like all successes in this world—a piece of iron projecting from a dray had caught one of his coat-tails, and Baillot, hardly out of the ambulant Thermopylæ, from which he had come off cheaper than the Spartan Leonidas, was apprised by an honest vendor of rabbit-skins, that, in order to be quite in the fashion of the Faubourg Saint Marceau, *i.e.*, *en Carmagnole*, he had only to sacrifice his remaining coat-tail.

However much of a philosopher we may be, and however free from prejudices on the subject of dress, it is unpleasant, even in the Faubourg Saint Marceau, to be walking in a costume that has no name in any language.

The musician, coat-tail in hand, and escorted by a squadron of little urchins, gravely advanced in streets unknown, even to the Parisians, seeking to escape the hail of witticisms, and looking intently for a tailor's sign. But this was useless trouble, for tailors and shoemakers were scarce then in the Faubourg Saint Marceau. Baillot would willingly have cried, not like the king of England, "My kingdom for a horse!" but, "A concert for a needleful of silk!"

Baillot was thus in great perplexity, when he espied in a narrow, repulsive, and solitary street, a shop, the dirty front of which was panoplied with old rags, its worm-eaten shelves offering heaps of old iron, wrecks of ancient pottery, a thousand nameless utensils, and a complete museum of boots and shoes from the *soulier à la poulaine* of Charles VI., to the escarpins of the Marquis de l'Œil de Bœuf, and to the turned-down café-au-lait colored boots of the dandies of the Directory. In this bazaar of the decrepid elegance of our ancestors, a woman, still young, was sewing, amid three children, whose health had not suffered apparently from the mephitic vapors of the street or musty shop. Never oasis, never grove of palms and nopals, appeared more delightful to the gaze of the traveller, bewildered in the burning sands of the Sahara, than the crazy establishment of this merchant of Carlovingian knick-knacks, to the unfortunate musician, who still grasped, not the flute of Pan, but the tail of his frock-coat.

Baillot intrepidly entered the smoke-begrimed shop.

"Mon Dieu, madame!" he said, in that harmonious voice which was his when not leading his orchestra, "I have just met with a little accident; a vehicle passing has caught my coat, and I would like to find some one who could give it a stitch for me. Will you have the kindness to direct me?" And accompanying these words with a grace-

ful bow, Baillot showed the unfortunate proof of his exordium.

"I could hardly direct you to any one for this little job," replied the young woman, repressing her mirth, "but if you do not require too much skill in the workmanship—"

"Oh, Mon Dieu, no, nothing more than a stitch just strong enough to hold it in place until I find a carriage."

"Oh, if that be all, sir, I can offer you my services, and will do it no worse than I can help. Take off your coat, sir, and sit here; it will soon be ready."

Such willingness rejoiced the musician's heart: this woman's voice possessed for his ear the melody of an Æolian harp, and no fantasia of Beethoven's, no cantata of Mozart's, no majestic recitative of Glück's, could have charmed him so much at this moment.

The children, on a sign from their mother, drew up a venerable arm-chair, whose unequal feet supported, in rickety majesty, a tapestried back-piece, on which some aristocratic hand, contemporaneous with Madame de Pompadour, had retraced the pretty fable de la Fontaine, entitled the *Fox with his tail cut off*. Human malignity was not guilty of this point-blank allusion, but chance is often a great mystifier.

The musician cast himself at his own risk and peril into this chair, which had thus received into its arms full many an aching spine. But its long-suffering nature did not hold good against this new assault, and a significant crack betrayed its decrepitude. Recalled to circumspection by fear of a fall, the musician retrenched himself in such sobriety of motion and gesture, that an antiquary of this quarter of the Jardin des Plantes might have compared him to one of those royal mummies, which are discovered from time to time in the sands about the pyramid of Ghizeh. Behold, then, Baillot installed in his shirt-sleeves in the centenary arm-chair, like a Roman senator at the approach of the Gauls, and allowing only his eyes to wander curiously over this Capharnaum, on objects the most surprised to find themselves together, a poetry of chaos, burlesque mosaic of fashion's revolution, the history of everything and the history of nothing.

While the artist is absorbed in reflections suggested by these relics of so many generations, the young woman works quickly and skilfully, her needle fairly flying. If Baillot from time to time asks her a question about some rare object in this antiquarian museum, she replies tersely, politely, without taking her eyes off her work, and with her brief answers makes sensible and just reflections. The artist listens, pleased, and still more interested, when to his question, whether these three children form all her family, she replies that she has also three younger ones.

"Is it possible? And have you no other means than the profits, very small, I should suppose, of this establishment?"

"Ah, sir, my husband works at his trade as a joiner, and I with my needle. In good years, we earn enough between us to make the two ends meet, but when bread is so dear and our trade is dull, as at this time, we have hard work to raise our family." Then, as if she feared she might be led to say more than she wished on this point, she immediately resumed: "Do not be too impatient, sir; the work is nearly done, and you will have your coat in a few minutes." The artist understood this modest reserve of poverty, and silently continued with his eyes his journey round the shop.

Ten minutes had hardly passed, when the seamstress rose, and shaking off with gentle care the shreds of cloth and thread that stuck to her, handed to Baillot his coat so neatly mended, that it would have been difficult for a tailor to have concealed with more art the unfortunate lesion.

"In truth, madame, you have a fairy talent, and I cannot be too grateful," he added, putting his hand in his pocket, "for your skill and your most amiable courtesy."

"Nothing, sir. I am happy to have been able to render you this little service," and as Baillot seemed disposed to insist—"You would disoblige me, sir," with an accent of wounded dignity, and withdrawing a few paces. "Must we not help one another?" she added.

Baillot was tempted to exclaim with Molière,

"Where the deuce is disinterestedness going to perch?"

The musician was obliged to yield to his hostess, but his ingenious liberality caught sight of a violin hanging from the ceiling, where it seemed to have been placed on purpose to serve the designs of a multitude of spiders, whose webs extending on all sides, in capricious arabesques, from the instrument as a centre, formed a diaphanous cover for it.

"At least, madame, you will not refuse to sell me that old violin; I am a musician, and indulge the fancy of making a collection of the instruments of my profession in all their varieties."

"Ah, as for that, sir, I become merchant again, and wish no better than to sell," answered the young woman, smiling.

"This violin, which we found here in purchasing the stock, is, many persons have told me, an object of value."

"That would not surprise me, madame. The fate of instruments sometimes resembles that of men; the greater their worth, the more they are exposed to extinction in obscurity and dust. How much for this violin?"

"Just fifty cents, sir," replied the vender, who, during Baillot's philosophical reflection, had had time to take down the instrument, and to dust it with the corner of her apron.

"Very well, here are five francs."

And as the poor woman sought in the bottom of her pockets some change to return him, Baillot hastened to say,

"What you will not allow me to offer you as a slight compensation for the time you have spent for me, you will not prevent me from giving your children to buy them some spice-cakes." And without awaiting an answer, the artist, armed with his violin, left the indigent shop, and quickly disappeared in the crooked little streets of the Faubourg Saint Marceau, streets that he now threaded proud as a peacock, and leaving behind him the contrite mien of that fox upon whose effigy he had been seated.

A more attentive examination of his purchase—such as he could make while walking in the street—convinced Baillot that the instrument which he had at first considered a mere relic, might have a far higher value in the eyes of an archæologist, of an amateur, or an artist. The brown hue of this violin attested its old age; but when, with the back of his forefinger, Baillot lightly tapped the sides of this cavernous body, it rendered a sound mellow as the dream of a spirit that might wake by the restoration of its sounding-board and strings, after more than a century of slumber. The ovoid form of its keys, the whimsical arch of its bow, struck him forcibly; but a still livelier feeling absorbed him, when, through the dirt encrusted on its handle, he perceived microscopic paintings of a precious finish that could have only been bestowed by the magic pencils of the Tintoret or Carrachi.

Thus preoccupied, Baillot, who was walking at random, raised his eyes to reconnoitre, and beheld himself on the frontiers of the Faubourg St. Germain, in the Rue Mazarine. There, almost in front of a tennis-court (the last remaining in Paris, where, under Henri II., there were more than a hundred of them), our artist's eye fell on the obscure shop of a musical instrument-maker. "Fairy luck," said he, "if I should get my violin dressed up again in this other cavern. In fact, I risk no great things, and an invalid fiddle must feel quite at home in this venerable *chiaro-oscuro*. If all that glitters is not gold, so all that looks dull is not lead. Behind the cobwebs of this shop glows, perhaps, a spark of Stradivarian genius." And without further deliberation, he entered.

In the front part of the shop some flutes were strung along, five or six old, spavined mandolins, a number of church serpents, the black leather of which was peeling off in shreds, two pairs of cymbals, dating back, doubtless, to the triumphal entry of the ambassadors of the king of Siam into Paris toward the end of the seventeenth century, three contrabasses, and many bassos, viols, guitars, and violins. The back of the shop, lighted day and night by a sepulchral lamp, was furnished, moreover, with a large and long oaken counter, dating by its color of ebony, its sculpture, and majestic arrangement, to the reign of Francis I., an epoch so dear to the fine arts.

"It is written," thought Baillot in passing the threshold, "that I am vowed all this day to antiquities. Hollo! some one," he called, after

several steps without seeing a living soul.

"What does the gentleman wish?" said a tall lad, who suddenly rose like a spectre inside the counter, holding in his arms a dog that barked doubtless the same question at the visitor so bold as to enter this Thebaid.

"I desire," replied the musician, "to have this instrument repaired." And Baillot raised his violin high enough for the youth encamped like a picket in the counter, and who seemed to have no idea of moving, to be fully edified on the reason of the unwonted entry of a customer into this atrium of Terpsichore.

"I see what it is," said the young man. "I will call M. Crépinel. Take a seat, if you please, sir."

"And where, then?" asked Baillot, who looking around him saw not the ghost of a chair.

"Here, sir; here." And the tall youth, without leaving the counter from which he seemed to be inseparable, pointed to the artist half-a-dozen stools covered with red Utrecht velvet, arranged like soldiers, port arms, on the left of the shop, opposite the immense counter. B. took a seat, and the youth began to shout, "Monsieur Crépinel, Monsieur Crépinel, to the shop, if you please!"

After waiting some moments, no one having answered, the young man, on a gesture of impatience from the visitor, called louder than the first time, "Monsieur Crépinel, Monsieur Crépinel, to the shop, if you please!"

"If, as appearances would indicate, the instrument-maker is as deaf as a post, it must be confessed that I have made a bright hit in my choice of a workman," thought Baillot; then he added aloud: "It seems to me that instead of making yourself hoarse in calling to M. Crépinel, you ought to go and find him."

"I should long ago have done what you advise, sir, had not Mlle. Cecile, my patron's daughter, who has gone to spend the day out with her mother, charged me not to leave her pet Mirza, who has had the fancy to litter deunr the counter five pretty pups, as you see here." And the ingenuous youth exhibited, one after the other, the five proofs of Mirza's fecundity, to the great despite of this canine mother, who made known her disapprobation by a subdued and prolonged growl.

"You see, sir," resumed the young man, "that it is hardly possible for me to leave Mirza, who will not leave her little ones. I must obey my orders as she obeys her nature. Monsieur Crépinel, Monsieur Crépinel, to the shop, if you please."

This cry, periodically uttered by Mirza's guardian, at last rendered Baillot impatient.

"Since you are riveted there by your countersign, and your appeals to the master are lost in the air," said Baillot, "I will return at a more opportune moment;" and he rose to depart.

"Do not move," the tall youth hastened to say, placing with a mysterious air his index and middle fingers on his mouth. "I see what it is; M. Crépinel is playing his game of chess with our neighbor the armorer. He is hard to beat at that game, is my patron. He is the pupil of that famous M. Danican who had so fine a reputation as chess-player and composer of music some thirty or forty years ago under the name of Philidor. But if M. Crépinel has the passion for chess, he is a still greater enthusiast in his art, as you shall judge, sir, for I am going in quest of him; it will only be a moment."

The tall youth in fact left his station at the counter, set the slut down with a paternal care, took one of those long iron bars that serve to close shop-fronts from under the counter, shouldered it like a gun, and advanced, picking his steps, through the windings of the back-shop encumbered with old lutes and old harps. He was absent a few minutes, and returned with an air of triumph, still armed with his iron bar, but bearing, by excess of solicitude, Mirza under his left arm. "M. Crépinel is coming," said he, in a low voice, and seating himself again inside his counter.

Hardly had he spoken, when a little bald man, dry as catgut, his body enveloped in a green leather apron clasped round his loins by a copper lyre, appeared before the counter. Some sounds, struck by his slippers from the dismantled harps and lutes upon the floor, had apprised the musician's practised ear of the approach of this high-priest of harmony.

"I thought the house was on fire,

Firmin, by the way in which you struck the partition wall."

"By the way in which I struck! There was need for it," replied Firmin, "since I have been calling you this hour past at the top of my voice, and you answered no more than if you had been in the forest of the Vosges choosing wood for flutes."

"What is the matter?" asked the instrument-maker, with a sonorous application of the large Madras silk handkerchief which he bore under his apron. "What is the business on hand?"

"Here is a gentleman, sir, who has been waiting this hour for you to examine the instrument he brings you."

"Ah! sir, what apology shall I make to you?" said the workman, turning quickly toward the stools, where he presumed that his customer must be seated. "I must tell you for my justification that we rarely see customers here in the day-time; they only come in after candle-light. But allow me to examine the instrument you wish to have repaired."

"Here it is, Monsieur Crépinel."

The artisan approached the lamp that was burning over a little dirty console, methodically placed his spectacles on a nose more Celtic than Roman, and began to scrutinize the instrument.

"*Diable!*" he ejaculated, with a formidable accent of surprise and admiration. "Light the candles quickly; quick, light four."

Firmin promptly rose from his counter, disappeared a moment, and returned with four iron candlesticks, in each of which burned a large and long yellow wax candle. Then he placed them in order on the counter, and resumed his seat on the bench where Mirza was suckling her pups under the vigilant eye of this phœnix of apprentices.

M. Crépinel approached the flaming quadrilateral, and resumed his inspection more attentively. He touched and retouched the instrument with pious precaution, and felt it in all its parts. From time to time he gave a slight fillip on every part of its walls, approached it to his ear as if to recognize the value and quality of its sonority, and then interrogated, with a kind of respect, the paintings of the handle, hardly visible under a thick coat of grease. At last, after a learned and conscientious inspection of not less than half an hour, he raised his spectacles upon his brow in a rapid movement, and with such a voice as the prophet Samuel must have had when he announced to the shepherd of the mountains of Gilboa that he was called by the order of God to rule over the people of Israel under the name of Saul, "Do you know, sir, what manner of instrument you possess?" And without awaiting the artist's modest confession of ignorance, he resumed with fire, "No, you do not know, but I know it, I! Well, sir, it is an *Amati!*"

"I would never have dared to presume so," replied the musician.

"And an Amati," resumed the workman, with increasing enthusiasm, "of the best times of those illustrious masters who have formed pupils whom equitable posterity has saluted in their turn with the title of masters, such as the Hungarian Stradivarius, the Scotch MacCleon, and the Spaniard Alvares Ferrera."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the artist, with emotion that may easily be imagined.

"Sir," resumed the artisan, with a dignity that would have been comic had its source been a less noble feeling than love of his art, "Sir, when for three hundred years one has practised in one's ancestors and by one's self the trade which, be it said in passing, was once an art and a great art, of making musical instruments, it is hardly permitted, I would even dare add, to be deceived. Your violin is an Amati," continued the artist, placing his two hands upon the thrice centenary instrument, and mounting his voice to the diapason of pride, "and it is I, Claude Jean-Baptiste-Leonard Crépinel, who assure you of it."

"I make not the slightest objection to this solemn declaration," said Baillot, "and I am too happy that your light has revealed to me the treasure I possessed almost unconsciously. Now, M. Crépinel, that your science has revealed my fortune, may I hope that your talent can restore and rejuvenate my instrument?"

"That is another question," replied M. Crépinel, gravely; "and the task, without being precisely above my force and experience, is an arduous one, full of dangers and difficulties. Nevertheless, I do not despair of attaining a sat-

isfactory solution; and in order to respond to the confidence with which you honor me, I will make every endeavor and spare no care. I will put under contribution both my old and recent studies to restore this wonderful masterpiece of instruments, so worthy the respect and tenderness of artists, in some measure the advantages which time, and men more cruel than time, have deprived it. I guarantee you, then, sir, the plenitude, the perseverance, the intrepidity of my efforts; but remember well, I pray you, that I do not guarantee success."

"Such reserve is that of an honest man and of a true artist," replied Baillot. "And what time do you suppose, Monsieur Crépinel, will be required to accomplish the difficult task that you kindly undertake?"

"Three months, sir," replied the artisan, decisively.

"Well, then, be it so; in three months from this date and at the same hour, I shall come here full of hope, and I shall return, I feel certain of it, full of admiration."

M. Crépinel bowed a second time before this compliment, which he knew perhaps beforehand that he should deserve, and after the exchange of civilities, the artisan and the musician separated.

The time required by the instrument-maker of the Rue Mazarine to repair the famous Amati, passed slowly for the impatience of Baillot. The celebrated artist feared, not without some reason, that the efforts and talents of M. Crépinel might fail before the difficulties of this tardy restoration. The day arrived, however, when he was at last to learn whether his marvellous instrument were destined to appear under the glasses of an antiquarian cabinet, or to resume its rank among the Seraphim of militant harmony; and the musician, his heart divided between hope and fear, wended his way toward the palace of the Institute, of which the Rue Mazarine is in a manner the feudal fosse.

The shop was quiet and dark as usual, the melancholy lamp still burning on the console at the farther end, and Firmin, the tall lad whom Baillot had baptized *in petto* by the name of Knave of Clubs, was invariably seated inside the counter, busied, according to the counsel of Horace, in passing over a block of colophane the hairs of a multitude of bows of counter-bassos, violoncellos, and violins. In these serious and delicate operations, the laborious assistant of M. Crépinel did not perceive that an impudent cat, on his right, was drinking the milk of his breakfast, nor that, on his left, Mirza, whose guardian he had been formerly appointed by Mlle. Cecile, was gnawing on the same counter an enormous shoulder-bone of mutton; at the expense of which the peevish spaniel doubtless hoped to repair her strength, remarkably wasted by the vigils, the barkings, and cares of her maternity.

"Good-morning to Mr. Firmin," said the artist, entering the Caphernaüm.

On this good-morning, which struck him like a bomb-shell, Firmin, who had not heard the musician enter, attentive as he was to repassing his bows over the colophane, raised his head and recognized Baillot.

"Ah! Your servant, sir," said he, rising, and chasing with one of his bows the maurading cat and the gormandizing dog. "Ah! sir, your humble servant."

"Is not your patron here?" asked Baillot, peering through the surrounding darkness.

"He is next door, with our neighbor the armorer, you know, and is finishing a terrible game of chess begun, yesterday was a fortnight ago."

"What an inveterate chess-player!" exclaimed Baillot, who was burning with impatience, and apprehended lest the retarded siege of a castle or unforeseen captivity of a king might remit to the Greek calends the reparation of his Amati. "I suppose," he continued, bitterly, "that M. Crépinel, preoccupied with his strategic lucubrations, will have quite forgotten that he promised my violin, dead or alive, for to-day?"

"I cannot tell you, sir," replied Firmin, in a subdued voice, as though he were afraid of awakening the numerous spiders that tapestried the ceiling over their heads; "it is not my place to contradict you, but I dare think that M. Crépinel has not been quite unmindful of you. He is too much a gentleman

of the old school to lose sight of that respect which every artist owes to the public, and especially to those who honor him with their confidence. I shall call him, and he will be here in a moment. Be seated, if you please, sir."

Baillot felt himself entirely disarmed by the frank courtesy of the Knave of Clubs, and groping for a stool, which he succeeded in finding, seated himself, while Firmin, with his slow and balanced step, went to apprise M. Crépinel, acoustically, of his client's arrival. The artisan did not fail to appear.

"Ah, sir," he said to Baillot, "I was thinking of you but a minute ago."

"You were thinking of me, sir," replied the musician drily, "and I was doing better, I was waiting on you."

"Oh, your punctuality can only be compared with mine," replied the artist, feigning not to understand the musician's indirect reproach; "and as I have just had the honor of mentioning, I was thinking of you, and I applied to you this line of an old comedy :—

'Sangaride, this day is a great day for you.'

Is it not true," continued he, in prose, "that nothing rejoices the heart of a true artist more, that nothing is more auspicious to his talent, and consequently to his reputation, than the possession of an excellent instrument?"

"Undoubtedly," said Baillot, whose heart began to beat vehemently.

"Well, then, sir, you are about to be the fortunate owner of an instrument that has not its equal in France, or even in Europe." And suddenly mounting a stool, M. Crépinel took from a shelf a splendid mahogany box, encrusted with mother-of-pearl, opened it, and grasping the object enclosed, exclaimed in victorious tones, "Here is your violin!"

"Gracious heavens! what a metamorphosis!" cried Baillot, overwhelmed with surprise and admiration. "What! is that my Amati? Is that my instrument, lately in so wretched a condition that only a breath seemed left in it!"

"Yes, but it was the breath of genius, and this breath has sufficed to recall the soul to the body. You gave me a phantom, and I return you an archangel."

"You are a great magician, Monsieur Crépinel; and the miracle you have effected there is like all miracles, incomprehensible."

"I am no magician, sir; I am and pretend to be only a workman."

"Say an artist," added Baillot quickly.

"An artist, if you please, sir, of reflection, and endowed with that patience which the Benedictines of old possessed in deciphering old charts and old books."

The admiration of Baillot was justified. The venerable Amati, under the learned hand of Crépinel, had recovered the graces, the forms, and the powers of its youth. Leaving to the wood of this precious instrument that sombre hue of antiquity which gives to monuments, as to men, an indelible seal of grandeur and of majesty, he had reëstablished with profound science and perfect taste the accessories wanting to this last representative, perhaps in the world, of the magnificent industry of the Amati. The instrument-maker, while detailing to Baillot the different operations by which he had restored to the violin its first aspect and primitive qualities, wished to give his client a sample of his archæological knowledge.

"As I have had the honor of observing to you, sir, this instrument belongs to the best times of the Amati. These paintings, so precious and finely executed on the handle, and which represent two subjects taken from Holy Writ; King David dancing before the ark and singing the praises of God to the accompaniment of the harp, and Joshua causing the walls of Jericho to crumble at the sound of the trumpet of the Levites, prove that this instrument has been made particularly for the Papal chapel, or for some great dignitary of the Church at Rome. But how it has reached France it is difficult to divine; yet I am disposed to think that it was given by an Italian prelate toward the end of the 17th century, to the Cardinal of Fürstemberg, Abbé of Saint Germain des Près, and a great amateur in music, as well as a performer of the first rank on the violin. What confirms this opinion, is that the minute letters encrusted in ivory on the handle, G. E. E. A. C. S. E. A. A. S. C. P. H. F. O. 1689, mean that this instrument was presented in 1689 to Guillaume Egon, Evèque de Strasbourg—for its

name in the low Latin was Argentoratum—Cardinal of the holy Roman Church and Abbé de Saint Germain. This eminent person is still better known as the Cardinal of Fürstemberg, whose name a street in this neighborhood still bears."

Baillot was wonder-struck with the prolix erudition of the instrument-maker, but nevertheless felt some impatience.

"My dear Monsieur Crépinel," said he, "I am infinitely obliged to you for these explanations; but my hand is burning to touch this mysterious present from the gods. Will you permit me to essay some notes upon my violin?"

"Will I permit you, sir! But I pray you, on the contrary, for my success as a workman can only be verified with bow in hand."

Baillot shouldered his instrument with increasing emotion, seized the bow, and preluded by some phrases. But soon the pure and harmonious sounds of the regenerated instrument filtering into the pores of the artist, he executed with an irresistible fervor and fascination one of Mozart's most beautiful fantasies.

At these sublime inspirations of the Raphael of music in the 18th century, executed by the King of violins in the 19th, all the inhabitants of M. Crépinel's domicile came to life, like the sleepers of the Beauty in the Wood, at the apparition of Prince Charming. Mme. Crépinel first adventured to descend from her apartment, the twilight of which she did not willingly leave for the darkness of the workshop; her daughter, Mlle. Cecile, whose beauty was as remarkable as her father's talent, followed close behind her; the tall Firmin forsook his counter, and even Mirza and the favorite cat came to enlarge the circle formed around the musician, while M. Crépinel's adversary the armorer, armed with the pike of the Swiss of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, which he was furbishing, tried, with his ear pressed against the door of the back-shop, to seize some of those voices of the soul exhaled by the genuises of the Amati, of Baillot, and of Mozart.

When the piece was finished, the instrument-maker, who had shown throughout by his gestures and laudatory interjections, the pleasure and emotion that possessed him, exclaimed:

"You have called me a magician; but you are an enchanter. Yes, you are either the Devil or Baillot."

"I had rather be the latter than the former, my dear Crépinel; and I will avow that I am Baillot, a simple artist, who has an important account to settle with you for the astonishing restoration of this violin. Have the kindness to tell me." And Baillot felt in his pocket for his purse.

"What are you about there!" said the artisan, catching the virtuoso's hand.

"To remunerate your workmanship as well as I am able, my dear master."

"Fie, then! no debts between artists; my work on this instrument is no more a subject of payment than the talent you have just displayed, and which held us in ecstasy. Do you now understand that we are quits?"

"My opinion differs essentially from yours upon that chapter," returned Baillot. "But you have too much the advantage of me to-day, and I will not risk a discussion in which your consummate tactics and habit of giving checkmates might assure your triumph. But I make my reservations. In awaiting the resumption of hostilities upon this ground, promise me, Monsieur Crépinel, to come without ceremony and take an artist's breakfast with me, half Spartan, half Athenian."

"Ah! for that, with all my heart," answered the instrument-maker, "and very soon."

"I take you at the word 'very soon,' and between the surrender of a castle and the defeat of a knight."

A frank clasp of the hands accompanied this innocent epigram, and the two artists took leave of each other, mutually satisfied.

The musician continued to revere and admire his Amati; but this possession, which during a whole month had made him forget to eat, to drink, and to sleep, ended in a calm, placid, philosophical, and rational tenderness, which allowed him to resume, along with his usual studies, the round of his social relations, interrupted during this honeymoon of his espousal with the Italian violin, so wonderfully restored by a Parisian.

The earliest recollections of the artist in descending from the ideal to the real, took the direction of the street Mazarine.

He was surprised that the hero of the chess-board had not yet come to share his artist's breakfast, and was about to undertake one morning a pilgrimage to the street Mazarine, when his servant came to announce the visit of a stranger named M. Crépinel.

"Show him in at once," said the master; "he is one of the visitors for whom I am always at home, and never mind how I may be occupied."

M. Crépinel entered. He was no longer the workman, wrapped up to his chin in a leathern apron, and whose dingy spectacles were clasped beneath the otter-skin cap, but a citizen of note, dressed tastefully, not fantastically. He wore gold spectacles; his countenance was a type of frankness and loyalty; his endowment of character he showed in his bearing, the assurance of verified talent and recognized probity, with the ease that springs from hereditary independence and an unbounded faith in the dignity of labor.

"M. Crépinel!" said Baillot, joyously advancing to meet the artisan, and holding out his hand affectionately.

"Myself, sir," he responded, clasping with respectful emotion the hand of the artist.

"I had despaired of seeing you, and accused you of quickly forgetting your promises."

"There are things, sir, that we do not forget, and persons whom we always remember. Your amiable invitation was one of those things, and your person is one of those which are not effaced from the memory."

"Ah, well, M. Crépinel, my resentment cannot hold out against your kind visit. Let us go to breakfast, and seal with a glass of Chambertin our reconciliation and our mutual sympathies." And the musician introduced the artisan into a pleasant little dining-hall, where breakfast was served with an elegance not always met with, even among artists of the first rank.

The two artists were at their last glass of champagne, when the instrument-maker gravely setting down his glass, all crowned with foamy pearls, upon the table, said:

"The desire to press your hand and to spend a few hours with you has not been my only motive in this visit. I have also a favor to ask of you."

"A favor? Of me!" said Baillot; "you are joking, my dear Crépinel; artists do not grant favors, for they are neither ministers nor bankers, but they render services when they can; and whatever you ask of me is as good as done, if possible."

"It is not a service, but a pleasure; it is an honor that I claim of your esteem."

"In that case, certainly, M. Crépinel."

"M. Baillot, I marry my daughter."

"You marry your daughter!" said Baillot, wetting his lips in his crystal-fluted glass, and sipping some impatient pearls that danced around the fragile crater.

"Yes, sir."

"And who is the happy mortal called to possess this jewel, worthy the homage of princes and of artists?"

"Neither a prince nor an artist; it is Firmin Léveillé, my head workman; he whom you found inside the counter with Mirza, when you first honored my house with your presence."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Baillot, shivering his glass upon the table. "What! that tall lad?"

"Mon Dieu, yes, M. Baillot. Firmin, who has been my apprentice since he was that high, almost from his nurse's arms, has become a good and industrious workman. I took him at first from compassion; I have kept him from attachment. An orphan from infancy, he knows no father's house, except that of his master. My daughter and he have been reared together for——"

"And they love each other?" interrupted Baillot.

"Oh, I will not call it romantic love; but they esteem each other, and that is all that is enough to make a good marriage."

"Every one would not be of your opinion, M. Crépinel."

"Every one would be in the wrong, then, sir; and besides, I have not made a fortune in my trade, which I have always practised as a workman in love with his art for its own sake. My daughter has then no dower, and I concede to my son-in-law with Cecile's hand,

only the title, more honorable than lucrative, of my associate. But that will satisfy him, and his gratitude assures me in advance my daughter's welfare."

"This whole arrangement is perfect, M. Crépinel; and when does the wedding come off?"

"Here is precisely the second motive of my visit, sir; the wedding! We shall go in the morning to the magistracy and to the church, then each will return to his business; but in the evening, about ten o'clock, some old friends and loving relatives will be assembled at my hearth; and a supper, in the fashion of our forefathers will celebrate the wedding, which in the shop of a musical instrument-maker may at least enjoy the auspices of harmony."

"'Tis well, very well, M. Crépinel," replied the artist, thoughtfully.

"I invite you, then, sir, earnestly, to join the few guests who will meet around my modest table on that solemn day."

"And is it fixed upon?"

"A week from this."

"Irrevocably?"

"Irrevocably."

"Well, M. Crépinel, I give on that very evening a great concert, which will be honored, I believe, by the presence of the Empress. I place a box at the disposal of your family."

"Ah! a thousand thanks, sir."

"After the concert, a carriage, at my orders, will take you home, where I shall soon have the pleasure of rejoining you, to share your wedding-feast and associate myself in the joy of your family."

The sturdy artisan took leave of Baillot, who busied himself with the organization of the concert, whose future existence and date he had *improvised*. A generous thought germed in his heart, and he had not a moment to lose in maturing it into a plan, and in realizing that plan.

The concert took place, and with our readers' permission we return from it to the parlor of Crépinel, street Mazarine.

This parlor is a large, square room, the walls of which are tapestried in the style of the 17th century, with that pictured Bruges leather which rivalled the tapestries of Gueldres and Brabant. An immense white marble chimney, bearing the sculptured arms and cipher of Cardinal Mazarin, which indicated that the house had been built by the founder of the *College des Quatre-Nations*, and that it had probably been destined for the professors of this college—is surmounted by a beautiful glass, in front of which is a colossal pendulum, whose precious ornaments are of Boule's hands; two rich copper candelabras each held four wax candles; twelve arm-chairs, and some folding-seats covered with Utrecht velvet, flanked two enormous downy bergeres at the chimney-corners, while a fire of oak and ash-wood cheered the room.

In the angles of this spacious parlor stand four consoles, graceful furniture invented in the 17th century by the inconsolable widow of the brave and unfortunate Duke de Montmorency; on one of these consoles appears the bust of Philidor, due to the chisel of Houdon. On the walls are hung portraits of Lulli, Gluck, Mozart, Grétry, Haydn and Rameau. On the two sides of the chimney are a grand piano and a splendid harp. A colossal guéridon occupies the middle of the room, its shelves laden with French, Italian, and German music.

Eight persons, besides Mr. and Mrs. Crépinel and the bride and bridegroom, were assembled, talking of the brilliant concert from which they had just returned. There was no end to the praises accorded to Baillot for his lively, learned, and delicate play, which had borne away the palm, and obtained the approbation of the Empress herself.

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"It is half-past twelve," said Mme. Crépinel, "and Firmin comes to tell me that supper is ready. Our cook, Jeannette, is impatient, and the dishes are getting cold; are you very sure, M. Crépinel, that M. Baillot has not forgotten your engagement outright?"

"I am morally sure of it, Madame Crépinel, and this delay of our great artist is sufficiently explained. You know as well as I, that after the concert, M. Baillot was called to the Empress's box, probably to receive her majesty's felicitations."

At this moment a carriage, arriving

at a gallop, shook the houses of the street Mazarine, and stopped at the door. A minute after, M. Baillot entered and underwent a fresh shower of compliments.

"To table! to table! gentlemen and ladies," called Madame Crépinel, who had but little taste for the mummeries of empty politeness. The mistress of the house was eagerly followed, and they sat down to table.

They drank as at the wedding of Cana; they ate as at the wedding of Gamache. Every one was in spirits, for pleasure and liberty are democratic sovereigns, and freely dispense among the humblest intellects the feast of humor and the flow of soul. The gownsman forgot his code and his pandects, and was almost imaginative; the shopkeeper found happy repartees; the beaurocrat came out of his cravat and his habitual nullity. Robineau, even, notwithstanding the funereal memories of his three wives and his approaching hymen, notwithstanding especially the checkmate he had received that morning from M. Crépinel, was jovial without vulgar temerity. Baillot talked agreeably, related his Odyssey of the street Mouffetard and the finding of the Amati violin, which had become in his hands, thanks to Crépinel's skilful science, a true gold mine.

Then they sang good old songs of Panard and Collé, and the modern songs of Armand Gouffé's and that kindly and merry Desaugiers, who never decks the Gallic muse with the bloody attire of revolution, or the banners of impiety or materialism. Finally they returned to the parlor, and Baillot, acceding to the desires of the company, played on his violin one of his sweetest fantasias. Then the bride seated herself at her harp, and sang with a melodious voice to the accompaniment of this royal instrument, a delicious romance of Millevoyés.

These pure, fresh tones, these chaste and last accents of a young girl, dropping a tear into her voice, that seemed to bewail her virginity, like the companions of Seïla upon the mountains of Saphat, touched the assembly, and Baillot exclaimed in his enthusiasm, "Ah, divine Colombier, you are equalled if not surpassed!"

This ended the evening, or rather the morning of the wedding. The guests went away enchanted. Baillot remained last with the family.

When they were alone, "M. Crépinel," he said to the artisan, whose eyes were still moist with tears, "allow me to offer your son-in-law, who, on his part, has also contributed to restore to my Amati its power and glory, a testimonial of my esteem and gratitude."

"Sir," said the artisan, bowing.

"My dear M. Firmin," resumed the artist, turning toward the bridegroom, "the success of last evening's concert is due in great measure to your skill; we ought to divide the profits. Accept, I pray you, this little sum, which will not be useless in your young housekeeping." And he handed Firmin a roll of six thousand-franc notes.

The poor boy could scarce keep his feet, and stammered some unintelligible compliment. "M. Crépinel," pursued Baillot, drawing from his pocket a folded parchment, which he placed in the hands of the other; "her Majesty, the Empress, to whom I had the honor of mentioning your very useful and remarkable works, has commissioned me to present you this brevet of appointment as her own instrument-maker."

"Ah, M. Baillot! M. Baillot! what an honor! and what gratitude!"

"Toward our august sovereign, yes; but toward me, no; for that word is erased from our dictionary, and there can be no other tie between us than that of friendship and fraternity." And he extended his hand to Crépinel, who pressed it with energetic warmth.

"And you, dear madam," added Baillot, approaching Cecilia, who contemplated, pale and agitated, the rapture of her father and her husband, "you know that nothing brings good-luck to a young household like beneficence; be therefore so kind as to take this thousand-franc note to the poor mother who sold me, without knowing it, the masterpiece of Amati. Such an embassy can hardly be otherwise than agreeable to you, and offered by your hand—by the hand of beauty and of talent—this small gift will acquire a value which it could not otherwise possess."

"I gladly accept the mission you confide to me, sir," replied Cecilia, blushing, "and will fulfil it, unworthy as I am to

perform such a mission. But certainly the poor woman will take me for the ambassadress of a prince, or of a god."

"Not of a prince, no," replied Baillot, laughing, "but of a god, it may well be,—of the god Pan."

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THE PROPHET OF CULTURE.

BY HENRY SIDGWICK, FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THE movement against anonymous writing, in which this journal some years ago took a part, has received, I think, an undeniable accession of strength from the development (then unexpected) of Mr. Matthew Arnold. Some persons who sympathized on the whole with that movement yet felt that the case was balanced, and that if it succeeded we should have sacrificed something that we could not sacrifice without regret. One felt the evils that "irresponsible reviewers" were continually inflicting on the progress of thought and society: and yet one felt that, in form and expression, anonymous writing tended to be good writing. The buoyant confidence of youth was invigorated and yet sobered by having to sustain the *prestige* of a well-earned reputation: while the practised weapon of age, relieved from the restraints of responsibility, was wielded with almost the elasticity of youth. It was thought we should miss the freedom, the boldness, the reckless vivacity with which one talented writer after another had discharged his missiles from behind the common shield of a coterie of unknown extent, or at least half veiled by a pseudonyme. It was thought that periodical literature would gain in carefulness, in earnestness, in sincerity, in real moral influence; but that possibly it might become just a trifle dull. We did not foresee that the dashing insolences of "we-dom" that we should lose would be more than compensated by the delicate impertinences of egotism that we should gain. We did not imagine the new and exquisite literary enjoyments that would be created when a man of genius and ripe thought, perhaps even elevated by a position of academic dignity, should deliver profound truths and subtle observations with all the dogmatic authority and self-confidence of a prophet: at the same time titillating the public by something like the airs and graces, the playful affectations of a favorite comedian. We did not, in short, foresee a Matthew Arnold: and I think it must be allowed that our apprehensions have been much removed, and our cause much strengthened, by this new phenomenon.

I have called Mr. Arnold the prophet of culture: I will not call him an "elegant Jeremiah," because he seems to have been a little annoyed (he who is never annoyed) by that phrase of the *Daily Telegraph*. "Jeremiah!" he exclaims, "the very Hebrew prophet whose style I admire the least." I confess I thought the phrase tolerably felicitous for a Philistine, from whom one would not expect any very subtle discrimination of the differentiæ of prophets. Nor can I quite determine which Hebrew prophet Mr. Arnold does most resemble. But it is certainly hard to compare him to Jeremiah, for Jeremiah is our type of the lugubrious; whereas there is nothing more striking than the imperturbable cheerfulness with which Mr. Arnold seems to sustain himself on the fragment of culture that is left him, amid the deluge of Philistinism that he sees submerging our age and country. A prophet, however, I gather, Mr. Arnold does not object to be called; as such I wish to consider and weigh him; and thus I am led to examine the lecture with which he has closed his connection with Oxford,—the most full, distinct, and complete of the various utterances in which he has set forth the Gospel of Culture.

As it will clearly appear in the course of this article, how highly I admire Mr. Arnold as a writer, I may say at once, without reserve or qualification, that this utterance has disappointed me very much. It is not even so good in style as former essays; it has more of the mannerism of repeating his own phrases, which, though very effective up to a certain point, may be carried too far. But this is a small point: and Mr. Arnold's style, when most faulty, is very charming. My complaint is, that though there is much in it beautifully and subtly said, and many fine glimpses of great truths, it is, as a whole, ambitious,

vague, and perverse. It seems to me over-ambitious, because it treats of the most profound and difficult problems of individual and social life with an airy dogmatism that ignores their depth and difficulty. And though dogmatic, Mr. Arnold is yet vague; because when he employs indefinite terms he does not attempt to limit their indefiniteness, but rather avails himself of it. Thus he speaks of the relation of culture and religion, and sums it up by saying, that the idea of culture is destined to "transform and govern" the idea of religion. Now I do not wish to be pedantic; and I think that we may discuss culture and religion, and feel that we are talking about the same social and intellectual facts, without attempting any rigorous definition of our terms. But there is one indefiniteness that ought to be avoided. When we speak of culture and religion in common conversation, we sometimes refer to an ideal state of things and sometimes to an actual. But if we are appraising, weighing, as it were, these two, one with the other, it is necessary to know whether it is the ideal or the actual that we are weighing. When I say ideal, I do not mean something that is not realized at all by individuals at present, but something not realized sufficiently to be much called to mind by the term denoting the general social fact. I think it clear that Mr. Arnold, when he speaks of culture, is speaking sometimes of an ideal, sometimes of an actual culture, and does not always know which. He describes it in one page as "a study of perfection, moving by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but of the moral and social passion for doing good." A study of this vast aim, moving with the impetus of this double passion, is something that does, I hope, exist among us, but to a limited extent: it is hardly that which has got itself stamped and recognized as culture. And Mr. Arnold afterwards admits as much. For we might have thought, from the words I have quoted, that we had in culture, thus possessed by the passion of doing good, a mighty social power, continually tending to make "reason and the will of God prevail." But we find that this power only acts in fine weather. "It needs times of faith and ardor to flourish in." Exactly; it is not itself a spring and source of faith and ardor. Culture "believes" in making reason and the will of God prevail, and will even "endeavor" to make them prevail, but it must be under very favorable circumstances. This is rather a languid form of the passion of doing good; and we feel that we have passed from the ideal culture, toward which Mr. Arnold aspires, to the actual culture in which he lives and moves.

Mr. Arnold afterwards explains to us a little further how much of the passion for doing good culture involves, and how it involves it. "Men are all members of one great whole, and the sympathy which is in human nature will not allow one member to be indifferent to the rest, or to have a perfect welfare independent of the rest. . . . . The individual is obliged, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march toward perfection." These phrases are true of culture as we know it. In using them Mr. Arnold assumes implicitly what, perhaps, should have been expressly avowed —that the study of perfection, as it forms itself in members of the human race, is naturally and primarily a study of the individual's perfection, and only incidentally and secondarily a study of the general perfection of humanity. It is so incidentally and secondarily for the two reasons Mr. Arnold gives, one internal, and the other external: first, because it finds sympathy as one element of the human nature that it desires harmoniously to develop; and secondly, because the development of one individual is bound up by the laws of the universe with the development of at least some other individuals. Still the root of culture, when examined ethically, is found to be a refined eudæmonism: in it the social impulse springs out of and reënters into the self-regarding, which remains predominant. That is, I think, the way in which the love of culture is generally developed: an exquisite pleasure is experienced in refined states of thought and feeling, and a desire for this pleasure is generated, which may amount to a passion, and lead to the utmost intellectual and moral effort. Mr. Arnold may,

perhaps, urge (and I would allow it true in certain cases) that the direct impulse toward perfection, whether realized in a man's self or in the world around, may inspire and impassion some minds, without any consideration of the enjoyment connected with it. In any case, it must be admitted that the impulse toward perfection in a man of culture is not practically limited to himself, but tends to expand in infinitely increasing circles. It is the wish of culture, taking ever wider and wider sweeps, to carry the whole race, the whole universe, harmoniously toward perfection.

And, if it were possible that all men, under all circumstances, should feel what some men, in some fortunate spheres, may truly feel—that there is no conflict, no antagonism, between the full development of the individual and the progress of the world—I should be loath to hint at any jar or discord in this harmonious movement. But this paradisiacal state of culture is rare. We dwell in it a little space, and then it vanishes into the ideal. Life shows us the conflict and the discord: on one side are the claims of harmonious self-development, on the other the cries of struggling humanity: we have hitherto let our sympathies expand along with our other refined instincts, but now they threaten to sweep us into regions from which those refined instincts shrink. Not that harmonious self-development calls on us to *crush* our sympathies; it asks only that they should be a little repressed, a little kept under: we may become (as Mr. Arnold delicately words it) philanthropists "tempered by renouncement." There is much useful and important work to be done, which may be done harmoniously: still we cannot honestly say that this seems to us the most useful, the most important work, or what in the interests of the world is most pressingly entreated and demanded. This latter, if done at all, must be done as self-sacrifice, not as self-development. And so we are brought face to face with the most momentous and profound problem of ethics.

It is at this point, I think, that the relation of culture and religion is clearly tested and defined. Culture (if I have understood and analyzed it rightly) inevitably takes one course. It recognizes with a sigh the limits of self-development, and its first enthusiasm becomes "tempered by renouncement." Religion, of which the essence is self-sacrifice, inevitably takes the other course. We see this daily realized in practice: we see those we know and love, we see the *élite* of humanity in history and literature, coming to this question, and after a struggle answering it: going, if they are strong clear souls, some one way and some the other; if they are irresolute, vacillating and "moving in a strange diagonal" between the two. It is because he ignores this antagonism, which seems to me so clear and undeniable if stated without the needless and perilous exaggerations which preachers have used about it, that I have called Mr. Arnold perverse. A philosopher * with whom he is more familiar than I am, speaks, I think, of "the reconciliation of antagonisms" as the essential feature of the most important steps in the progress of humanity. I seem to see profound truth in this conception, and perhaps Mr. Arnold has intended to realize it. But, in order to reconcile antagonisms, it is needful to probe them to the bottom; whereas Mr. Arnold skims over them with a lightly-won tranquillity that irritates instead of soothing.

Of course we are all continually trying to reconcile this and other antagonisms, and many persuade themselves that they have found a reconciliation. The religious man tells himself that in obeying the instinct of self-sacrifice he has chosen true culture, and the man of culture tells himself that by seeking self-development he is really taking the best course to "make reason and the will of God prevail." But I do not think either is quite convinced. I think each dimly feels that it is necessary for the world that the other line of life should be chosen by some, and each and all look forward with yearning to a time when circumstances shall have become kinder and more pliable to our desires, and when the complex impulses of humanity that we share shall have been chastened and purified into something more easy to harmonize. And sometimes the human race seems to the

* Hegel.

eye of enthusiasm so very near this consummation: it seems that if just a few simple things were done it would reach it. But these simple things prove mountains of difficulty; and the end is far off. I remember saying to a friend once—a man of deep culture—that his was a "fair-weather theory of life." He answered with much earnestness, "We mean it to be fair weather henceforth." And I hope the skies are growing clearer every century; but meanwhile there is much storm and darkness yet, and we want—the world wants—all the self-sacrifice that religion can stimulate. Culture diffuses "sweetness and light;" I do not undervalue these blessings: but religion gives fire and strength, and the world wants fire and strength even more than sweetness and light. Mr. Arnold feels this when he says that culture must "borrow a devout energy" from religion; but devout energy, as Dr. Newman somewhere says, is not to be borrowed. At the same time, I trust that the ideal of culture and the ideal of religion will continually approach one another: that culture will keep developing its sympathy, and gain in fire and strength; that religion will teach that unnecessary self-sacrifice is folly, and that whatever tends to make life harsh and gloomy cometh of evil. And if we may allow that the progress of culture is clearly in this direction, surely we may say the same of religion. Indeed, the exegetic artifices by which the Hellenic view of life is introduced and allowed a place in Christian preaching would sometimes be almost ludicrous, if they were not touching, and if they were not, on the whole, such a sign of a hopeful progress; of progress not as yet, perhaps, very great or very satisfactory, but still very distinct. I wish Mr. Arnold had recognized this. I do not think he would then have said that culture would transform and absorb religion, any more than religion transform and absorb culture. To me the ultimate and ideal relation of culture and religion is imaged like the union of the golden and silver sides of the famous shield—each leading to the same "orbed perfection" of actions and results, but shining with a diverse splendor in the light of its different principle.

Into the difficulties of this question I have barely entered; but I hope I have shown the inadequacy of Mr. Arnold's treatment of it. I think we shall be more persuaded of this inadequacy when we have considered how he conceives of actual religion in the various forms in which it exists among us. He has but one distinct thing to say of them,—that they subdue the obvious faults of our animality. They form a sort of spiritual police: that is all. He says nothing of the emotional side of religion; of the infinite and infinitely varied vent which it gives, in its various forms, for the deepest fountains of feeling. He says nothing of its intellectual side: of the indefinite but inevitable questions about the world and human destiny into which the eternal metaphysical problems form themselves in minds of rudimentary development; questions needing confident answers, nay, imperatively demanding, it seems, from age to age, different answers: of the actual facts of psychological experience, so strangely mixed up with and expressed in the mere conventional "jargon" of religion (which he characterizes with appropriate contempt)—how the moral growth of men and nations, while profoundly influenced and controlled by the formulæ of traditional religions, is yet obedient to laws of its own, and in its turn reacts upon and modifies these formulæ: of all this Mr. Arnold does not give a hint. He may say that he is not treating of religions, but of culture. But it may be replied that he is treating of the relation of culture to religions; and that a man ought not to touch cursorily upon such a question, much less to dogmatize placidly upon it, without showing us that he has mastered the elements of the problem.

I may, perhaps, illustrate my meaning by referring to another essayist—one of the very few whom I consider superior to Mr. Arnold—one who is as strongly attached to culture as Mr. Arnold himself, and perhaps more passionately—M. Renan. It will be seen that I am not going to quote a partisan. From "my countryman's" judgment of our Protestant organizations I appeal boldly to a Frenchman and an infidel. Let any one turn to M. Renan's delicate, tender, sympathetic studies of religious phenomena—I do not refer to the *Vie de Jésus*, but to a much superior work, the *Essais*

d'Histoire religieuse,—he will feel, I think how coarse, shallow, unappreciative, is Mr. Arnold's summing up, they conquer the more obvious faults "of our animality." To take one special point. When Mr. Arnold is harping on the "dissidence of Dissent," I recall the little phrase which M. Renan throws at the magnificent fabric of Bossuet's attack upon Protestantism. "En France," he says, "on ne comprend pas qu'on se divise pour si peu de chose." M. Renan knows that ever since the reviving intellect of Europe was turned upon theology, religious dissidence and variation has meant religious life and force. Mr. Arnold, of course, can find texts inculcating unity: how should unity not be included in the ideal of a religion claiming to be universal? But Mr. Arnold, as a cultivated man, has read the New Testament records with the light of German erudition, and knows how much unity was attained by the Church in its fresh and fervent youth. Still, unity is a part of the ideal even of the religion that came not to send peace, but a sword; let us be grateful to any one who keeps that in view, who keeps reminding us of that. But it may be done without sneers. Mr. Arnold might know (if he would only study them a little more closely and tenderly) the passionate longing for unity that may be cherished within small dissident organizations. I am not defending them. I am not saying a word for separatism against multitudinism. But those who feel that worship ought to be the true expression of the convictions on which it is based, and out of which it grows, and that in the present fragmentary state of truth it is supremely difficult to reconcile unity of worship with sincerity of conviction; those who know that the struggle to realize in combination the ideals of truth and peace in many minds reaches the pitch of agony, will hardly think that Mr. Arnold's taunt is the less cruel because it is pointed with a text.

I wish it to be distinctly understood that it is as judged by his own rules and principles that I venture to condemn Mr. Arnold's treatment of our actual religions. He has said that culture in its most limited phase is curiosity, and I quite sympathize in his effort to vindicate for this word the more exalted meaning that the French give to it. Even of the ideal culture he considers curiosity (if I understand him rightly) to be the most essential, though not the noblest, element. Well, then, I complain that in regard to some of the most important elements of social life he has so little curiosity; and therefore so thin and superficial an appreciation of them. I do not mean that every cultivated man ought to have formed for himself a theory of religion. "Non omnia possumus omnes," and a man must, to some extent, select the subjects that suit his special faculties. But every man of deep culture ought to have a conception of the importance and intricacy of the religious problem, a sense of the kind and amount of study that is required for it, a tact to discriminate worthy and unworthy treatment of it, an instinct which, if he has to touch on it, will guide him round the lacunæ of apprehension that the limits of his nature and leisure have rendered inevitable. Now this cultivated tact, sense, instinct (Mr. Arnold could express my meaning for me much more felicitously than I can for myself) he seems to me altogether to want on this topic. He seems to me (if so humble a simile may be pardoned) to judge of religious organizations as a dog judges of human beings, chiefly by scent. One admires in either case the exquisite development of the organ, but feels that the use of it for this particular object implies a curious, an almost ludicrous, limitation of sympathy. When these popular religions are brought before Mr. Arnold, he is content to detect their strong odors of Philistinism and vulgarity: he will not stoop down and look into them; he is not sufficiently interested in their dynamical importance; he does not care to penetrate the secret of their fire and strength, and learn the sources and effects of these; much less does he consider how sweetness and light may be added without any loss of fire and strength.

This limitation of view in Mr. Arnold seems to me the more extraordinary, when I compare it with the fervent language he uses with respect to what is called, *par excellence*, the Oxford movement. He even half associates himself with the movement—or rather he half associates the movement with himself.

It was directed, he rightly says, against "Liberalism as Dr. Newman saw it." What was this? "It was," he explains,

"the great middle class Liberalism, which had for the cardinal points of its belief the Reform Bill of 1832 and local self-government in politics ; in the social sphere free trade, unrestricted competition, and the making of large industrial fortunes; in the religious sphere the dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." Liberalism to Dr. Newman may have meant something of all this; but what (as I infer from the *Apology*) it more especially meant to him, was a much more intelligent force than all these, which Mr. Arnold omits; and *pour cause;* for it was precisely that view of the functions of religion and its place in the social organism in which Mr. Arnold seems at least complacently to acquiesce. Liberalism, Dr. Newman thought (and it seems to me true of one phase or side of Liberalism), wished to extend just the languid patronage to religion that Mr. Arnold does. What priesthoods were good for in the eyes of Liberalism were the functions, as I have said, of spiritual police ; and that is all Mr. Arnold thinks they are good for at present; and even in the future (unless I misunderstand him), if we want more, he would have us come to culture. But Dr. Newman knew that even the existing religions, far as they fell below his ideal, were good for much more than this ; this view of them seemed to him not only shallow and untrue, but perilous, deadly, soul-destroying ; and inasmuch as it commended itself to intellectual men, and was an intelligent force, he fought against it, not, I think, with much sweetness or light, but with a blind, eager, glowing asperity which, tempered always by humility and candor, was and is very impressive. Dr. Newman fought for a point of view which it required culture to appreciate, and therefore he fought in some sense with culture ; but he did not fight for culture, and to conceive him combating side by side with Mr. Matthew Arnold is almost comical.

I think, then, that without saying more about religion, Mr. Arnold might have said truer things about it; and I think also that without saying less about culture—we have a strong need of all he can say to recommend it—he might have shown that he was alive to one or two of its besetting faults. And some notice of these might have strengthened his case ; for he might have shown that the faults of culture really arise from lack of culture; and that more culture, deeper and truer culture, removes them. I have ventured to hint this in speaking of Mr. Arnold's tone about religion. What I dislike in it seems to me, when examined, to be exactly what he calls Philistinism; just as when he commences his last lecture before a great university by referring to his petty literary squabbles, he seems to me guilty of what he calls "provincialism." And so, again, the attitude that culture often assumes toward enthusiasm in general seems to spring from narrowness, from imperfection of culture. The fostering care of culture, and a soft application of sweetness and light, might do so much for enthusiasm—enthusiasm does so much want it. Enthusiasm is often a turbid issue of smoke and sparks. Culture might refine this to a steady glow. It is melancholy when, instead, it takes to pouring cold water on it. The worst result is not the natural hissing and sputtering that ensues, though that cannot be pleasing to culture or to anything else, but the waste of power that is the inevitable consequence.

It is wrong to exaggerate the antagonism between enthusiasm and culture; because, in the first place, culture has an enthusiasm of its own, by virtue of which indeed, as Mr. Arnold contemplates, it is presently to transcend and absorb religion. But at present this enthusiasm, so far from being adequate to this, is hardly sufficient—is often insufficient—to prevent culture degenerating into dilettantism. In the second place, culture has an appreciation of enthusiasm (with the source of which it has nothing to do), when that enthusiasm is beautiful and picturesque, or thrilling and sublime, as it often is. But the enthusiasm must be very picturesque, very sublime; upon some completed excellence of form culture will rigorously insist. May it not be that culture is short-sighted and pedantic in the rigor of these demands, and thus really defeats its own ends, just as it is often liable to do by purely artistic pedantry and conventionality? If it had larger and healthier sympathies, it might see beauty in the stage of becoming (if I may use a German phrase), in much rough and violent work at which

it now shudders. In pure art, culture is always erring on the side of antiquity—much more in its sympathy with the actual life of men and society. In some of the most beautiful lines he has written, Owen Meredith expresses a truth that deserves to be set in beautiful language:

> "I know that all acted time
> By that which succeeds it is ever received
> As calmer, completer, and more sublime,
> Only because it is finished; because
> We only behold the thing it achieved,
> We behold not the thing that it was.
> For while it stands whole and immutable
> In the marble of memory, how can we tell
> What the men that have hewn at the block may have been?
> Their passion is merged in its passionlessness;
> Their strife in its stillness closed for ever;
> Their change upon change in its changelessness;
> In its final achievement their feverish endeavor."

Passion, strife, feverish endeavor—surely in the midst of these have been produced not only the rough blocks with which the common world builds, but the jewels with which culture is adorned. Culture the other day thought Mr. Garrison a very prosy and uninteresting person, and did not see why so much fuss should be made about him; but I should not be surprised if in a hundred years or so he were found to be poetical and picturesque.

And I will go farther, and plead for interests duller and vulgarer than any fanaticism.

If any culture really has what Mr. Arnold in his finest mood calls its noblest element, the passion for propagating itself, for making itself prevail, then let it learn "to call nothing common or unclean." It can only propagate itself by shedding the light of its sympathy liberally; by learning to love common people and common things, to feel common interests. Make people feel that their own poor life is ever so little beautiful and poetical; then they will beign to turn and seek after the treasures of beauty and poetry outside and above it. Pictorial culture is a little vexed at the success of Mr. Frith's pictures, at the thousands of pounds he gets, and the thousands of people that crowd to see them. Now I do not myself admire Mr. Frith's pictures; but I think he diffuses culture more than some of his acid critics, and I should like to think that he got twice as many pounds and spectators. If any one of these grows eagerly fond of a picture of Mr. Frith's, then, it seems to me, the infinite path of culture is open to him; I do not see why he should not go on till he can conscientiously praise the works of Pietro Perugino. But leaving Mr. Frith (and other painters and novelists that might be ranked with him), let us consider a much greater man, Macaulay. Culture has turned up its nose a little at our latest English classic, and would, I think, have done so more, but that it is touched and awed by his wonderful devotion to literature. But Macaulay, though he loved literature, loved also common people and common things, and therefore he can make the common people who live among common things love literature. How Philistinish it is of him to be stirred to eloquence by the thought of "the opulent and enlightened states of Italy, the vast and magnificent cities, the ports, the arsenals, the villas, the museums, the libraries, the marts filled with every article of comfort and luxury, the factories swarming with artisans, the Apennines covered with rich cultivation up to their very summits, the Po wafting the harvest of Lombardy to the granaries of Venice, and carrying back the silks of Bengal and the furs of Siberia to the palaces of Milan." But the Philistine's heart is opened by these images; through his heart a way is found to his taste; he learns how delightful a melodious current of stirring words may be; and then, when Macaulay asks him to mourn for "the wit and the learning and the genius" of Florence, he does not refuse faintly to mourn; and so Philistinism and culture kiss each other.

Again, when our greatest living poet "dips into the future" what does he see?

> "The heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
> Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales."

Why, it might be the vision of a young general merchant. I doubt whether anything similar could be found in a French or German poet (I might except Victor Hugo to prove the rule); he would not feel the image poetical, and perhaps if he did, would not dare to say so. The Germans have in their way

immense honesty and breadth of sympathy, and I like them for it. I like to be made to sympathize with their middle-class enthusiasm for domestic life and bread-and-butter. Let us be bold, and make them sympathize with our middle-class affection for commerce and bustle.

Ah, I wish I could believe that Mr. Arnold was describing the ideal and not the actual, when he dwells on the educational, the missionary, function of culture, and says that its greatest passion is for making sweetness and light prevail. For I think we might soon be agreed as to how they may be made to prevail. Religions have been propagated by the sword; but culture cannot be propagated by the sword, nor by the pen sharpened and wielded like an offensive weapon. Culture, like all spiritual gifts, can only be propagated by enthusiasm; and by enthusiasm that has got rid of asperity, that has become sympathetic; that has got rid of Pharisaism, and become humble. I suppose Mr. Arnold would hardly deny that in the attitude in which he shows himself, contemplating the wealthy Philistines through his eye-glass, he has at least a superficial resemblance to a Pharisee. Let us not be too hard on Pharisaism of any kind. It is better that religion should be self-asserting than that it should be crushed and stifled by rampant worldliness; and where the worship of wealth is predominant it is perhaps a necessary antagonism that intellect should be self-asserting. But I cannot see that intellectual Pharisaism is any less injurious to true culture than religious Pharisaism to true worship; and when a poet keeps congratulating himself that he is not a Philistine, and pointing out (even exaggerating) all the differences between himself and a Philistine, I ask myself, Where is the sweetness of culture? For the moment, it seems to have turned sour.

Perhaps what is most disappointing in our culture, is its want of appreciation of the "sap of progress," the creative and active element of things. We all remember the profound epigram of Agassiz, that the world in dealing with a new truth passes through three stages: it first says that it is not true, then that it is contrary to religion, and finally, that we knew it before. Culture is raised above the first two stages, but it is apt to disport itself complacently in the third. "Culture," we are told, "is always assigning to the system-maker and his system, a smaller share in the bent of human destiny than their friends like." Quite so: a most useful function; but culture does this with so much zest that it is continually overdoing it. The system-maker may be compared to a man who sees that mankind want a house built. He erects a scaffolding with much unassisted labor, and begins to build. The scaffolding is often unnecessarily large and clumsy, and the system-maker is apt to keep it up much longer than it is needed. Culture looks at the unsightly structure with contempt, and from time to time kicks over some useless piece of timber. The house, however, gets built, is seen to be serviceable, and culture is soon found benevolently diffusing sweetness and light through the apartments. For culture perceives the need of houses; and is even ready to say in its royal way, "Let suitable mansions be prepared; only without this eternal hammering, these obtrusive stones and timber." We must not forget, however, that construction and destruction are treated with equal impartiality. When a miserable fanatic has knocked down some social abuse with much peril of life and limb, culture is good enough to point out to him that he need not have taken so much trouble; culture had seen the thing was falling; it would soon have fallen of its own accord; the crash has been unpleasant, and raised a good deal of disagreeable dust.

All this criticism of action is very valuable; but it is usually given in excess, just because, I think, culture is a little sore in conscience, is uncomfortably eager to excuse its own evident incapacity for action. Culture is always hinting at a convenient season, that rarely seems to arrive. It is always suggesting one decisive blow that is to be gracefully given; but it is so difficult to strike quite harmoniously, and without some derangement of attitude. Hence an instinctive, and, I think, irrational, discouragement of the action upon which less cultivated people are meanwhile spending themselves. For what does action, social action, really mean?

It means losing oneself in a mass of disagreeable, hard, mechanical details, and trying to influence many dull or careless, or bigoted people for the sake of ends that were at first of doubtful brilliancy, and are continually being dimmed and dwarfed by the clouds of conflict. Is this the kind of thing to which human nature is desperately prone, and into which it is continually rushing with perilous avidity? Mr. Arnold may say that he does not discourage action, but only asks for delay, in order that we may act with sufficient knowledge. This is the eternal excuse of indolence—insufficient knowledge; still, taken cautiously, the warning is valuable, and we may thank Mr. Arnold for it; we cannot be too much stimulated to study the laws of the social phenomena that we wish to modify, in order that "reason the card" may be as complete and accurate as possible. But we remember that we have heard all this before, at much length, from a very different sort of prophet. It has been preached to us by a school, small, but energetic (energetic to a degree that causes Mr. Arnold to scream "Jacobinism!"); and the preaching has been not in the name of culture, but in the name of religion and self-sacrifice.

I do not ask much sympathy for the people of action from the people of culture; I will show by an example how much. Paley, somewhere in one of his optimistic expositions of the comfortableness of things, remarks, that if he is ever inclined to grumble at his taxes, when he gets his newspaper he feels repaid; he feels that he could not lay out the money better than in purchasing the spectacle of all this varied life and bustle. There are more taxes now, but there are more and bigger newspapers; let us hope that Paley would still consider the account balanced. Now, might not Mr. Arnold imbibe a little of this pleasant spirit? As it is, no one who is doing anything can feel that Mr. Arnold hearing of it is the least bit more content to pay his taxes—that is, unless he is doing it in some supremely graceful and harmonious way.

One cannot think on this subject without recalling the great man who recommended to philosophy a position very similar to that now claimed for culture. I wish to give Mr. Arnold the full benefit of his resemblance to Plato. But when we look closer at the two positions, the dissimilarity comes out; they have a very different effect on our feelings and imagination; and I confess I feel more sympathy with the melancholy philosopher looking out with hopeless placidity "from beneath the shelter of some wall" on the storms and dust-clouds of blind and selfish conflict, than with a cheerful modern liberal, tempered by renouncement, shuddering aloof from the rank exhalations of vulgar enthusiasm, and holding up the pouncet-box of culture betwixt the wind and his nobility.

To prolong this fault-finding would be neither pleasant nor profitable. But perhaps many who love culture much—and respect the enthusiasm of those who love it more—may be sorry when it is brought into antagonism with things that are more dear to them even than culture. I think Mr. Arnold wishes for the reconciliation of antagonisms: I think that in many respects, with his subtle eloquence, his breadth of view, and above all, his admirable temper, he is excellently fitted to reconcile antagonisms; and, therefore, I am vexed when I find him in an access of dilettante humor, doing not a little to exasperate and exacerbate them, and dropping from the prophet of an ideal culture into a more or less prejudiced advocate of the actual.

Belgravia.

THE GORILLA AS I FOUND HIM.

BY W. WINWOOD READE, F. R. G. S.

In 1861 M. Du Chaillu introduced a new ape to the public, who with proverbial fickleness immediately discarded the orang-outang. A name gathered out of the log-book of a Carthaginian naval officer became established in the English language as a choice expression of abuse; and a few months after the publication of M. Du Chaillu's book, a young lady, brought up before a London police-court for beating her little brother, tried to justify herself by saying that he had called her a *gorilla*.

This ape, occasionally mentioned by old African voyagers, perhaps seen by

Hanno, the oldest of them all, had been discovered for purposes of science by some American missionaries in the Gaboon in 1846. It was first described and named by Professor Wyman, of Harvard, in 1847, and shortly afterwards by Professor Owen. But M. Du Chaillu gave a direct impulse to that line of research by bringing from Africa a larger number of specimens than had ever been collected before; and perhaps an indirect impulse by awakening that public curiosity which frequently influences scientific work. Everybody must have noticed how the ape question has culminated during the last five years. This is partly owing, perhaps, to the popularity of the gorilla. M. Du Chaillu is also entitled to the credit of having drawn the attention of men of science to the coast-region of Western Equatorial Africa; an extraordinary country, which had been passed over by previous explorers as it had been passed over by the Portuguese settlers of the sixteenth century. This region has been justly called by Sir Roderick Murchison, Du Chaillu's Country; and its discoverer, whatever his faults may be, won for himself a place in the history of Africa, which he has lately confirmed by a gallant and genuine journey of exploration.

Soon after his *Adventures in Equatorial Africa* appeared, his veracity was called in question by a high authority, and a long controversy ensued, from which it was evident that all parties concerned (however great their scientific attainments might be) were fighting completely in the dark. I saw but one way in which the question could be settled, and determined to go to the gorilla country to investigate it there. Imagine that a new history of Europe were to be brought out, filled with statements of a novel and startling kind. A thorough critic would at once refer to the original authorities, and perhaps, beginning with the British Museum and the State-paper Office, would find himself gradually led on to the archives of the Escurial and the Hague. In the same manner I supposed at first that a trip to the Gaboon would be sufficient for my purpose. There I consulted the American missionaries; they were my printed books; the information which they gave me was clear and reliable, but it was insufficient. I was therefore obliged to visit other and less accessible parts of the gorilla country to gain the desired information. The Fan country was my Escurial, the Fernand Vaz my Hague, the natives were my MSS. It required skill to read them, but, living among them, I soon acquired that skill; and I did not leave them until I had perfectly satisfied my curiosity.

Had I been employed by others to pursue an inquiry which was attended with many hardships, it might be supposed that I should be likely to hurry over it. But I went out of my own accord; at that time I was scarcely acquainted with a single scientific man; I had never seen M. Du Chaillu; I had taken no part in the gorilla controversy; I had not even formed a definite opinion of my own upon the matter. I was consequently thoroughly unbiassed; I was also unshackled—my time was my own; and I soon began to enjoy the kind of life which I was obliged to lead. I may add that, although I was very young at the time, I fully appreciated the importance of the task which I had set myself to do. Therefore, although I remained only a few months in the gorilla country, I remained there long enough to exhaust the question; and when I left that country, it was not to hurry back to England, but to spend ten months more in other parts of Western Africa.

The historical critic, on finding himself in a new world of manuscript, would be naturally inclined to make original investigations of his own; and something of this kind I did in the gorilla country. But let it be understood by the reader that on the present occasion I appear before him in the simple capacity of critic. I examined at the risk of my life rare and difficult documents; but M. Du Chaillu pointed them out for me; and if I bring forward any new facts it will be those only which he passed over from carelessness, or which it answered his purpose to suppress.

The following were the chief questions under dispute: 1. Was M. Du Chaillu's map correct? 2. Had he really travelled, "on foot, and unaccompanied by other white men, 8,000 miles?" 3. Were the strings of a native harp made of a vegetable fibre? 4. Were the Fans canni-

bals? 5. Were wild elephants driven into an enclosure somewhat after the Asiatic method? 6. Did the *shiego mbouvé*, or bald-headed chimpanzee, build an umbrella-shaped nest, and sit under it when it rained? 7. Was the young gorilla when captured ferocious and untamable? 8. Had M. Du Chaillu ever killed a gorilla? 9. Had a gorilla killed a hunter belonging to his party? 10. Had he correctly described the habits of that ape, especially as to its method of attack in the erect posture, and its practice of beating its breast like a drum when enraged?

Starting from Liverpool, December 24, 1861, and arriving in Gaboon early in the following February, I went at once to the house of the Rev. William Walker, an American missionary, who had lived in the gorilla country about twenty years.

Now, when M. Du Chaillu had been first attacked, he announced that he had written to his missionary friends, Mr. Walker of Gaboon, and Mr. Mackey of Corisco; and that they would soon write to clear him from the unjust charges which had been made against him. They did write; but M. Du Chaillu did not venture to produce their letters. Both Mr. Walker and Mr. Mackey, whom I saw shortly after, told me that, although upon some grounds M. Du Chaillu had been ignorantly and unjustly attacked, yet they could not conscientiously assert that his book was true. This, indeed, might have been inferred from their apparent silence. They spoke warmly of M. Du Chaillu's personal qualities; it was under Mr. Mackey's wing that he had made his first journey to the Fans, and Mr. Mackey, a veteran at that kind of thing, said that he showed great power of endurance. Both of his friends deeply regretted that he had written such a book.

But neither of them could tell me what he had done in the Fernand Vaz; whether he had killed gorillas there or not. Mr. Walker thought that he had killed one; so did Mr. Mackey; so did Captain Burton, who spent a fortnight in the Gaboon country while I was in the Muni; so did I. But it must be understood that our conclusions were mere conjectures; we had no means of *knowing* anything about the matter. We knew only that gorillas, which are not very common in the Gaboon, and which are exceedingly rare in the Muni, are more plentiful in the Fernand Vaz; that M. Du Chaillu had traded on that river a long time; that in fact there was no good reason why he should not have killed a gorilla; and so we thought that he had. As for his description of the gorilla's ferocity, that is another matter altogether, which will be discussed at length in a subsequent portion of this article.

At one time I thought that I should have been obliged to leave the gorilla country without being able to complete my investigations. The Fernand Vaz river was 110 miles south from the Gaboon, and could not be reached overland on account of the delta of the Ogobai. By the time that I had satisfied myself about the Fans and the elephants, by journeys into the interior *viâ* the Muni and the Gaboon, it was the dry season, during which winds blow continuously from the south; I had only a canoe, and canoes cannot be sailed against the wind.

But, by a piece of good fortune, a Captain Johnson just then appeared in the Gaboon, bound for the Fernand Vaz. He was sent there by an American firm to take the place of the deceased factor, Captain Lawlin. He gave me a seat in his long-boat, and starting on May 28, we coasted four days, then entered the delta of the Ogobai, and paddled through swamps, till on the sixth day we emerged into a beautiful river, with hippopotami raising their brown heads in all directions, and green prairies skirting the water's edge. Down to the beach poured men and women, crazy with delight at the prospect of trade, and shouting, "Lawli's son! Lawli's son!" for there had been no white man on the river since M. Du Chaillu had left it and Lawlin had died. We passed a strip of white sand on the left bank, which was pointed out to me as the site of M. Du Chaillu's factory, and soon arrived at Lawlin's, which stood on a small island about twenty miles from the mouth of the river. He had received it as a gift from the natives, and called it Brooklyn. As soon as I arrived I sent for a native who could speak English; made arrangements with him for hiring

a canoe and a crew, and for starting up river the next morning.

The reader of M. Du Chaillu's book may remember that, with the exception of the one gorilla encountered in the Muni, all his remarkable adventures had occurred in the neighborhood of a town called Goumbi, capital of the Rembo, or upper Fernand Vaz, and ruled over by King Quenqueza. It was there that he had shot his gorillas; there that he had found his unfortunate hunter weltering in blood; there that he had listened to the plaintive cry of the Kooloo-kamba (koola-kooloo-koola-kooloo);* there that he had seen the bald-headed chimpanzee sitting under its umbrella-shaped nest. To Goumbi, therefore, I determined to go without a moment's delay.

But in the course of our first day's voyage we were met by some people who told us that Quenqueza was on a visit to a town close by. I landed at this town, shook hands with the monarch before an admiring crowd, dined with him, and, after having conversed with him for a long time on the spurious object of my visit (a desire to trade), ventured to touch upon the real one. His answer was concise. He and Paulo (as he called M. Du Chaillu) had been in the habit of shooting gorillas together in the bush.

This, I thought, completely settled the matter; but at another town, where we stopped the next morning (Quenqueza going with me), I was introduced to a lady named Mary. She was the wife of the chieftain who had given Brooklyn to Captain Lawlin. She had been educated by the missionaries of the Gaboon, and spoke English remarkably well. She had served as interpreter to Captain Lawlin; had a very beautiful and intelligent face; had no African *empressement* in her manner; and spoke slowly and thoughtfully, as if she was conscious of the gravity of words.

In the course of conversation she asked me whether I had really visited the river with the intention of setting up a factory. I replied that I had made use of that pretext to facilitate travelling, and to avoid the necessity of preaching sermons. The natives recognize only two classes of white men, traders and missionaries, and believe that we live in a small island, and are all of us related to one another. When I told her what I had come for, she said that as soon as Captain Lawlin had heard of M. Du Chaillu's book, he had gone up the river, and made inquiries of the native hunters, and had found out that it was not true that he had shot gorillas; he had only shot little birds.

"But here is Quenqueza," said I, "who says that he and M. Du Chaillu shot gorillas together." "Ah, sir," she said, "you must not believe all these people tell you; they do not speak the truth." Then she turned to Quenqueza, who was present, and spoke to him in a stern voice; upon which he hung down his head, and mumbled out something between his teeth. "What does he say?" I asked. "He says that Paulo and he went a long way into the bush," said one of my interpreters. "Quenqueza!" said I. He looked up. "*Paulo—ngina?*" Here I imitated the act of shooting. Quenqueza shook his head, and said, "*Nyawhi*" (no).

I was not quite satisfied with this, and determined to examine the hunters of Goumbi with great care. I had two interpreters, Oshupu, a Gaboon man, and Mafuk, a Fernand-Vaz man; the dialect spoken in the two rivers being the same. I contrived to sow ill-will between them to prevent collusion; and on arriving at Goumbi (June 6th) I called the hunters of the town together, and told them that I wanted to go into the bush to shoot *ngina* (the gorilla). Upon this there were many cries of "*Heigh! heigh!*" and raising up of hands. Who ever heard of a white man going to shoot *ngina?* Why wouldn't I do as Paulo did? They, the hunters, would go into the bush and kill *nginas* and bring them to me, for which I would pay them liberally in cloth, powder, and tobacco. I said I would give them all that, if they would show me *nginas* in the bush. But they shook their heads and looked discontented. Why couldn't I do as Paulo did? was the eternal refrain; for savages, like lawyers, are the slaves of precedent.

The end of M. Du Chaillu's route was four days distant from Goumbi. This was the great journey which had

* The Kooloo-kamba is a new variety of the chimpanzee, which M. Du Chaillu discovered; but it utters no such sound as the above.

"thrown a new light upon the physical structure of Equatorial Africa." I found at Goumbi the five men who had accompanied him to his *ultima Thule*, examined them each in private and each twice—once by the Gaboon, once by the Fernand-Vaz interpreter. They all told the same story—"Paulo was a fine man; he walked the bush well." "When he was on the journey," I asked, "and while he was living at the town, what did he shoot?" "He shot squirrels, birds, and small monkeys."

M. Du Chaillu mentions especially one man, Etia, a noted gorilla-hunter, in whose company he pretended to have shot gorillas. This man gave the same evidence.

I remained about nine days at Goumbi, to investigate other matters of interest; and will now sum up the points stated at the commencement of this article.

1. With respect to the correctness of M. Du Chaillu's map I cannot pretend to say much, as I took no instruments with me. But his journeys are without geographical importance.

2. His statement that he travelled on foot eight thousand miles is monstrous. The journeys which he did make were exceedingly creditable in a young and illiterate trader, but they cannot be dignified with the name of explorations. In a few months I covered almost as much ground as he had covered in several years, and I call myself a tourist. M. Du Chaillu, I do not doubt, had the desire to explore, but he had not the means. Africa is the most expensive of all countries to travel in.

3. The harp-string question, as is well known, is decided in his favor.

4. And the Fans are cannibals; at least such is the belief of the missionaries who have resided among them, of the native tribes who surround them, of Mr. Mackey, Captain Burton, and myself, who have visited them. The opinions of people who live in London cannot be received upon this question, and M. Du Chaillu is therefore borne out in his statement. But with respect to the "dreadful signs of cannibalism," of which he speaks so much, nobody has been fortunate enough to see them except himself.

5. Wild elephants are enclosed in Equatorial Africa. I have been an eye witness of that fact; but M. Du Chaillu's description of the enclosure is erroneous and confused. If he saw anything of the kind, he observed badly.

6. The umbrella-shaped nest is a myth. All the anthropoid apes in Africa build nests, which they sit *on*, not *under*. I have seen the nests both of the gorilla and the chimpanzee in the neighborhood of Goumbi. M. Du Chaillu lately sent two chimpanzee nests to the British Museum, and says in his recent work, "they were somewhat different in form from those I found in my former journey." I should think they were. No such nests as those figured in his first work are to be found in Equatorial Africa, or any other country under the sun. M. Du Chaillu does not appear to have discovered the real use of these nests, and even now seems to suppose that they are made to answer the purpose of umbrellas. They are really beds for *lying-in*. The African apes, though to some extent terrestrial in their habits, belong to the trees, and it can easily be understood that the female cannot be conveniently confined upon a branch. When she is pregnant, therefore, the male builds this rude layer of sticks and boughs, which is deserted after parturition.

7. The only young gorilla which I saw in a state of captivity was not at all ferocious. M. Du Chaillu must therefore allow that there are some exceptions to what may very possibly be a rule. Much depends, I should imagine, upon the age of the gorilla. The one that I saw was very young.

8. The evidence relating to this question has been already detailed. As for the gorilla in the Muni, Mr. Mackey ascertained beyond a doubt that M. Du Chaillu, a collector of skins, brought no gorilla skin back from the interior, which proves that he did not even purchase one during that journey. When, on the basis of all that evidence, I denied that M. Du Chaillu had killed a gorilla, he offered to bet Dr. Gray a thousand pounds that he would kill one. That showed a very noble spirit, but was scarcely to the point. I did not say he *could not* kill a gorilla, but that he *had not* killed one.

9. As for the poor hunter who was killed by a gorilla, it is an admirably

written scene, and very affecting, but it does not contain a single word of truth. No one has been killed by a gorilla within the memory of man in any part of the gorilla country that either M. Du Chaillu or myself have visited.

10. When I asked Etia and some other natives whether the gorilla in anger beat its breast like a drum, they all laughed uproariously, and evidently considered it a very foolish question. "But Paulo says so," said I. "Yes," said they, laughing still more loudly; "Quenqueza told him that." In the preface to his recent work, M. Du Chaillu expressly says that he has met with fresh evidence to support that statement. What is that evidence? Did the male gorillas which he encountered beat their breasts? No; but a young gorilla he had in captivity used to thump the ground and his legs with his fists. I shall be happy to accept all that M. Du Chaillu actually saw during his last journey, but I really cannot, in the teeth of strong evidence, accept such an inference as that.

With respect to the gorilla's ferocity and its method of attack, it is not very easy to decide. Before M. Du Chaillu wrote his book, the American missionaries, Wilson, Savage, and Ford, had described the animal's fury in language similar to—sometimes identical with—that which he used himself. They represented the ape as "never running from man (Savage); attacking natives without provocation, approaching the hunter always on his hind feet (Ford); crushing a musket-barrel between his teeth, seizing the hunter with the palms of his hands, dashing him upon the ground, and there lacerating him with his tushes." M. Du Chaillu added nothing purely of his own, except the musical feature, which has already been disposed of.

Now, I heard these stories often enough; but when I examined the genuine gorilla-hunters, they told a very different tale. They gave me distinctly to understand that the gorilla is an exceedingly shy animal, keen of hearing and of scent, very difficult to get near. They told me that as long as I would persist in wearing boots (which they thought were made for ornamental purposes), I should never be able to tread softly enough to get a shot at him. They also have a protest: "Leave *ngina* alone, and *ngina* leave you alone." But the most conclusive proof that the ferocity of the gorilla was exaggerated by M. Du Chaillu in his first book is advanced by M. Du Chaillu himself in his second one. During his recent travels he was three times in the proximity of a male gorilla, and each time the bloodthirsty animal ran away. "Before I had crossed the hollow, I saw on the opposite slope a monstrous gorilla, standing erect and looking directly toward me. . . . The huge beast stared at me for about two minutes, and then, without uttering any cry, moved off to the shade of the forest, running nimbly on his hands and feet."

And again: "An old male, apparently the guardian of the flock, alone made a bold stand, and glared at me through an opening of the foliage. . . . In my unarmed condition I began to think of retracing my steps; but the rest of my party coming up at the moment with clatter of voices altered the state of things. The shaggy monster raised a cry of alarm, scrambled to the ground through the entangled lianas that were around the tree-trunk, and soon disappeared into the jungle."

On a third occasion he heard a gorilla roaring, and hurried through the thicket toward the sound. "Suddenly the roaring ceased. I stopped, thinking that it was a male which was perhaps preparing to advance on me; but I listened in vain—the beast had fled."

If the reader will compare M. Du Chaillu's two works, he will see that the gorilla of 1867 is a very different animal from the gorilla of 1861, and that M. Du Chaillu upon this point has saved me from the trouble of refuting him. As for the gorilla attacking on its hind feet: the ape can stand upright, that is generally allowed; but nobody would venture to deny that it cannot move much more nimbly on all fours. Why, then, should it adopt the erect posture in order to attack? Why should it assume an attitude in which its movements must be awkward and constrained, at a moment when it wishes to exert to the utmost its strength and its agility? If, indeed, as M. Du Chaillu asserted in his first book, it uses "its arms as its weapons of offence just as a man or a prize-fighter would," why then it can be readily understood. But this is not the case.

Its hands are for purposes of prehension; its teeth are its real weapons of offence, as in all the other apes. Even in his last work, M. Du Chaillu talks vaguely about gorillas breaking arms and tearing out entrails. But where are the proofs? There are no dead men on record, as I said before, and there are only two wounded ones. Mr. Wilson saw one in the Gaboon; the calf of his leg was nearly torn off. It may be inferred, I presume, that the gorilla was not standing upright when he did that. The second case came under my own eyes. Etia, whom I have frequently mentioned, had his left hand completely crippled, and the marks of teeth indented on his wrist. I asked him to show me how the gorilla attacked him. I was to be the hunter, he the gorilla. He went to a little distance; I pretended to shoot; he rushed at me *on all fours*, seized my wrist with one of his hands, dragged it to his mouth, bit it, and then made off. So, he said, the *ngina* had done to him. Now M. Du Chaillu, who mentions Etia, and speaks of him as a fine old man (he was the most hideous negro that I ever saw), says nothing of this crippled wrist. Why? Because it would have been the lie direct to his scull-crushing, breast-bone-breaking, entrail-scooping theories, and would have read very tamely after the hunter whom he killed in such picturesque style. So he suppressed the fact.

Removing certain scenic incidents, there remains in M. Du Chaillu's work a large residue of truth. But, in spite of the solemn manner in which the names of Owen and Murchison are now being paraded in advertisements, it is no better an authority upon apes than *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* upon mollusca; M. Du Chaillu's gorilla is, in fact, entitled to precisely the same position in zoology as Victor Hugo's *pieuvre*.

M. Du Chaillu asserts in the preface to his recent work that most of the principal statements in his former one which were sneered at by his critics "have been already confirmed by other travellers in the same part of Africa." This extraordinary statement was originally made by Professor Owen; I have now replied to it; and if any evidence of importance besides my own has been procured, it should be placed at once before the public.

It is a cherished idea of Professor Owen's that I lived on the coast when I was in the gorilla country and enjoyed myself. He was once rash enough to express this idea in a letter to the *Times*. I contrived to refute and even to silence him by stating briefly where I had been. But as the wildest accusation from a gentleman of such eminence deserves a careful reply, I will now quote from a letter written to me by the Rev. W. Walker, to whom I mentioned the circumstance, the following passage: "Whatever Professor Owen or any one else may say about your dawdling and resting in safety at the coast settlements, I can say that your tireless activity kept me in constant fear for your life. And this was the feeling of every one who knew your habits of work. If any man could have the means of knowing the correctness of Du Chaillu's statements, you had the means."

In another part of this letter (which I can of course produce if required) he says: "I have never met with a man in this region, who had the means of knowing anything about it, who believed that Du Chaillu had killed a gorilla."

These are my credentials, and from one whom M. Du Chaillu has recognized as an authority upon the question of his veracity. Now what are the best relating to that question which he has been able to obtain during a period of six years? This quotation from a speech of Sir Roderick Murchison, which is put forth in advertisements as if it were a piece of important evidence: "M. Du Chaillu has . . . . by his clear and animated descriptions convinced us that he has been as close an eye-witness of the habits of the gorilla and his associates as he has proved himself to be their successful assailant."

Now what does Sir Roderick Murchison know about the gorilla? Of what consequence is it whether he has been convinced or not? And who are the *us?* Does he mean scientific men in general, or only Professor Owen and himself?

Sir Roderick has shown himself a generous and steadfast friend of M. Du Chaillu, and no doubt sincerely believes in his gorilla exploits and revelations of Central-African geography. But this is a question of science, not of sentiment. The president of a scientific society

should maintain the position of a judge; Sir Roderick has during this controversy descended to that of a special pleader. The public is warned that upon all questions in which M. Du Chaillu is concerned Sir Roderick's opinions must be received with caution, and that the one published above is absolutely worthless.

As for M. Du Chaillu himself, he has done much to redeem the grave literary offence of which he has been guilty. The difficulties which he must have overcome in penetrating to Ashango Land can be fully appreciated by those only who have travelled in Equatorial Africa. Nothing that appears in this article should be used to diminish the lustre of that achievement; but all its lustre shall not gild the iniquity which I now expose.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

In connection with the portrait of this distinguished statesman and author, we present our readers with a brief sketch of his life, for which we are mainly indebted to *Appleton's Cyclopædia:*

"Louis Adolphe Thiers was born in Marseilles, April 16, 1797. The son of a poor workman, through the patronage of some influential relations he was admitted to the college of his native town, afterward studied law at Aix, where he became acquainted with M. Mignet, and was graduated in 1820, but instead of following the profession devoted his attention to history and philosophy. After winning a prize at the academy of Marseilles for his panegyric of Vauvenargues, he went to Paris with Mignet in Sept. 1821, and two months later, through Laffitte's patronage, became a contributor to the *Constitutionnel*. His quick perception and versatility, ready wit and sprightliness of style, boldness of attack and ability as a controversialist, admirably fitted him for the daily labor of a journalist, and he soon reached a leading position. A shrewd political writer and literary critic, he proved also a skilful judge of the fine arts in his *Salon de* 1822 (8vo, Paris, 1822), and an elegant tourist in *Les Pyrenees* (8vo, 1823). Through activity and skilful management, he now found himself in easy circumstances, while, in spite of his awkward manners and strong provincial accent, he was the welcome guest of Laffitte and other leaders of the opposition. He profited by his intercourse with many of the most eminent men of the preceding generation to gather information upon the French revolution, the history of which he had undertaken in connection with Félix Bodin; the first two volumes appeared in 1823, and the work was completed by Thiers alone four years later in ten volumes. This *Histoire de la Révolution Française Depuis* 1798 *jusqu'au* 18 *Brumaire*, bitterly denounced by the royalists, but highly appreciated by eye-witnesses of the events, won great popularity with the public at large, and has passed through more than fifteen editions. On the accession of Prince Polignac to the ministry, Aug. 5, 1829, M. Thiers, dissatisfied with the moderate politics of the *Constitutionnel*, established, in conjunction with his friends Mignet and Armand Carrel, a new political journal, the *National*, which more than any other contributed toward bringing about the revolution of 1830. On the appearance of the royal decrees of July 26, the editors of the *National* were among the first who signed the protest of the Parisian journalists; and Thiers was foremost in proposing and supporting the elevation of the Duke of Orleans, first to the regency, Aug 1, then to the throne, Aug. 9. Three months later he was appointed assistant secretary in the department of finance, first under Baron Louis, then under Laffitte. He had been at the same time elected by the city of Aix to the Chamber of Deputies, where he was at first laughed at as a speaker; his bombastic style of oratory, connected with his short stature and shrill voice, made him ridiculous, and it was only after altering his style and subduing his tone that his talents as an expounder of the most intricate questions were appreciated. On the fall of Laffitte, March 13, 1831, he resigned his office; but instead of following the example of his patron, who had gone over to the opposition, he sat among the supporters of Casimir Périer, and advocated the peace policy, a hereditary peership, and several other measures that were unpalatable to the people. On the insurrection of June 5 and 6, 1832, he insisted upon the necessity of dealing severely with the republicans and the legitimists. This ingratiated him with the majority of the deputies and the court; and therefore, on the death of Casimir Périer, he became minister of the interior, Oct. 11. He succeeded, by bribing the treacherous Deutz, in arresting the Duchess of Berry and suppressing the impending war in Vendée, and advised the expedition against Antwerp, which proved successful. Being transferred to the ministry of commerce and public works, he obtained a grant of 100,000,000 francs from the chamber of deputies, and gave a new impulse to internal improvements; the statue of Napoleon was placed again on the top of the column of Vendôme; the triumphal Arc de l'Étoile, the Madeleine church, and other monuments were completed or erected; canals and railroads were constructed, and under the fostering care of the administration industry revived. In 1834, on the prospect of po-

litical troubles, he resumed the ministry of the interior, and evinced personal courage in putting down the insurrectionary movements of April 12 and 13. He resigned Nov. 11; but after a succession of unfortunate ministerial combinations, he resumed his post, with Guizot as his colleague, under the premiership of the duke de Broglie. He had a narrow escape from the murderous attempt of Fieschi, July 28, 1835, and unreservedly advocated the adoption of the so-called "laws of September," severely restricting the freedom of the press and the jury. New intrigues occurred in 1836; the whole cabinet sent in their resignation; but Thiers, who had secretly paved his own way, rose to the premiership, holding at the same time the ministry of foreign affairs, Feb. 22. Being however unable to persuade the king to adopt a more liberal policy at home and to show more energy in his transactions abroad, he retired Aug. 25, and was succeeded by M. Molé. As one of the leaders of the opposition, he adhered in 1838 to the coalition which finally overthrew that minister, and was reinstated in his former position, March 1, 1840. This was the most trying period of his ministerial career; his home policy was impeded by the undecided character of the Chamber o Deputies; he had to maintain the September laws and retard electoral reform. In his foreign policy he was entirely outwitted by the diplomatists of Russia, England, and Austria, who had agreed to settle the eastern question without consulting France. Enraged at this consummation, and convinced that war only could again raise his country to its proper standing, he was fearlessly preparing for such an emergency, reënforcing the regular army, getting the national guards in readiness, and constructing the fortifications of Paris; but at the last he could not prevail upon the king to resort to such desperate means, and therefore, after six months of useless exertions and bitter disappointments, he resigned his powerless premiership, Oct. 29, being succeeded by M. Guizot, and thenceforth was never more recalled to the control of public affairs. He figured as one of the opposition leaders, bitterly censuring the policy of the Guizot cabinet in 1844, denouncing the growing influence of the order of Jesuits, in 1845, and insisting upon the necessity of excluding public functionaries from the Chamber of Deputies in March, 1846. His powers never shone more brilliantly than during the latter part of Louis Philippe's reign; and his vehement speeches against M. Guizot's policy were extensively read, and eagerly commented upon, while the articles he contributed to the *Constitutionnel*, in the ownership of which he had now a share, spread far and wide the so-called "reformist agitation." But, like so many others, he was taken unawares by the revolution of Feb., 1848. He vainly attempted to retrieve the falling fortunes of the king; he was powerless to check the progress of the republicans; and when their triumph was an established fact, he adhered to the new government. He appeared as a candidate for the constituent assembly, and failed, in the general election, but was on June 4 returned by four departments; he sat for that of Seine-Inférieure, voted for placing dictatorial powers in the hands of Gen. Cavaignac, proved himself in his speeches and pamphlets an unmitigated opponent of socialism, was one of the leaders of the so-called "order party," and, after evincing little partiality for Louis Bonaparte, finally voted to make him president. A deputy in the legislative assembly, and a member of the *Club de la rue de Poitiers*, he aimed at overthrowing the republic and bringing about a monarchical restoration; but he and his friends were superseded by the superior cunning of President Bonaparte. On the morning of Dec. 2, 1851, he was arrested at his house, confined to prison for a while, and then transported to Frankfort-on-the-Main. A few months later he was allowed to return, but gave up active politics, and resumed his historical pursuits. As early as 1845 he had published the first volume of his *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, and had reached the ninth previous to the revolution of February. This work, which gives the fullest account of European affairs from 1800 to 1815, he now hastened, issuing one or two volumes every year; the twentieth and last volume is yet to be published. An extraordinary prize of 20,000 francs has been recently awarded to it by the French Institute. M. Thiers is a member of the French Academy and of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. Besides his two great historical works, he has published several political pamphlets and an able essay upon *Law et son système de finances* (8vo, Paris, 1826; new ed., 12mo, 1858). He is reported to have in preparation a "History of Florence." His biography has been written by Alexander Laya: *Études Historiques sur la Vie Privée, Politique et Litteraire de M. A. Thiers* (2 vols. 8vo, 1846). At the present time M. Thiers is a member of the French Corps Legislatif, and is an earnest, eloquent, and powerful opposer of Napoleon's policy.

POETRY.

THE GRAPE-GATHERERS.

Golden-eared corn is once more on the turn again,
Dried up and brown is the lawn at the Grange,
Cracking and parched is the earth on the burn again,
Short-summered trees are now showing a change.
Sultry's the sunshine so hot in the pinery,
Tropical plants are beginning to shoot,
Luscious ripe clusters bloom dark in the vinery,
Orchards are heavy with bright-colored fruit.

Thick hang the peaches one gathers so readily—
Shrunken the stream running down to the sea—
Plums on the wall ripen slowly and steadily,
To song of the reaper low hummeth the bee.
Nature's bedecked in her richest costumery,
Orange and russet are tinting the trees;
Heavy the air with the choicest perfumery,
Wafted on wings of the balmiest breeze.

Heat of the noontide is rising there hazily—
Culling bright flowers their hair to entwine—
Light-hearted lasses are lounging there lazily,
Plucking the purple that hangs from the vine.
Singing and laughing in fulness of pleasure there,
Roving at random and choosing by chance,
Piling up pictures of glowing rich treasure there,
Worthy the pencil of Duffield or Lance.

Ruddy-bloomed clusters are getting importunate,
Fain to be martyred along with the rest;
Weep as they gaze on and envy the fortunate
Rosebud asleep on my lady-love's breast!
Would that my change unto grapes were permissible!
Lovingly twining, I'd kiss and ne'er tell—
Pressed close to lips so delightfully kissable,
Ripe ruby lips of my sweet little Nell!

J. Ashby Sterry.

Belgravia.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

"If love be sweet, then bitter death must be:
If love be bitter, sweet is death to me."—Tennyson.

Why should I not look happy—
The world is all so bright?
You know, he said he lov'd me;
He told me so last night:
He loves me so!

Such words of love he whisper'd,
I felt my blushes rise;
But half (he said) he told not,
The rest was in his eyes:
He loves me so!

He said, to watch and guard me,
Would be his tenderest care;
If I am but beside him,
Joy will be everywhere:
He loves me so!

If love will make life happy,
Mine will be very bright;
His love will shed a lustre,
And fill it all with light:
He loves me so!

Then should I not be happy—
The world is all so bright?
You know, he said he loved me,
He told me so last night:
He loves me so!

Why should I not look mournful—
The world is all so sad?
Because, you know I love him;
Such love is never glad:
I love him so!

I've listened for his footstep
All through the weary day;
But oh! 'twould not be weary,
If *one word* he would say:
I love him so!

Sometimes I thought he loved me,
Then all the world was bright;
But now all hope is ended,
Quite dead since yesternight:
I love him so!

'Twas in the crowd of dancers:
I *felt* that he was nigh.
I longed so for his coming;—
He came—and passed me by:
I love him so!

He turned to some one fairer;
I saw him flitting past;
But me he never heeded—
O God! that dream is past:
I love him so!

Then should I not look mournful?
'Twill ne'er be bright again;
For still, you know, I love him,
Such love is only pain:
I love him so!

Before God's shrine she stands,
A veil thrown o'er her head;
The priest now joins their hands,
While holy words are said.
Bathed in mellowed light,
A wreath around her brow.
Clad in robes of white—
A bride, behold her now!
Music is stealing round—
To chant of holy hymn;
Hark! how the solemn sound
Steals through the arches dim.

They sing "Blest may she be!
Her work of day by day
Be blest! O happy she!"—
'Tis thus for life we pray.

Laid on her narrow bed,
Clad in a garment white,
A cross above her head,
She's taking rest to-night.
Flowers are scatter'd round,
Her hands cross'd o'er her breast;
No more shall earthly sound
Disturb that quiet rest.
Sweet music steals aloft—
The chant of holy hymn,
Those notes, so low and soft,
Steal through that chamber dim.
They sing: "The dead are blest!
Their work of day by day
Has ceased, and now they rest;"—
'Tis thus in death we pray.

Life to the joyous seems the best;
The weary only long for rest.

"MOINEUA."

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

SUMMER.

BLOW, flowers, yellow and red,
Down in the garden fair;
Sing, birds, with love-notes strong,
In your swinging bowers in the air.
Sing, birds; blow, flowers;
Swing censers of sweetness high,
For the festival time of earth is begun,
And solemn, and sweet, and glad in one,
Is the summer that draweth nigh.

Blow, lilies, stately and tall,
Robed in your silver sheen;
Sing, glad father-birds, over the nests,
Up in the tree-tops green.
Sing, birds; blow, flowers;
Ring out your anthems sweet;
Little leaves, clap your innocent hands:
Summer is thrilling through all the lands,
With the touch of her golden feet.

Flame out, wallflowers, in fiery brown;
Ope, early rose-buds of June;
Brood, mother-birds, in silent joy,
Waiting is over soon.
Sing, birds; blow, flowers;
Faint stirrings of life begun
Will come below in the thrilling nest,
Under the mother-bird's love-warm breast,
And the crown of her life be won.

Brighten, O flowers, with the brightening days,
Down in the garden fair;
Peal out, O birds, your passionate notes,
On the quivering summer air.
Blow, flowers; sing, birds;
Summer-time fleets amain;
Bind my heart with a chain of song,
So shall its pulses beat brave and strong,
When winter-time comes again.

HARRIET MILLER DAVIDSON.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE DEATH OF LYSIS.

"Wealthy, beautiful, and young, he wearied of life, and died."

I WOULD pass away from out these stifling regions
Into the golden galleries of the gods;—
All unencompassed by the woes, in regions
That clothe and trammel me with earthly sods.

I look my last up to the purple hill,
And see the vine-leaves glisten in the sun;
Whispering voices seem my ears to fill,
And the world is growing drear and dun.

I cannot bear these hateful flickering shadows
That curl into my hair, and on my cheek;
Have they no words in which to speak their message?
Why will they witch me with their wanton freak?

I cannot bear this shifting blinding sunlight
The wild uncurtained west throws over me;
I long to dwell in the calm silent twilight,
The solemn temples where the great gods be.

My life has burdened me with many pleasures;
They haunt, as sorrow now, my fleeting peace:
Shall death let me prize again my treasures?
Shall death make sickness of the heart to cease?

A strange voice from the night is near—I feel it
Thrill through my veins and quicken my slow heart;
Turn my dead face to the melodious twilight,
The world and I do very well to part.

—*London Society.*

MY LOVE AND I.

AND we sat in the quiet evening,
All alone, my love and I,
And she played on her organ softly,
And I listened silently.
For she sang me a gay song sweetly,
Like a chorus of wedding chimes,
And oh! in the music ringing
Came the thoughts of other times.

In a dream I was still beside her,
In the summer woods and dells,
And I led her on in the sunlight
To the sound of village bells.
And she sang me a grave song sadly,
That was soft, and sweet, and low,
Of the good book's golden promise,
That wine and oil should flow.

In a dream I was still beside her,
And I saw her, yet; the same,
Though the promise was for others,
And those good things never came.

Then she sang me an old song softly,
Like a sigh from a dying breath,
And 'twas only the world's old story
Of love, and life, and death.

And I thought as I sat beside her,
As I heard her gently sing,
That with such sweet thrilling voices
The choirs of angels ring.
So we sat in the quiet evening,
All alone, my love and I,
And she played on her organ softly,
And I listened silently.

—*Dublin University Magazine.* U. L. A.

THE BROOK.

Two lovers, straying by a brook,
Two pair of feet that slowly pace,
Two earnest eyes, with passionate look,
Bent on a young and blushing face.
One eager voice that whispers low,
The words so often said before,
A willing ear that hears the vow,
A heart that yearns for nothing more.

One drooping form that strays alone,
To watch the waters gleam and glide,
To fancy that a lost love-lone
Is mingling with its murmuring tide;
To gaze into the stream and trace,
What of the future it could show,
Only to see one pale sad face,
Reflected in the depths below.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

AUTUMN.

No sound but the beech-nuts falling
Through the green and the yellow leaves,
And the rainy west wind calling
The swallows from the eaves.
No fading trees are shedding
Their golden splendor yet;
But a sunset gleam is spreading,
That seems like a regret.

And the crimson-breasted birdie
Sings his sweet funeral hymn
On the oak-tree grim and sturdy,
In the twilight gathering dim.
Death comes to pomp and glory;
They fade—the sunny hours;
And races old in story
Pass like the summer flowers.

THOUGHTS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

I SAT at eve upon the pebbly shore:
The round red sun had faded in the west,
Leaving soft cloudlets of the palest rose
Where he had lingered: and the evening breeze
Was hushed to tender sighing, and the tide
Was gently sinking to its lowest ebb,
While the lone sea-birds mourned its failing strength
In plaintive notes whose tones were consonant
With the sad inner voices of my thoughts.
The desolate shore stretched far and wildly forth
Its bare brown arms to embrace the truant sea,
Which still receded from the longing touch;
While o'er the echoing boundless waste I heard
Deep sounds, like rolling of his chariot wheels,
As though he mocked the lonely waiting shore
With parting promise of his quick return.

And thus, I thought, thousands of human hearts
Waste vain desires upon th' intangible:
Grasping at Friendship, faithless summer-bird,
That swift takes wing when winter clouds appear;
Pining for Love, that frail and perishing flower:
Dreaming of Hope fulfill'd—ah! where's the heart
Can chronicle the truth and constancy
Of Hope's delusive smile?—thirsting for joys
Which in the tasting vanish; feeling void
In the poor craving breast—still asking more,
And destined never to be satisfied.

But, while I thus sat musing, lo! there came
Into my sadden'd soul a thought of peace:
"Is there not friendship closer than a brother's,
Undying and unchangeable as are
Those lofty mountains, which to thee appear
Almost to reach the skies? Is there not love
Boundless and fathomless, and vast as is
Yon distant ocean, stretching out afar?
Are there not promises which never fail
The soul that trusts in them; and hopes whose fruit
Is tenfold sweeter than our heart's desire?
Thou knowest where to look—none ask in vain;
And, having once attained those precious gifts,
Thou'lt seek no more the world's vain fleeting joys."

—*Leisure Hours.* J. F. P.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Dombey & Son. By CHARLES DICKENS. With original illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr.

The Old Curiosity Shop, and Reprinted Pieces. By CHARLES DICKENS. With original illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr.

Little Dorritt. By CHARLES DICKENS. With original illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

These three volumes have recently been added to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields' "Diamond" edition of the complete works of the great novelist. We naturally assume that our readers are familiar with the contents of these volumes, and therefore it would be superfluous to describe them. It is only necessary to announce their appearance in this new and exceedingly attractive form to secure numerous purchasers. We do not wonder at the exceeding popularity of this edition—it is so neat, compact, and tasteful. The illustrations, by Mr. Eytinge, are spirited and well executed, and are not the least pleasing features of this edition.

The Household of Sir Thomas More. By the Author of "MARY POWELL." New edition, with an Appendix. New York: M. W. Dodd, 1867.

Jacques Bonneval; or, The Days of the Dragon-

nades. By the Author of "MARY POWELL." M. W. Dodd.

Miss Manning is among the most charming of living female writers. The first of these volumes was published several years since by Messrs. Scribner & Co., but it has been out of print for some time, and Mr. Dodd has done well to reproduce it in a very neat style, for it is a book of remarkable interest, and a great favorite with the public. Jacques Bonneval is a graphic sketch of the persecutions which the Protestants of France suffered some two centuries ago, written in that autobiographic form which gives such life and reality to the writings of this author. A healthful moral tone pervades all her writings.

The Confessions of Gerald Estcourt. By FLORENCE MARRYAT. Boston: Loring, Publisher, 1867. Price 75 cents. This belongs to "Loring's Railway Novels," and will doubtless command a goodly number of readers, for the author is a favorite with multitudes. It is written in the autobiographical form, and takes for its motto, "The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to punish us." This we believe is Miss Marryat's fifth novel, and it shows progress in the high art to which she devotes herself. Her style is graphic and nervous, and her power of conception and expression is very considerable. The same publisher sends us, in a neat paper cover, *Beauty and the Beast*, by MISS THACKERAY, daughter of the celebrated novelist, which is a charming little work of art, that delightfully uses up a leisure hour.

Reise der oesterreichischen Fregatte Novara um die Erde in den Jahren, 1857, 1858, 1859, unter den Befehlen des Commodore B. von Wüllerstorf-Urbair. Linguistischer Theil von Dr. Friederich Müller, Professor der Orientalischen Linguistik an der Weiner Universitat. Wien, 1867. 4to, pp. 357.

Professor Frederick Müller, of the Imperial University at Vienna, favorably known to oriental scholars by his different publications about Arian languages, had been charged by the Imperial Academy of Science to collect all linguistic materials brought home by Dr. Scherzer from the Novara expedition. Professor Müller had indeed many new details to dispose of, and could thus edit this volume, originally intended to give also an anthropological view of all tribes and nations visited by the Novara. The linguistic materials collected by Dr. Scherzer being, however, so numerous, it was decided to publish them separately from the anthropological researches, and we should think all scholars will applaud this decision. Nevertheless, we must not expect from Müller's work to get a view of the whole linguistic system of our globe, a task from which we stand still far removed. Professor Müller's work intends to acquaint us with some peculiarities of the idioms spoken by peoples visited by the Novara expedition, and divides therefore his book into four principal parts,—the African, the Hindoo, the Australian, and the Malayo-Polynesian languages. In respect to Africa, he treats only the idioms spoken out of the Negro lands, that is, the language of the Hottentots, the Bantu idioms, and the Hamitic languages in the north-east of Africa. His division concerning the Hindoo Peninsula contains four chapters, namely, the Dravida, the Sanscrit languages, the Singhalese or Ceylon, and a most remarkable and highly interesting dissertation about the origin, development, and extension of the Hindoo characters, a chapter we must indeed recommend to the attention of any one who looks upon the philosophic element as an integral part of his studies. We know that Professor Müller, who has published very valuable memoirs on Himiaritic Inscriptions in the Proceedings of the Imperial Academy of Science, has for a long time paid much attention to all different systems of writing in general, and intends in due time to edit the result of his researches on the subject, under the title, "History of Writing." The idioms of the Australian continent, together with those in Tasmania, are relatively the poorest part of the book, but it must be confessed that but very little is known of them. The Malayo-Polynesian languages, on the other hand, forming the fourth part of the work, are treated of at great length. We need not say that the Malayan exceeds in interest the idioms of Polynesia by far. We have no wish to anticipate the judgment of leading scholars, but must say that in our opinion the work will occupy a high place in science. The explanatory text is clear, distinct, and devoid of rhetorical flourishes. But to any one who is not a stranger in linguistic geography, it is rich in details, and valuable on account of the strict and critical classification of the languages and their dialects, as far, of course, as is justified by our knowledge of them.

VARIETIES.

Prince Albert's Love of the Country.—This the Prince constantly expressed. On arriving at Osborne and Balmoral, and on leaving London: "How sweet it smells;" "How delicious the air is! One begins to breathe again!" And how he delighted in the song of the birds, and especially of nightingales, listening for them in the happy, peaceful walks he used to take with the Queen in the woods at Osborne, and whistling to them in their own peculiar long note, which they invariably answer. The Queen cannot hear this note now without fancying she hears him, and without the deepest, saddest emotion. At night he would stand on the balcony at Osborne, in May, listening to the nightingales.—"*The Early Days of the Prince Consort.*"

A Royal Sign Manual Warrant of King Charles II., issued in the first year of his reign, is printed in the *Builder*, which says that it was found in an old office-book belonging to the office of the Lord Chamberlain. Neither Malone nor Payne Collier has noticed it. "In the sign manual," continues our authority, after printing it, "eleven plays are assigned to Sir William Davenant, the patentee of the Duke's Theatre, one by Webster, 'The Duchess of Malfi,' one by Sir John Denham, 'The Sophy;' and nine by Shakespeare. We have here, then, fresh and startling evidence of the preëminent popularity of Shakespeare over other dramatists in the reign of Charles II."

The High Price of Books in America. A complete reversal of what was formerly the case in the United States, is at present attracting attention on the other side of the Atlantic, and exciting a good deal of adverse criticism. A New York writer observes:—"American publishers are pur-

suing a suicidal policy in charging the enormous prices that now rule; it is almost impossible for persons of moderate means—the general reading public—to keep pace with the current literature. Daily, books are issued at a dollar, or a dollar and a half, which do not contain more than double the amount of reading matter of an ordinary newspaper, and which do not require more than four or five times as much paper. It is perfectly natural that English publishers should take advantage of this state of affairs to introduce to this country exceedingly cheap editions of the standard works of British literature, and, as a consequence, the great interest, and the great industry of manufacturing books among ourselves for our own reading public, is on the decline. 'Shakespeare,' complete for fifty cents, which is twice as much as the publishers' price in gold, sells in Nassau street with great rapidity, A volume of plays for twenty-five cents less than it costs to see any one of them, in whatever manner performed, is an item that strikes our attention forcibly; and, although these cheap editions are purchased only by the poorer classes, they will certainly purchase the book in preference to waiting until such time as they can afford the costly product of home manufacturers. This once was the great country for cheap books. Our publishers have entirely forgotten that people do take into consideration the difference between two dollars and one dollar, as well as the difference between one dollar and a half dollar; and the competition which will soon spring up, will be attended by results decidedly beneficial to the American masses."—*London Review.*

It is stated that the works of the late emperor Maximilian are about to be published in Austria, in four volumes, consisting of memoirs, travels, and poetical compositions. It is now denied that M. Louis Blanc will publish Maximilian's correspondence on the Mexican question.

A collection of the American poets is about to be translated into German by Adolf Strodtman, who is an admirable translator, and Speithergan, who holds a high rank among the essayists of Germany. It will be a voluminous work, and will contain, among other productions of the American muse, a version of the whole of Mr. Stoddard's "King's Bell."

Parsi Literature.—We have just received parts I. and II. of the first section of the Proceedings of the Royal Bavarian Academy for 1867, which contain, among others, an interesting article on the life of Zarathustra, by Professor Friedrich Spiegel (92 pages). Professor Spiegel purports in this account to continue and bring to a close the narrative of the life of Zarathustra, which Professor Windischmann began, not, however, being allowed to complete it, which is the more regrettable since the life of that great reformer is full of interest, and of the utmost importance. The difficulty which will present itself, lies with the scanty material we possess with respect to his early life; and though Greek historians, as Herodotus, Berosus, and Ktesias, who are the first to make mention of him at full length, dwell on the subject, they are not always to be relied upon. This applies especially to Ktesias, whose accounts, though by far the longest of any other, are almost wholly contradicted by historians of a later period, thus rendering his authority rather doubtful. Great help, however, is found in the Avesta itself, the accounts of which reach at least as far as those of the oldest Greek historians, and will be found in full accordance with Furdisa and Hamza. We must refrain from going into details, and refer our readers to the article itself, in which Professor Spiegel, in the different chapters, speaks of Zarathustra's name, age, birthplace, his preparations for his priestship, and his sojourn in Bactria.

Smyrna.—The ancient city of Smyrna has always been of great interest to the archæologist, numismatist, historian, philologist, and merchant, and a full account of it cannot fail to attract their attention. It is therefore intended, at an early date, to lay before the public a carefully prepared work on the subject, in the French language, by Mr. B. F. Slaars, of Smyrna, based upon the Greek original by Constantine Ironomos, a learned Neo-Hellene, who died at Smyrna, in 1857. The work will be complete in a handsome octavo volume, and will be furnished to subscribers at the price of 6s., by Trübner & Co., 60 Paternoster Row, London, the agents for the sale in England.

SCIENCE.

In our summary for January, it was recorded that Professor Adams had seen reason to doubt the correctness of the period assigned by Professor Newton to the November meteor-ring, The rigid mathematical scrutiny of the nodal motion due to the actions of Venus, Jupiter, and the Earth—the planets which would be the principal perturbers of the meteoric orbit on Newton's hypothesis—has resulted in showing that 354·6 days is not the true period of the orbit. In like manner a period of 377 days—another view suggested by Newton—must be abandoned. Either theory gives to the node an annual motion of about 21″, whereas to account for the observed change in the epoch at which the November shower occurs, a motion of 52″·4 is required.

It remained to calculate the motion of the node when a period of 33·25 years is selected—that being the only other period, besides those considered, which fairly accounts for the interval observed to separate successive recurrences of brilliant meteoric displays. This period, which gives, (by Kepler's law) an elliptic orbit, having a major axis 20·7 times as great as the earth's distance from the sun, presents many difficulties. The formulæ adapted to the nearly circular planetary orbits are here inapplicable. Adams applied the method given by Gauss in his "Determinatio Attractionis," etc. In this method the long ellipse is broken up into small parts, and the perturbing effects of the planets on the motion of a meteor in each part is considered, the change in the node as the meteors move over each section being separately examined. The calculation is very laborious, though Professor Adams simplified the work to some extent by introducing several ingenious modifications. He found that during a period of 33·25 years the longitude of the node is increased 20′ by the action of Jupiter, nearly 7′ by the action of Saturn, and about 1′ by that of Uranus. The other planets produce no appreciable perturbations. Thus the observed increase of longitude is about 28′ in 33·25 years, or 50″·2 in one year. We have already stated that the observed motion of the node is 52″·4. The accordance is close enough to leave no

doubt that the true period of the November meteors is 33·25 years.

This result very largely enhances the interest with which the phenomenon of periodic November displays must be viewed. On Newton's hypothesis one could understand the recurrence of brilliant showers during two or three successive years; since the earth was assumed to pass for two or three years in succession through parts of the ring not very far separated from each other. But with meteors travelling in an elongated ellipse, extending beyond the orbit of Uranus, the case is far different. The part of the meteoric ring traversed at one passage has travelled away more than 100,000,000 of miles, when the earth next crosses the stream. Therefore to understand the recurrence of star-showers during two successive years only—and we have well-authenticated instances of showers occurring three or four years successively—one must conceive a stream of meteors extending more than 100 miles in length.

This being the case it is the more remarkable to find the important November shooting-star displays, which have continued for at least 600 years, associated with a telescopic comet which has escaped discovery until quite recently. Yet it results from Adams' discovery that the orbit of the November shooting-stars accords in the most remarkable manner with the orbit of Comet I, 1866—a minute tailless comet discovered in January of that year by M. Tempel. Professor Adams' elements of the November meteors are here compared with Dr. Oppolzer's elements of Tempel's comet:—

	Nov. Meteors.	Comet I, 1866.
Period.....	33·25 (assumed)	33·18
Mean distance.....	10·3402	10·3248
Eccentricity	0·9047	0·9054
Perihelion distance	0·9855	0.9765
	° ′	° ′
Inclination.....	16 46	17 18
Longitude of node...	51 28	51 26
Distance of Perihelion from node....	6 51	9 2
Direction of motion	Retrograde.	Retrograde.

This evidence following on Schiaparelli's proof of the close accordance between the orbits of the August meteors and that of Comet II, 1862, seems all but decisive. The association of comets—and especially of comets of eccentric orbit—with shooting-stars, is certainly one of the last that would have occurred even to the most speculative astronomer, yet it is now established on a foundation that will not be readily shaken.—*Pop. Science Review.*

The Proportion of Acid and Sugar in ripening Fruit.—At the meeting of the Chemical Society, held on the 16th of May, an interesting paper by Dr. A. Dupré, upon the above important subject was read by the secretary. It has been stated by Continental chemists that, as the fruit ripens the acid (malic and tartaric) becomes converted into sugar. This is the point to which Dr. Dupré especially devoted his inquiries, and which he believes he has cleared up by showing that the Continental view is inaccurate. Dr. Dupré collected and experimented upon a hundred berries of Riesling grapes gathered at intervals of a month, commencing with September last, and the amounts of tartaric acid, free and combined, and also of sugar, were determined in the separated juices. The proportion of sugar increased in order of time from 2·98 to 12·10, and even to 16·20 per cent. in the juice of the perfectly ripe fruit; whilst the entire berries showed but a slight diminution or no appreciable change in the total amount of acid present. The saccharine matter could not, therefore, have been directly derived from the organic acid or its salts contained in the grape; but the author thinks it possible that the presence of such acid effects a change resulting in the production of sugar similar to that known to occur in the conversion of starch into sugar by the action of sulphuric and other acids. Further experiments, even more decisive in their character, were made upon Gutedel and Muscatel grapes, gathered at the same time and from the same vine, but in various stages of ripeness. In some of the unripe berries there was absolutely no sugar, whilst in others nearly ripe 8·87 per cent. of sugar was found; but the amount of free acid estimated in a hundred grapes was almost the same in three samples of Gutedel, and actually increased with the ripening of the Muscatel.—*Pop. Science Review.*

The Origin of Petroleum.—The last number of the *Canadian Naturalist* contains an abstract of a recent paper by Dr. Hunt, in which the author alluded to the subject of the origin of petroleum. Dr. Hunt regards the process by which animal and vegetable hydrocarbonaceous tissues have been converted into solid or liquid bitumen, as a decay or fermentation, under conditions in which atmospheric oxygenation is excluded, so that the maximum amount of hydrogen is retained by the carbon; and as representing one extreme of a process, the other of which is found in anthracite and mineral charcoal, the two conditions being antagonistic, and excluding each other, and the production of petroleum implying, when complete, the disappearance of the organic tissue. Hence pyroschists, the so-called bituminous shales, and coal, are not found together with petroleum, but in separate formations, and it is to be borne in mind that the epithet bituminous applied to the former bodies is a mistaken one, since they seldom or never contain any bitumen, although, like all fixed organic bodies, they yield hydrocarbons by destructive distillation. The fallacy of the notion which ascribes petroleum to the action of subterranean heat on coal was expressed by Dr. Hunt, who stated that the oil of the Trenton limestone occurs below the horizon of any pyroschists or other hydrocarbonaceous rocks.

The Carboniferous Coal of Russia.—A monograph on the coal of Russia has been published at St. Petersburg. It is by Lieut.-General de Helmersen, and, among other facts, it gives the distribution of the coal of the Carboniferous age. This distribution is as follows: 1. On the eastern and western slopes of the Oural mountains. 2. In the governments of Novgorod, Iver, Moscow, Kalouga, Toula, and Riazan. The coal occupies a large elliptical basin, six hundred versts in length and four hundred in width, in the centre of which the town of Moscow is situated. 3. In Samara, a little peninsula formed by the river Volga, near Liavrpool; and 4. In the government of Ekaterinoslav, where the coal-beds form a chain of low mountains called the Douetz, and are associated with abundant deposits of iron, which latter have not at present been worked for economic purposes; though they would well repay the cost.



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